

May 6, 1985

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# NEW YORKER





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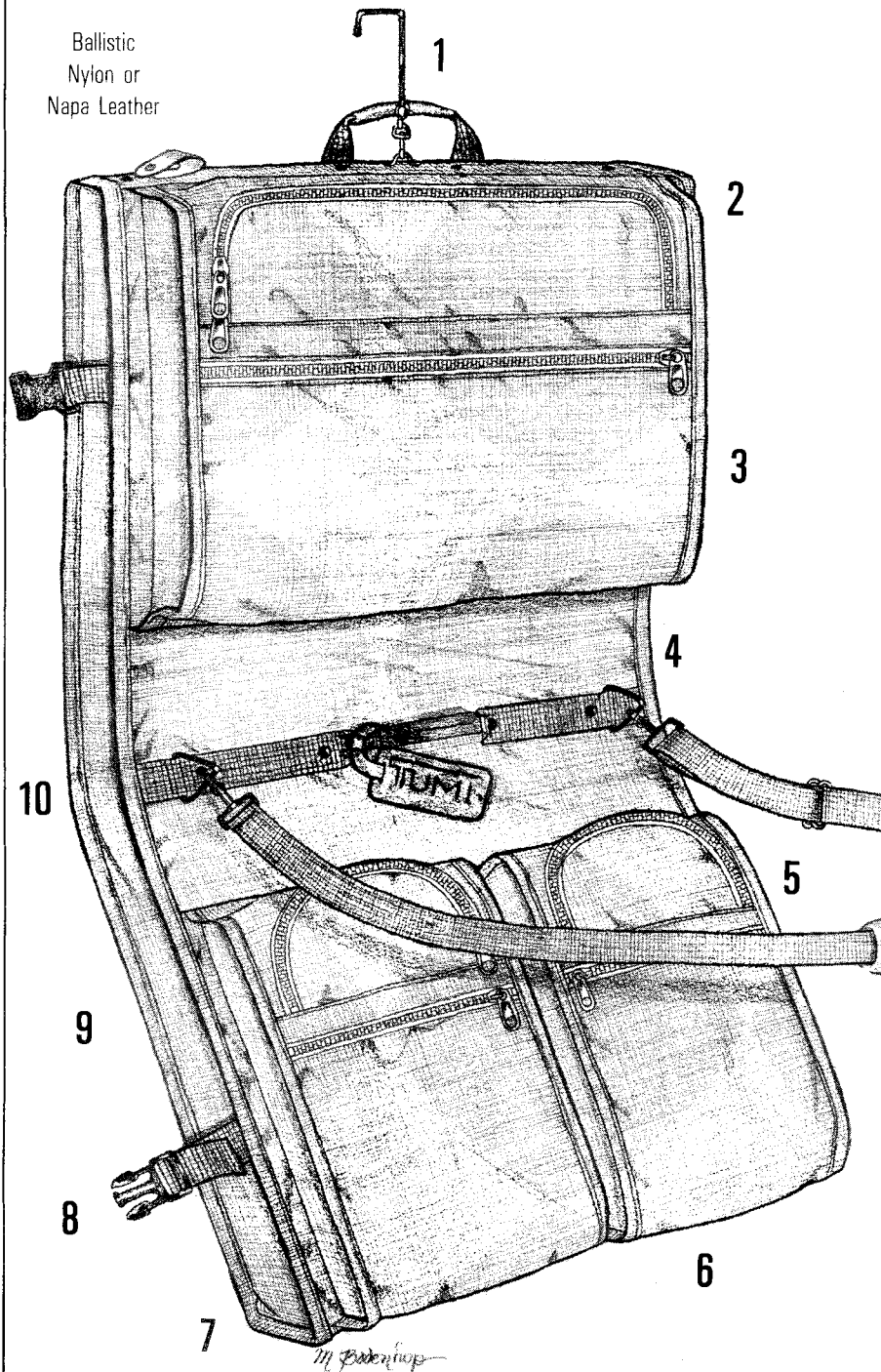
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**AREN'T WE ALL?**—A revival of Frederick Lonsdale's 1923 comedy, imported from London, starring Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, Lynn Redgrave, George Rose, and Jeremy Brett. Directed by Clifford Williams. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**AS IS**—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) Reopens at a new theatre on Wednesday, May 1. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**BIG RIVER**—A musical based on Mark Twain's novel "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with a score and lyrics by Roger Miller and a book by William Hauptman. Staged by Des McAnuff. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**BILOXI BLUES**—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural charm that keeps us from noticing how stickysaintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**CALIFORNIA DOG FIGHT**—A play by Mark Lee, with Darren McGavin, Sheree North, and Mariel Hemingway. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**DOUBLES**—A comedy by David Wiltse, with John Cullum, Ron Leibman, Austin Pendleton, and Tony Roberts. Morton Da Costa is the director. Previews through Tuesday, May 7. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 8. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE**—Roy Dotrice gives a marvellous performance as Dr. Stockmann, missing none of the complexity or the humor in the role, in the Roundabout's satisfying production of Ibsen's play. Directed by Frank Hauser, who was also its co-translator. (4/22/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

**EPISODE 26**—A play by Howard Korder. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE FOREIGNER**—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**GRIND**—An ambitious musical (book by Fay Kanin, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh) about life in a burlesque house in Chicago in 1933; black and white performers are professionally segregated, the Great Depression is on, and even a newly arrived Irish immigrant is in trouble. Directed with his usual energy and skill by Harold Prince and starring Ben Vereen, Leilani Jones, Stubby Kaye, and Timothy Nolen. (4/22/85) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**HANNAH SENESH**—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**JOE EGG**—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85)

(Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE KING AND I**—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**LEADER OF THE PACK**—A torrent of early-sixties songs, written by Ellie Greenwich and her collaborators. The songs are affixed to a soap-opera version of Miss Greenwich's life, and Miss Greenwich herself puts in an unexpected and rather touching appearance. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**LIES AND LEGENDS: THE MUSICAL STORIES OF HARRY CHAPIN**—A musical entertainment using works by the late composer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**—Presenting Victor Herbert's NAUGHTY MARIETTA. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**MANEUVERS**—An English suspense thriller by Catherine Muschamp. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30.)

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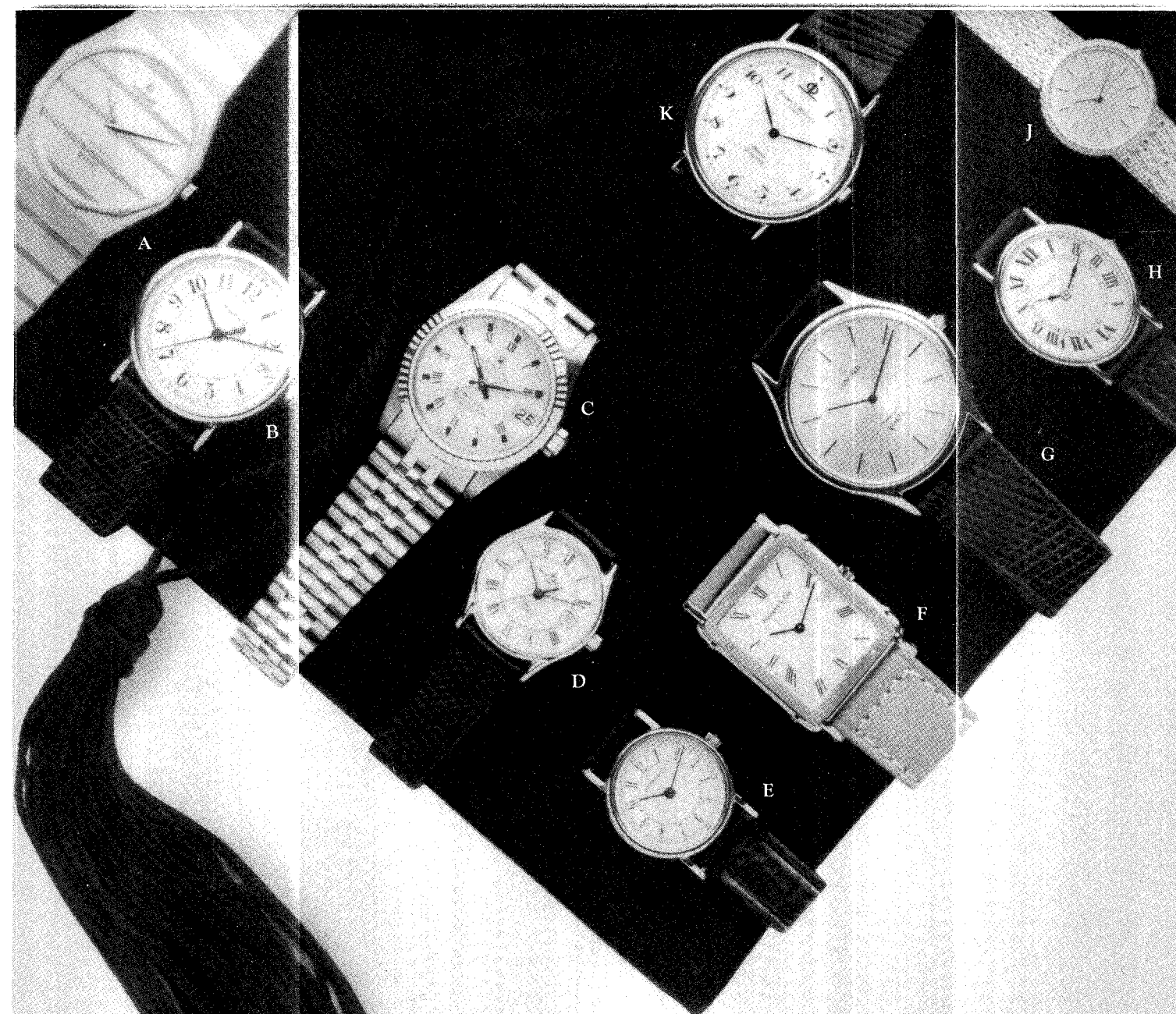
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM**—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY**—A series of three revivals performed in alternating repertory. **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. (2/11/85) ... **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINAL!**: A poky presentation of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page as Elizabeth. (3/25/85) ... **CLARENCE**: A disastrous production of Booth Tarkington's play. (2/25/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY**—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **TWO CAN PLAY** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

**THE NORMAL HEART**—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews of the Holocaust. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**PACK OF LIES**—A rather humdrum little melodrama, by Hugh Whitmore, about a humdrum British couple and what befalls them when their best friends turn out to be Russian spies. With Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGeehan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**PENN & TELLER**—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**SALONIKA**—Louise Page's mysterious, fascinating play—an English import—takes place in the present but is literally haunted by the past. The setting is the beach at Salonika in Greece, where a great disaster befell the British Army during the First World War. The acting is exceptionally good: Jessica Tandy plays an old woman who has come to put flowers on her husband's grave, Elizabeth Wilson plays her spinster daughter, and David Strathairn, Thomas Hill, and Maxwell Caulfield appear in the other roles. John Madden was the excellent director. (4/15/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE SINGULAR DOROTHY PARKER**—Jane Connell in a one-woman show based on the life and writings of Miss Parker. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**STRANGE INTERLUDE**—A revival, popular in England, of the interminable O'Neill melodrama. With Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. The director is



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Keith Hack. (3/4/85) (Nederland, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Thursday through Saturday at 6:45. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

**3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN**—John Kasir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TRACERS**—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**: Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

**A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DREAMGIRLS**: Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,408 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at

Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FOOL FOR LOVE**: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **HURLYBURLY**: David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethyl Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC**: A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **THE REAL THING**: The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Nicol Williamson and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE**: A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best drama of the year. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE TAP DANCE KID**: A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, May 2, at 2.) ... **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's latest edition, with attractions ranging from "The Globe of Death" to a herd of twenty elephants. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Through Sunday, June 2.)

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Fals-





## Icarus

Icarus soars defiantly towards the sun, then plummets into the sea. The mythic tale of Icarus is captured on two sides of a cut and copper-wheel engraved crystal column. By Jiri Hrcuba. Height 11½". \$10,000. Signed Steuben. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441. (For the Steuben Catalogue, send \$5.00.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 1: "Rossini Quartets," "Fancy Free," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Thursday evening, May 2: "Bugaku," "La Valse," and "Firebird." ... Friday evening, May 3: "Square Dance," "Fancy Free," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Saturday evening, May 4: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Sunday matinée, May 5: "Firebird," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Sunday evening, May 5: "Rossini Quartets," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "La Valse." ... Tuesday evening, May 7: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pas de Deux," "La Valse," and "Firebird." ... Wednesday evening, May 8: "Rossini Quartets," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "Gershwin Concerto." ... Thursday and Friday evenings, May 9-10: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Saturday matinée, May 11: "La Valse," "Eight Lines," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Saturday evening, May 11: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 1 and Saturday, May 11, at 2. Through Sunday, June 23.)

**AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE**—Wednesday matinée, May 1: "The Little Ballet," "In a Country Garden Pas de Deux," "Field, Chair, and Mountain," and "Raymonda." ... Wednesday evening, May 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Anastasia," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." ... Thursday evening, May 2: "Airs," "Anastasia," and "Raymonda." ... Friday evening, May 3: "Les Sylphides," "Field, Chair, and Mountain," "Manon Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." ... Saturday matinée, May 4: "Donizetti Variations," "Airs," and "Raymonda." ... Saturday evening, May 4: "Field, Chair, and Mountain," "Anastasia," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." ... Monday evening, May 6: "The Little Ballet," "Pas de Deux," "Anastasia," "Other Dances," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." ... Tuesday through Friday evenings, May 7-10, and Saturday matinée, May 11: "Romeo and Juliet." ... Saturday evening, May 11: "Grand Pas Romantique" (New York première), "Duets," "The Leaves are Fading," and "Bach Partita." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 15.)

**PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 5, at 3: "Arden Court," "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Last Look." ... Thursday, May 2, at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Dust." ... Friday, May 3, at 8: "Roses," "Runes," and "Esplanade." ... Saturday, May 4, at 8: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Byzantium," and "Sunset." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**FELD BALLET**—Wednesday evening, May 1: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Thursday evening, May 2: "A Footstep of Air," "Impromptu," "Intermezzo No. 1," and "Against the Sky." ... Friday evening, May 3: "A Footstep of Air," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Saturday evening, May 4: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Sunday matinée, May 5: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Against the Sky," and "Intermezzo No. 1." ... Sunday evening, May 5: "Play Bach," "Impromptu," "Adieu," and "Against the Sky." ... Tuesday evening, May 7: "Play Bach," "Adieu," and "Against the Sky." ... Wednesday evening, May 8: "Intermezzo No. 2," "Over the Pavement," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Thursday evening, May 9: "The Grand Canon," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Friday evening, May 10: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Intermezzo No. 1," and "Intermezzo No. 2." ... Saturday

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evening, May 11: "The Grand Canon," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 12.)

**PENNSYLVANIA BALLET**—A one-week engagement of "La Sylphide" and other works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesday, May 7, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, May 8-10, at 8; Saturday, May 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 12, at 2.)

**KOREAN NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY**—A program of traditional dances of Korea. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

**DANCE INTERVIEWS**—Laura Dean being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 6, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**ALGONQUIN HOTEL**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings to his own piano accompaniment through Saturday, May 4. Then, on Tuesday, May 7, **JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing performer, will return to sing cabaret tunes. All this transpires in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays, Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

**BALLROOM**, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

**BLUE NOTE**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. A whole bunch of bluesy, gritty players are included in the lineup: **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT** and **CHARLES EARLAND** through Sunday, May 5, and **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**, **BROTHER JACK MC DUFF**, and **JIMMY PONDER** starting Tuesday, May 7. Monday, May 6, will belong to pianist **JOANNE BRACKEN**. Music from nine. Saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Thursday, May 2, John Klages and Longhouse; Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, comics Soupy Sales, Jack Carter, Irwin C. Watson, and Rob Bartlett; Sunday, May 5, Alan Stivell; Monday and Tuesday, May 6-7, rock singer-songwriter Warren Zevon; Thursday, May 9, guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN**; and Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, **STEVE ALLEN**. Shows Sundays

through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** perform through Saturday, May 4; Sunday, May 5, will belong to pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY**; and on Monday, May 6, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will come in with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back with his sidekicks, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Friday, May 3, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** will fill in for Mr. Short and company. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. ... **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**EAGLE TAVERN**, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Wednesday, May 1, Joe Heaney and Father Charlie Coen; Saturday, May 4, the **BILL KEITH** band; and Saturday, May 11, Walt Michael & Company. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, **ART HODES** will play piano with the resident musicians. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

**EDWARDIAN ROOM**, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** is on hand through Sunday, May 5, and starting Tuesday, May 7, harmonica-ist, whistler, and guitarist **TOOTS THIELEMANS** will lead a quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

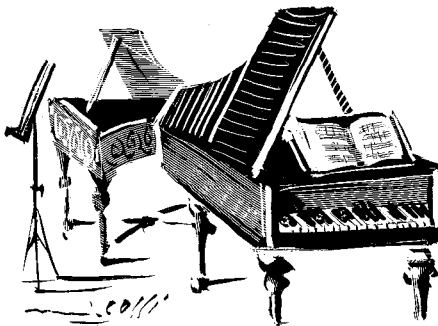
**FOLK CITY**, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**HANRATTY'S**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player. Through Saturday, May 4. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

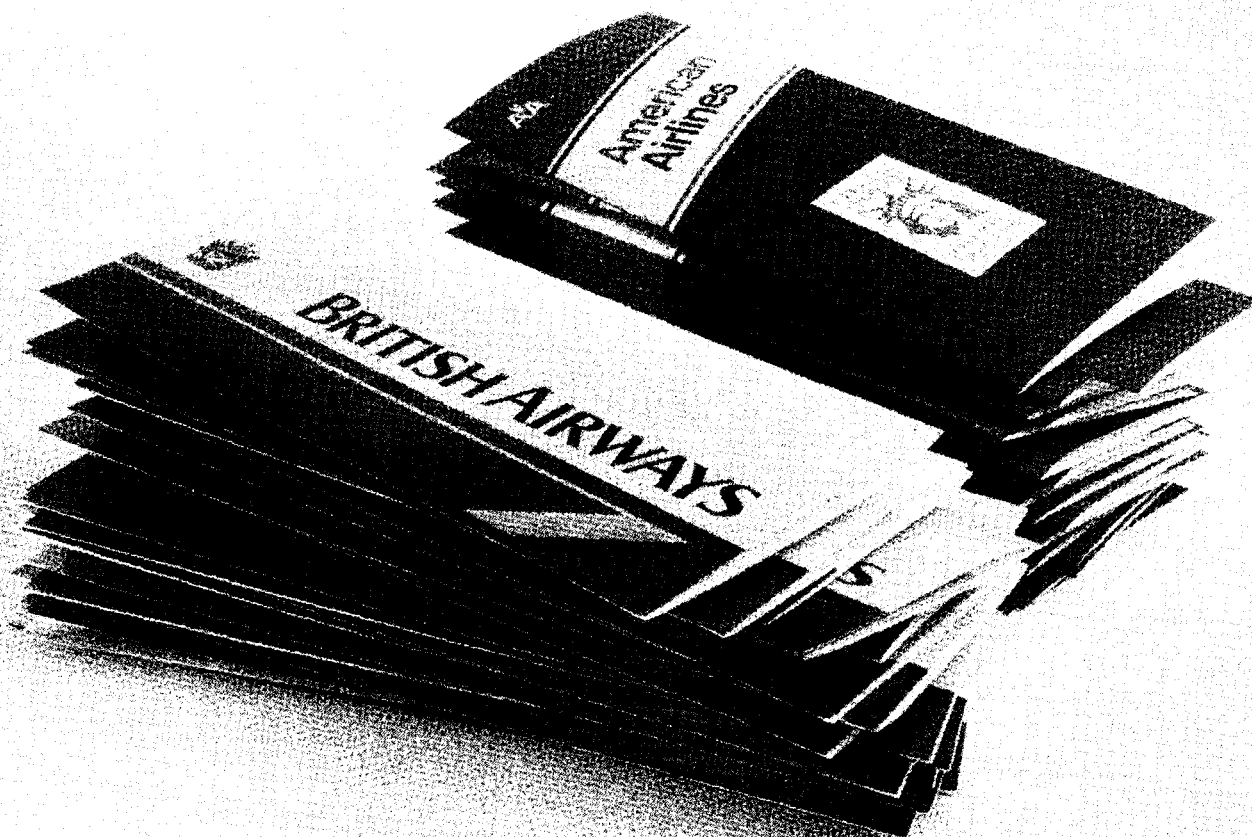
**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** offer each other support through Saturday, May 4, and starting Tuesday, May 7, **LOU LEVY** will work with Steve Gilmore. Music from nine-thirty.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, May 1, the Drifters; Thursday, May 2, **WHO IT IS**, a fine rhythm-and-blues band; Monday, May 6, Little Anthony; and Tuesday, May 7, Chicago-blues singer and harmonica wizard **JAMES COTTON**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE**, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. French violinist Gidaer Lockwood occupies the bandstand through Sunday, May 5, and starting Tuesday, May 7, vibraphonist **GARY BURTON** and his quartet will arrive. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty,



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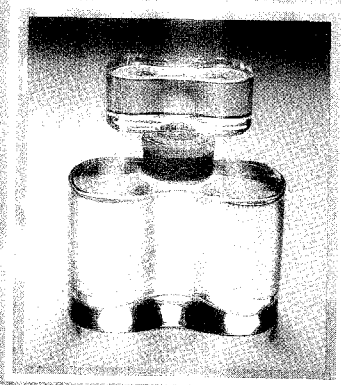
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WHITE LINEN.  
THE CRISP, REFRESHING FRAGRANCE  
TO LIVE IN ALL YEAR LONG.

ESTÉE LAUDER

© 1983 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebnes. Seedown Plantation, LA Dress: van Amringe Shoes: Vittorio Ricci





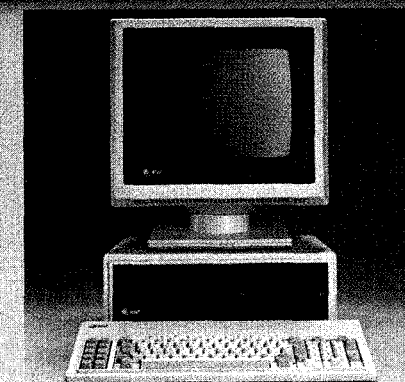
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the newest additions—Trump Tower and the A.T. & T. building—combined in a work more than seven feet high. / Abstract paintings from the seventies done in such diverse mediums as shoe polish, house paint, and wax. Through May 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**AL HELD**—A survey of paintings from 1957 through 1984 by an abstractionist. Through May 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**BRYAN HUNT**—Recent sculptures done in plaster, carved wood, and steel. Through June 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**VALERIE JAUDON**—Strong new paintings. Through Saturday, May 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

**ROBERT JORDAN**—Representational landscapes. Through Saturday, May 11. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**ANSELM KIEFER**—Big, rough, sombre works based on the story of Exodus. Through Saturday, May 11. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**ROBERT KUSHNER / GLEN BAXTER**—Sketchy figures that were brushed on still-drying handmade paper, with leaves, sequins, and glitter mixed into the pulp. / Colored-pencil drawings with deadpan captions that might have been lifted from Tom Swift. Through May 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**JOHN MONTI / PHOEBE ADAMS**—Painted-plywood sculptures, and large charcoal-and-pastel drawings. / Bronze reliefs. Through May 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946) / JOHN BATHO**—Drawings made in the summer of 1921. Through Saturday, May 4. / Photographs of Monet's garden at Giverny. Through Saturday, May 11. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) ... **THE FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St., has an exhibit of thirty-seven Batho color prints from the past ten years. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**GIANCARLO NERI**—Stylish-looking paintings of tunnels seen head on and deep-set arched windows looking out on the Neapolitan sky, plus charcoal drawings. Through May 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**GEORGE NICK**—Landscape paintings of Jerusalem and suburban Boston. Through Thursday, May 9. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

**BETTY PARSONS (1900-82)**—A retrospective of driftwood sculptures, as well as watercolors, gouaches, and other works on paper, including a kite with an airplane painted on it. Through Saturday, May 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

**RIOPELLE**—Acrylic paintings and paper collages with images of flying geese. Through Saturday, May 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**JOHN SEERY**—Expressionistic floral paintings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**T. L. SOLIEN**—Figurative paintings, works on paper, and prints. Through June 1. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

**CHARMION VON WIEGAND (1896-1983)**—A retrospective of paintings and collages covering 1945 through 1965. Through June 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**ANDY WARHOL AND GIORGIO DE CHIRICO**—The question is: Should an artist repeat himself? De Chirico was criticized for it and Warhol comes to his defense with a spate of silk screens and drawings copying the Italian's work. The original de Chiricos are also shown. Through Saturday, May 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.) ... **PRINTS AND SMALL PAINTINGS** from the sixties by Warhol. Starts Thursday, May 2. (Goldberg, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—Works on paper by contemporary British artists, including Frank Auerbach, David Hockney, Howard Hodgkin, and others less known on this side of the Atlantic. Through May 15. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**SHUSAKU ARAKAWA**—Large maps, which look like city street guides, with directional arrows indicating some sort of esoteric flow. Through

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Saturday, May 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) ... **RELATED DRAWINGS**. Through June 15. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

**ROBERT BEAUCHAMP**—Paintings completed this year and as long ago as 1959, by an Expressionist. Through May 18. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

**ARNOLD BITTLEMAN (1933-85)**—A show of landscape and figure drawings. Unhappily, the exhibit has become a memorial to the artist, who died a week before it opened. Through Wednesday, May 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

**FRANÇOIS BOISROND**—Bright-colored, stylized images of Paris and New York, often outlined in black on white canvas. Through Thursday, May 9. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**DAVID BOWES**—Paintings of mythological characters such as Oedipus and the Sphinx. Through May 25. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

**JACK CHEVALIER**—Painted carved-wood and balsa-wood constructions interpreting the Northwest landscape. Through May 25. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

**ROSEMARY COVE**—Glazed terra-cotta wall sculptures of flowers and abstractions, plus one or two semi-abstract female nudes. Through Saturday, May 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**GÉRARD GAROUSTE / CHARLES GAINES**—Tabletop still-lives blown up to enormous size and painted with the sweep of landscapes. / Large maps of Africa and North America arbitrarily subdivided into hundreds of small, numbered plots, as if by a developer. Through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**GILBERT AND GEORGE**—New hand-dyed photographic works in a show that complements their retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through June 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**JACK GOLDSTEIN**—Large airbrush paintings of natural phenomena, i.e., earthquakes and lightning. Through May 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**JUAN GONZALES / BILL RICHARDS**—Watercolor portraits and self-portraits incorporating surreal elements, and drawings. / Detailed graphite drawings of dense ferns, grass, and undergrowth. Through May 23. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**PENNY KAPLAN**—Minimal welded-steel sculptures based on the Japanese kimono. Through May 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**DAVID KAPP**—City traffic is an inspiration rather than a problem for this artist, who watches it flow past his studio window and paints it in a semi-abstract style. Through June 1. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

**JANE KAUFMAN**—Decorative screens and a quilt that has a hundred different embroidery stitches applied to a variety of fabrics, including silk, taffeta, and velvet. Through June 1. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

**JOYCE KOZLOFF / DAISY YOUNGBLOOD**—Watercolors of fanciful designs for subway stations. /

Small clay sculptures. Through Saturday, May 4. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

**MIMMO PALADINO**—Bronze and stone sculptures, plus new paintings. Through May 25. (Sperrone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

**ELLEN PHELAN**—Abstract paintings. Through May 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**ANTHONY POLIZZI**—Paintings and wall sculptures, in designs and colors reminiscent of the Aztecs. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 4. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

**MARGOT ROBINSON**—Nonobjective paintings and drawings, and sculptures. Through May 12. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**DAVID SALLE**—Eight new paintings in mixed mediums. Through May 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**JUDITH SHAHN**—Out-of-print silk screens, plus drawings and paintings. Through Sunday, May 5. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JOYCE SILLS**—Landscapes of the Northeast and Southwest, done in pastel, Prismacolor pencil, and gouache. Through Thursday, May 9. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 Sundays.)

**DAVID TRUE**—New paintings and etchings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St.)

**GROUP SHOW**—A hundred and twenty-eight drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent much of the work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**DARREL AUSTIN**—A dozen or more paintings of this artist's favorite themes—tigers, bulls, and nymphs shown in swamplands and lit by phosphorescence. Through May 23. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

**FRANCO CIARLO / MICHAEL MCCLARD**—Monumental abstract paintings done in a fresco-canvas technique. / Ghostly images appear in large acrylic paintings. Through May 18. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

**MARK DI SUVERO**—Steel sculptures, completed in the past two years, which have swinging parts built into them; for example, the largest piece incorporates a swinging bed. Through June 29. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

**LUIS FRANGELLA**—Nipper the RCA dog and other subjects portrayed in paintings collaged with found objects (refrigerator parts, floor tiles). Through May 18. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

**RICHARD HAMBLETON**—Huge waves coming straight at you and curling as they break are depicted in several of these large new paintings; in the same vein is a rodeo bull storming out of the chute with a cowboy on his back. Through May 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

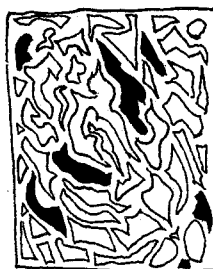
**LUCIO POZZI**—Small abstract paintings from the past three years. Through May 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**PAULA REGO**—Drawings and paintings of imaginary creatures by an uninhibited Portuguese-born English artist. Through Saturday, May 4. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

**HUNT SLONEM**—New oil paintings from the "All About Eden" series. Through June 1. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.)

**CHRISTOPHER SPROAT**—Large illuminated wood sculptures based on skeletal forms, and two wood benches with gold leaf. Through May 25. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

**FRI-ART: MADE IN SWITZERLAND**—Contemporary Swiss artists have many doors open to them this season for exhibits and performances (for the latter, see "Art After Dark," below), among them **THE CLOCKTOWER**, 108 Leonard St., at Broadway. Paintings by nine artists. Through June 2. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) ... **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: An installation by five artists and book works by Dieter Roth. Through Sat-





# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, May 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM**, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave.: The opening part of a two-part survey of paintings and sculptures by artists from the Southeast. Through Saturday, May 4. (Closed Tuesdays.) ... **ARTISTS SPACE**, 223 West Broadway: Donald Sultan has organized an exhibit of paintings by five young Spanish artists. Through Saturday, May 11.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)**—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work on display at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**JOHN GUTMANN**—Approximately a hundred prints made by a photojournalist between 1930 and 1980. Through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

**ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ**—Vintage and modern prints of public gardens in Budapest, Paris, and New York. Through June 29. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**RUSSELL LEE**—Documentary photographs of New York in the Depression, plus more uplifting F.S.A. prints. Through May 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

**SOL LEWITT / JACK SAL**—Photographs and sculptures. / *Cliché-verre* pictures. Through May 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) ... **THE HUDSON CENTER**, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin, is showing paintings and drawings by Mr. Sal. Through May 18.

**ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE**—Large platinum prints mounted in frames the artist designed. Through May 25. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**ROBERT MUNROE / PATRICK BAILLY-MAÎTRE-GRAND**—Twenty photographs of a stream in upstate New York. / Contemporary daguerreotypes of contemporary objects. Through May 23. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

**RUTH ORKIN (1921-85) / EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)**—A memorial show of representative works by a photojournalist. / Twelve portraits—of Garbo, Valentino, and other notables—recently printed by George Tice from Steichen's original negatives. Through May 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**TOD PAPAGEORGE**—Silver prints of visitors to Central Park and the Acropolis. Through June 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**SAM WAGSTAFF COLLECTION**—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Through June 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. ... **A** retrospective of sixty-three landscape paintings

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by George Inness. The Metropolitan is the first stop for this travelling exhibition, which was organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. ... **A** hundred drawings, from the museum's permanent collection, by seventeenth-century Dutch masters; eighteen are by Rembrandt. All shows through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of Matisse drawings, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. (Complementary shows are at Maxwell Davidson Gallery, 43 E. 78th St., and Isselbacher Gallery, 41 E. 78th St.) ... **HENRI ROUSSEAU'S** "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Last sections of the Atget survey. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Gilbert and George retrospective of large photographic murals, in which the artists themselves appear. Through June 16. A complementary show is at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. ... **A** show of works on paper by Mark Rothko. Starts Friday, May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lives. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside of but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Ausch-

witz. ... **A** series of recent prints by Frank Stella, who based them on a series (also on exhibit) by El Lissitzky (1919), who based his prints on the children's Seder song "Had Gadya." Through June 9. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**THE NEW MUSEUM**, 583 Broadway—The forms and the language of signs (as in road signs and logos) are reflected in paintings, photographs, videos, and, well, signs of all kinds by nine artists—Al Souza, Jenny Holzer, John Knight, and Marian Galczenski among them. Through July 7. ... **A** show of paintings and works on paper by Pierre Tal-Coat, a French abstractionist. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 144 W. 125th St.—A large show called "Images of a Turbulent Decade, 1963-1973," which presents works in diverse mediums, primarily by black but also by anti-war and feminist artists, among them Benny Andrews, Rudolf Baranik, Romare Bearden, David Hammons, Gordon Parks, Betye Saar, and May Stevens. Also, a number of documentary photographs of civil-rights leaders and marchers. Through June 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## ART AFTER DARK

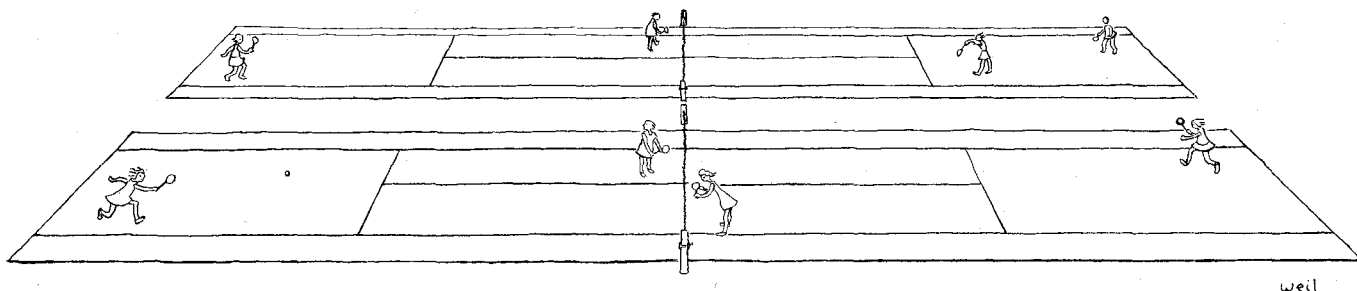
(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

**LA MAMA**, 74A E. 4th St. 925-3615.—The Kitchen is sponsoring some programs here, in connection with the "Fri-Art: Made in Switzerland" show. Christian Marclay (music), John Armleder (performance), and Christine Brodbeck (dance), Wednesday, May 1, at 8:30; Cecile Wick, Alex Silber, and Françoise Bridel (all performance), Thursday, May 2, at 8:30; Pierre Sublet (music) and Monica Klinger (dance), Friday, May 3, at 8:30; Anna Winteler (performance) and Erich Busslinger (music), Saturday, May 4, at 8:30.

**P.S. 122**, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Sarah Brumgart (dance), Friday through Sunday, May 3-5, at 9; Charles Dennis (performance), Wednesday, May 8, at 9; Ishmael Houston-Jones, Dennis Cooper, and Chris Cochrane (performance), Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 9.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert



weil



# Isle of Man

## The offshore opportunity

**G**eographically, the Isle of Man is part of the British Isles.

Historically, it has benefited from over 1,000 years of stable, democratic political independence. Financially, it's the offshore opportunity of 1985 – with benefits which include personal income tax at 20%, no corporation tax, no wealth or capital gains taxes, and no death duty.

No other site in Europe can offer the range of advantages available in the Isle of Man. Its political stability has been secure since Viking times, yet its business-oriented legislature is committed to the financial environment needed for successful offshore development in the 1980s and beyond.

The Isle of Man is less than 50 miles from England and just 1 hour's flying time to London, Heathrow. With an area of

221 square miles and a population of 65,000, the Isle of Man is the only offshore financial centre in Europe with Freeport status.

Placed in the Irish Sea in the temperate climate of the Gulf Stream, the Isle of Man provides a highly cost-efficient springboard into Great Britain and the rest of the European community, with very low overheads, a well-developed framework of legal and fiscal

expertise and the space and environment to offer a

high-quality of life. Significant recent developments have been the creation of a freeport zone and the Isle of Man Marine Register, to develop the Island's traditional maritime links alongside the Island's modern commercial activities of finance, insurance, high-added value manufacturing and company formation.

The Island's environment has attracted some 17,000 companies and a growing number of financial institutions. Now is the time to find out why.

On 13th May, before an invited audience from New York's economic and legal community, the Hon. Dan Quayle, United States Senator from Indiana, introduces "The Offshore Opportunity" – Day One of the Isle of Man's Business Mission to America.

A leadership group of Manx businessmen and professionals will be in New York City from May 13–17 to answer your questions and give full details of any aspect of the Isle of Man opportunity. Call Donald Byck on 516-488-1157. Or mail your business card to him at PO Box 66, Meacham Branch, Elmont, N.Y. 11003 for a complete information kit.

The offshore opportunity

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**AMATO OPERA COMPANY**—Presenting Verdi's "Alzira," as well as performances in English (by the same cast) of Voltaire's play "Alzire," on which the opera is based. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**BEL CANTO OPERA**—Victoria Bond conducting the final performances of Alberto Franchetti's "Germania," staged by Maroun Azouri. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, May 4, at 8, and Sunday, May 5, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

**OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK**—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first three of six performances of Benjamin Britten's arrangement of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 8, and Friday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, May 2, at 8; Friday, May 3, at 2; Saturday, May 4, at 8; and Tuesday, May 7, at 7:30: A Haydn-Jacob Druckman-Dvořák program, with Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 9, at 8; Friday, May 10, at 2; Saturday, May 11, at 8; and Tuesday, May 14, at 7:30: A Prokofiev-Moussorgsky program, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Matti Salminen, bass; and the New York Choral Artists.

**CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—At Carnegie Hall, the last in a series of concerts—Georg Solti conducting a Brahms-Lutoslawski-Beethoven program on Wednesday, May 1. . . . ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 7 on Friday, May 3; and a Berg-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, May 4. (Evenings at 8.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Riccardo Muti conducting the final concert of the season here. With Murray Panitz, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 8.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC**—Lukas Foss conducting—A Beethoven-Berio-Saint-Saëns program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. The final concerts of the regular season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, May 5, at 2. . . . ¶ The last in a series of "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one a tribute to Aaron Copland. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 309.)

**NEW YORK POPS**—Skitch Henderson conducting the final concert of the season. With Rosemary Clooney. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

**CLARION CONCERTS**—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Scarlatti's oratorio "Santa Teodosia," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Michael Brown, tenor; and Kevin Maynor, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**YALE UNIVERSITY BAND**—A program of works by composers associated with the university. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

**NEW CALLOPE SINGERS**—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 3, at 8. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

**ALL-AMERICAN CHORAL GALA**—Peter Tiboris directing a four-hundred-member combined chorus from various colleges, universities, and professional groups. With Marianna Christos, soprano; Nicholas Karoutsatos, baritone; and the American Symphony Orchestra. A benefit performance. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 3.)

**CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY**—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a staged performance of Honegger's dramatic oratorio "Joan of Arc at the Stake," with Glenn Close and William

Hurt in speaking roles; Mary Burgess and Mary Shearer, sopranos; Patricia Miller, mezzo-soprano; Marcus Haddock, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 5, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.)

**ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**—Lyndon Woodside directing a Carl Orff-Vaughan Williams program, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Lawrence Glenn, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 6, at 8.)

**NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY**—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a Stravinsky-Honegger program. With Howard Da Silva, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8.)

**SINE NOMINE SINGERS**—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Schütz program, with Edward Brewer, organ, and Michael Willens, violone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 11, at 9.)

### RECITALS

**RITA BOUBOULIDI**—Two in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesdays, May 1 and 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

**JEFFREY SIEGEL**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**YOUNG UCK KIM AND PETER SERKIN**—The last in a series of programs of Mozart sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**JEAN-LOUIS STEUERMAN**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**JOSEPHINE MONGIARDO**—Soprano, with Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**LEAGUE-ISCAM**—The Pro Arte Quartet in a program that includes the premiere of a work by Daniel Perlono. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8.)

**FESTIVAL OF CHANT**—Two programs at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Friday, May 3, at 7:30: A performance of traditional Buddhist ritual chants by Tibetan Gyuto Tantric Monks. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 7:30: Contemporary works inspired by traditional chants, performed by David Hykes and the Harmonic Choir, Pauline Oliveros, and Terry Riley. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

**YO-YO MA**—Cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8.)

**COMPOSERS CONCORDANCE**—A program honoring Otto Luening's eighty-fifth birthday. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8.)

**GEORGE FOCA-RODI**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 3.)

**JOSÉ ORTIGA**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 5:30.)

**MARK PESKANYOV**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

**CONTINUUM**—A program of music by Mario Davidovsky. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

**TRIO CHANTECLAIRE**—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from Poland. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 4, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM**—Menahem Pressler, piano, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, May 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 5, at 2.)

**AUBUSON QUARTET**—With Daniel Phillips, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 4, at 9.)

**ANA MARIA TRENCHI DE BOTTAZZI**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 2.)

**OMEGA ENSEMBLE**—An all-Brahms program. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, May 5, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.)

**COMPOSERS' FORUM**—A program of New York premières, performed by Laura Hunter, saxophone, and Brian Connelly, piano. (Merkin



Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 5, at 3.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and members of the Society. The final concerts of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 6-7, at 7:30.)

**WINTERFEST CONCERTS**—A Bach-Handel program, performed by John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Myron Lutzke, cello; and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, May 5, at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**JEFFREY KHANER**—Flute. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 5, at 7:30.)

**CENTER FOR AMERICAN MUSIC**—Presenting a program of music by Ives, MacDowell, William Bolcom, and others, performed by Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano; Mary Louise Boehm and Mr. Bolcom, piano; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 5, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC**—Frank Taplin, piano; Sylvia Rosenberg and Mitchell Stern, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, May 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**EDWARD ALDWELL**—The last in a series of concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 6, at 8.)

**BEN HOLT**—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 7, at 8.)

**MUSICA CAMERIT**—With Toby Hoffman, viola, and Nicholas Mann, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 7, at 8.)

**JEAN FONDA**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

**ASPEN WIND QUINTET**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

**POMERUM MUSICES**—Alexander Blachly conducting a program of music by Schütz, with the Newberry Consort. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

**J. S. BACH: THE COMPLETE ORGAN WORKS**—The first two in a series of sixteen biweekly recitals, each performed by a different organist. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 9, at 8; Charles Krigbaum. . . Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, May 12, at 3; John Weaver. Admission by contribution.)

**AULOS ENSEMBLE**—A Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Thursday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

**TAFELMUSIK**—A program of baroque and contemporary music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS**—A program of twentieth-century French music, with David Oei, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

**PHILIP GLASS**—With his ensemble performing his score for the movie "Koyaanisqatsi," to accompany a screening of the film. With assisting instrumentalists and the Western Wind. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30 and 11.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL—METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, May 1, at 7:35. . . Atlanta, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7-8, at 7:35. . . Philadelphia, Friday, May 10, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 11, at 1:20. . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Friday, May 3, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, at 2.

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 1; through Monday, May 6. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 4, and the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 5. . . **BELMONT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Wednesday, May 8, through Monday, July 29. The Withers, Wednesday, May 8, and the Comely, Saturday, May 11. . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Betsy Ross Handicap, Saturday, May 4, and the Jersey Belle, Saturday, May 11. . .

**CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

**TENNIS**—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Johan Kriek, Aaron Krickstein, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Monday through Friday, May 6-10, at noon and 6:30; semifinals, Saturday, May 11, at 12:15; and finals Sunday, May 12, at 12:15.)

**TROTting**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, June 17. . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, from Wednesday, May 1, through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

## ET ALIA

**WALKING TOURS**—Conducted tours of the upper West Side sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5, starting at Central Park West and 73rd St., at 2. (For information, call 935-3960.) . . . "Astor Place," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 5, starting at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

**AUCTIONS**—At **SOtheby's**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, May 5, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 1, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. . . Thursday, May 2, at 7, and Friday, May 3, at 10:15: Contemporary art. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. . . Saturday, May 4, at 2: French furniture, Continental ceramics, decorations, and carpets. . . Tuesday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, May 8, at 10:15: Photographs. Exhibition starts Friday, May 3. . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 1, at 7, and Thursday, May 2, at 2: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. . . Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7-8, at 10 and 2: Prints. Exhibition starts Friday, May 3. . . Thursday, May 9, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, objects of art, clocks, and carpets. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 4. . . Thursday, May 9, at 7: Old Master prints. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Friday, May 3.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**AUTOMOBILE RACING**—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 26.

**GOLF**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 6-9.)

**RACING**—At **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 18. . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 24-Aug. 31. . . **BELMONT**: The Belmont, June 8.

**MUSIC**—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . Claudio Arrau, piano, May 13. . . Cleveland Orchestra, May 17. . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, May 12. . . Toronto Symphony, May 13-14. . . Cleveland Orchestra, May 15 and 18. . . St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, May 16. . . American Symphony Orchestra, May 19. . . Imas Chamber Orchestra of Tokyo, May 23. . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Y Chamber Symphony, May 12. . . Berenice Lipson-Gruzen, piano, May 17. . . Harrisburg Symphony, May 18. . . Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, May 18. . . Jupiter Symphony, May 20. . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Christopher O'Riley, piano, May 15. . . Y Chamber Symphony, May 18-19. . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Emanuel Ax, piano, May 23. . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Orchestra of St. Luke's, May 18. . . Dessoif Choirs, May 23.

**OTHER DATES**—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 25-27, June 1-2, and June 8-9. . . Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 27. . . Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17.

## THE CUISINART CREDO:

# "IF IT CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT, GET THAT POT OUT OF THE KITCHEN."

Many details determine whether a pot is a good pot. You might be surprised by some of them.

For instance, color. Let me explain. The outside of a pot, any pot, radiates heat into your kitchen, a sheer waste of energy and often a source of discomfort to the cook. A black pot wastes significantly more energy in this way than a bright stainless steel pot. (Ever get into a black car on a sunny day?)

I make my Cuisinart® Commercial Cookware out of brilliant, colorless stainless steel. Not because it's beautiful, which it is; but because it's far more efficient.

For example, in our test kitchen, a black, anodized-finish two-quart sauce pan used 24% more energy and took 22% longer to bring water to a boil than a two-quart Cuisinart sauce pan.

One other thing about the brilliant luster of all my cookware. It will last forever. I think that's what you should expect from a pot for which you've paid good money.

After you've conducted your boiling water experiment you might want to put your saucepan to greater use. We have some recipe ideas in mind for the saucepan and we'll be happy to send them to you. Write to the address below or call our toll-free number (800) 243-8540.

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Carl G. Sontheimer  
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through May 9: "French Cancan" (†).

From May 10: "Les Années 80" (1983; directed by Chantal Akerman).

**R.K.O. CENTURY ART**, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)  
"Lost in America" (†).

**ST. MARKS CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)  
Through May 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald; and "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.  
From May 3: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)  
Through May 2: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan).  
From May 3: To be announced.

**BAY CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)  
"Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)  
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE**, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)  
Theatre 1: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.  
Theatre 2: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott. From May 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)  
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

**EASTSIDE CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)  
To be announced.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)  
"Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

**GOTHAM CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)  
"Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)  
Through May 9: "Petit Con" (Gérard Lauzier; in French).  
From May 10: "Secret Places" (Zelda Barón).

**MANHATTAN I AND 2**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)  
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From May 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

**BARONET AND CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
Theatre 1: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.  
Theatre 2: "1918" (Ken Harrison).

**D. W. GRIFFITH**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)  
"The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

**CINEMA I AND II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022 / 0774)  
Theatre 1: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Casavetes.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "My First Wife" (Paul Cox), with Wendy Hughes and John Hargreaves. From May 3: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.

**GEMINI I AND 2**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)  
Theatre 1: To be announced.  
Theatre 2: "Little Treasure" (Alan Sharp), with Margot Kidder, Ted Danson, and Burt Lancaster.

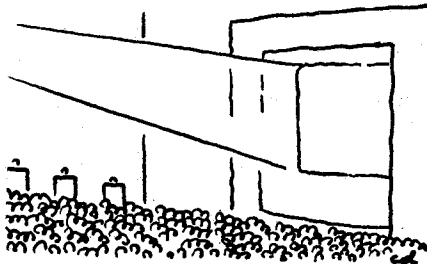
**BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)  
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

**LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Alamo Bay" (Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan. From May 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.  
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)  
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



| S | M | T | W | T | F  | S  |
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| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

**LOEWS TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)  
"Witness" (†).

**U. A. 85TH ST. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)  
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan). From May 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)  
"Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

## WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM I AND 2**, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through May 7: "When the Raven Flies" (1984; directed by Hrafn Gunnlaugsson; in Icelandic). From May 8: A program of seven short films.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "An Unsuitable Job for a Woman" (Christopher Petit). May 3-9: "The Good Fight" (1984; Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills). From May 10: "Twenty Years Later" (Eduardo Coutinho; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

**VANDAM**, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

**WAYLERY I AND 2**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 3: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Theatre 2: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).

**QUAD CINEMA**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

Theatre 3: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Theatre 4: "Where's Picon?" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

**23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX**, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)  
Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†).

Theatre 2: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)  
"Amadeus" (†).

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)  
"A Passage to India" (†).

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through May 2: "Heartbreakers" (†).  
From May 3: "Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler).

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)  
"A Private Function" (†).

**CINEMA 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)  
Through May 9: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).  
From May 10: "French Cancan" (†).

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)  
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3**, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Theatre 3: "Jules and Jim" (†).

**CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Theatre 2: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

**EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2**, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret. From May 3: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles. From May 3: "My New Partner."

**LOEWS 83RD QUAD**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan).

Theatre 3: Through May 2: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel). From May 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 4: Through May 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 3: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.

**LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX**, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).

Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 3: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Theatre 4: Through May 2: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen. From May 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 5: "Witness" (†).

Theatre 6: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

**NEW YORKER I AND 2**, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†).

Theatre 2: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

**OLYMPIA QUAD**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen. From May 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From May 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 3: Through May 2: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan). From May 3: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

Theatre 4: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**CRITERION THEATRES**, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First

Did anyone dare tell Antonio Stradivari  
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The Greek word for shield is "Aegis." And that's exactly what RCA gave the cruiser in this picture. A shield that can protect an entire fleet.

In fact, the AEGIS Combat System which RCA designed for the U.S. Navy can simultaneously track hundreds of aircraft and missiles while it maintains continuous surveillance of anything that moves on or above the water.

This makes AEGIS the most advanced missile and air defense system on the high seas. And it makes RCA the first company, ever, to be given total responsibility for the development of a complete shipborne combat system.



Today, two cruisers, USS Ticonderoga and USS Yorktown, patrol the seas with AEGIS. But soon, they'll have a lot of company. RCA is already at work on 11 additional ships' systems.

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We're designing and building test equipment for Army tanks and vehicles so the Army can maintain a higher state of readiness.

RCA is also under contract with the Air Force for the Ground Wave Emergency Network (GWEN), which will provide survivable communications throughout the United States in case of a national emergency.

So not only does the defense never rest, neither do we. If you'd like to find out more about what we're working on, just write for "This Is RCA," P.O. Box 91404, Indianapolis, Ind. 46291.

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**The Global Premier Advantage.** All this, plus a card that provides a premier welcome at more than 4 million places in 156 countries on six continents.

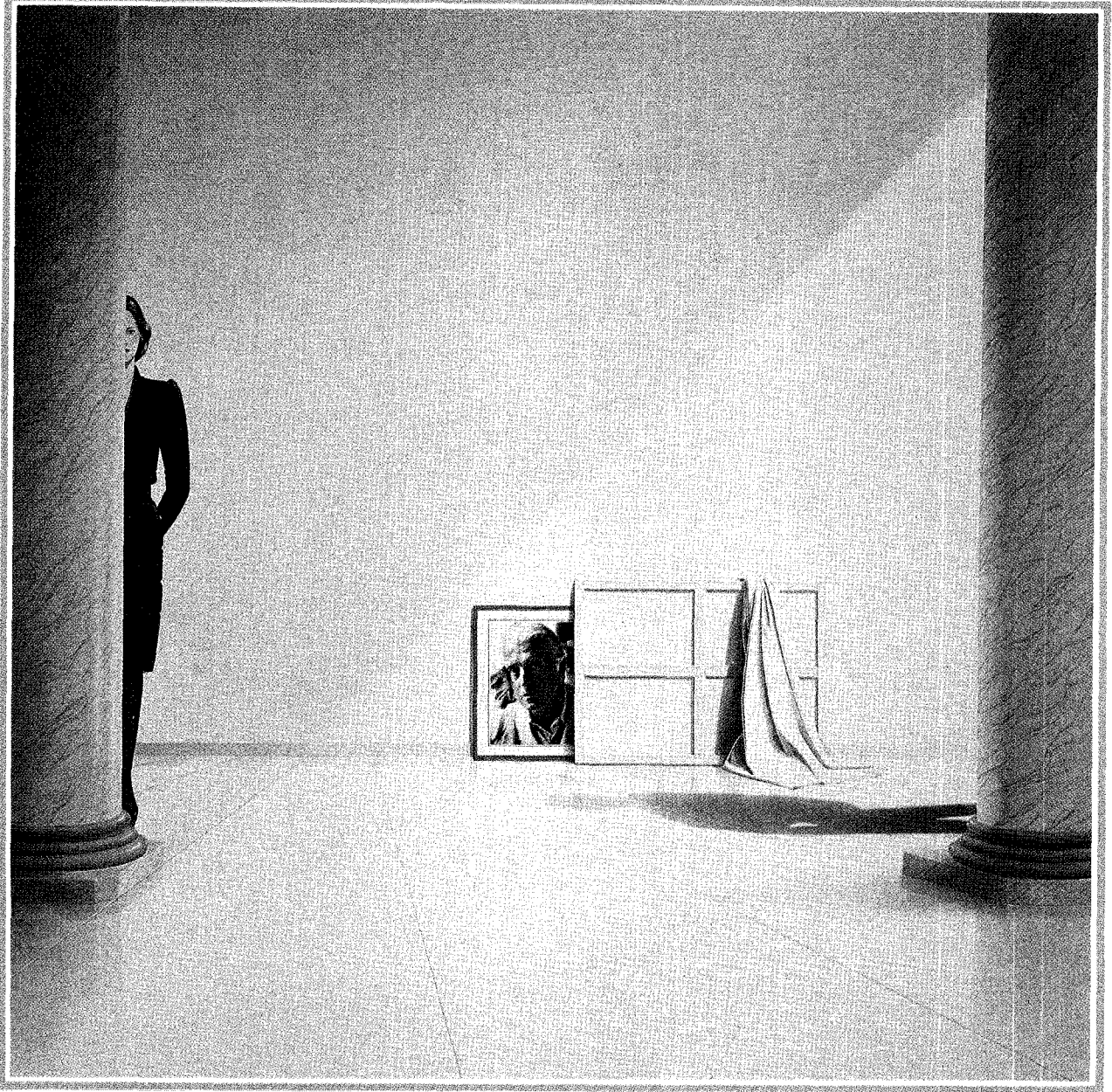
So you have a lot to be sure of. Including a room at the inn.



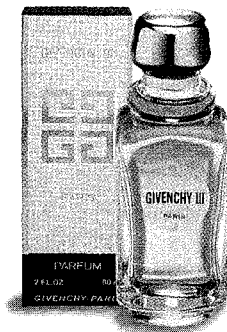
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.  
 Theatre 2: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).  
 Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.  
 Theatre 4: Through May 2: "Manchurian Avenger" (Ed Warnick). From May 3: To be announced.  
 Theatre 5: "Nine Deaths of the Ninja" (Emmett Alston), with Sho Kosugi.  
 Theatre 6: "The Killing Fields" (†).

**EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)**  
 "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

**EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)**  
 Theatre 2: "The New Kids" (Sean S. Cunningham).  
 Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).  
 Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

**LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)**  
 "Witness" (†).

**LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)**  
 Theatre 1: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.  
 Theatre 2: Through May 2: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods. From May 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

**MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)**  
 "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

**NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)**  
 "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

**R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)**  
 Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Tomboy" (Herb Freed), with Betsy Russell. From May 3: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.  
 Theatre 2: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

**R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)**  
 Theatre 1: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan).  
 Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

**U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)**  
 Theatre 1: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).  
 Theatre 2: Through May 2: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner. From May 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)**  
 "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; directed by Robert Epstein), a documentary.

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)**  
 Through May 2: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).  
 From May 3: To be announced.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)**  
 Through May 5: The final programs in a week-long series of Israeli films.  
 From May 6: To be announced.

**CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)**  
 Through May 2: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.  
 May 3-4: "Silver City" (1985; Sophia Turkiewicz; an Australian film); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.  
 May 5-7: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.  
 May 8-9: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis,

Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.  
 May 10-11: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)**  
 "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)**  
 May 1: "The Family Game" (1984; Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese); and "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).  
 May 2-4: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)**  
 Through May 2: "All of Me" (1984; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin; and "The Woman in Red" (1984; Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.  
 May 3-4: "Dune" (1984; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.  
 May 5: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.  
 May 6-7: "Valentino" (†) and "Nijinsky" (†).  
 May 8-9: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.  
 May 10-11: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

**METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)**  
 Through May 2: "Tokyo-Ga" (1985; Wim Wenders); and "Chambre 666" (1982; Wim Wenders).  
 May 3: "Risky Business" (1983; Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay; and "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.  
 May 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands"

(1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

May 5: "Country" (1984; Richard Pearce), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "Never Cry Wolf" (†).  
 May 6: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, Jack Nicholson, and Jeff Daniels; and "Falling in Love" (1984; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.  
 May 7: "Loves of a Blonde" (†); and "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech).  
 May 8: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Life of O-Haru" (†).  
 May 9: "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French); and "L'Atalante" (†).  
 May 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.  
 May 11: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

**REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)**  
 May 1: "The Music Man" (1962; Morton DaCosta), with Robert Preston, Shirley Jones, and Buddy Hackett.  
 May 2-4: "Hit the Deck" (1955; Roy Rowland), with Jane Powell, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, and Walter Pidgeon; and "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante.  
 May 5-6: "Rose Marie" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "The Merry Widow" (1934 †).  
 May 7-8: "Girl Crazy" (†) and "Good News" (1947 †).  
 May 9-11: "Pal Joey" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

**THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)**  
 May 1: "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940; Dorothy Arzner), with Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward; and "First Comes Courage" (1943; Dorothy Arzner), with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne.  
 May 2: "Marjorie Morningstar" (1958; Irving Rapper), with Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood, Claire Trevor, and Ed Wynn; and "Symphony of Six Million" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez.  
 May 3: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.  
 May 4: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, and Allen Goorwitz; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, and Joseph Bologna.  
 May 5: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati; and "Playtime" (†).  
 May 6: "The Burglar" (1957; Paul Wendkos), with Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea, and Martha Vickers; and "Screaming Mimi"

(1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

May 5: "Country" (1984; Richard Pearce), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "Never Cry Wolf" (†).  
 May 6: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, Jack Nicholson, and Jeff Daniels; and "Falling in Love" (1984; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.  
 May 7: "Loves of a Blonde" (†); and "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech).  
 May 8: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Life of O-Haru" (†).  
 May 9: "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French); and "L'Atalante" (†).  
 May 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.  
 May 11: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

**REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)**  
 May 1: "The Music Man" (1962; Morton DaCosta), with Robert Preston, Shirley Jones, and Buddy Hackett.  
 May 2-4: "Hit the Deck" (1955; Roy Rowland), with Jane Powell, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, and Walter Pidgeon; and "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante.  
 May 5-6: "Rose Marie" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "The Merry Widow" (1934 †).  
 May 7-8: "Girl Crazy" (†) and "Good News" (1947 †).  
 May 9-11: "Pal Joey" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

**THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)**  
 May 1: "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940; Dorothy Arzner), with Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward; and "First Comes Courage" (1943; Dorothy Arzner), with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne.  
 May 2: "Marjorie Morningstar" (1958; Irving Rapper), with Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood, Claire Trevor, and Ed Wynn; and "Symphony of Six Million" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez.  
 May 3: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.  
 May 4: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, and Allen Goorwitz; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, and Joseph Bologna.  
 May 5: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati; and "Playtime" (†).  
 May 6: "The Burglar" (1957; Paul Wendkos), with Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea, and Martha Vickers; and "Screaming Mimi"

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(1958; Gerd Oswald), with Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey, and Gypsy Rose Lee.  
 May 7: "Roxie Hart" (†) and "Big Brown Eyes" (†).  
 May 8: "The Dresser" (†) and "A Double Life" (†).  
 May 9: "That's Yenta-tainment!" (1985), a compilation film; and "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood" (1932).  
 May 10: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake; and "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien.  
 May 11: "Holiday" (†); and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 1: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

May 2: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair.

May 3-4: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 5: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

May 6: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "The Last Laugh" (†).

May 7: "Fashions of 1934" (†); and "The Key" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Colin Clive, William Powell, and Edna Best.

May 8: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).

May 9: "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre; and "The Woman in White" (1948; Peter Godfrey), with Gig Young, Eleanor Parker, Sydney Greenstreet, and Alexis Smith.

May 10-11: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**THEATRE 1:** May 3 at 2:30: "The Way to the Stars" (1945; directed by Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, John Mills, Rosamund John, and Douglas Montgomery... May 3 at 6: "In Which We Serve" (1942; Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, John Mills, Bernard Miles, and Celia Johnson... May 4 at 2: "Holiday Camp" (1947; Ken Annakin), with Flora Robson, Dennis Price, and Jack Warner... May 4 at 5: "The Guinea Pig" (1948; Roy Boulting), with Richard Attenborough, Sheila Sim, and Bernard Miles... May 5 at 2: "In Which We Serve" (1942; Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, John Mills, Bernard Miles, and Celia Johnson... May 5 at 5: "The Way to the Stars" (1945; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, John Mills, Rosamund John, and Douglas Montgomery... May 6 at 2:30 and 6: "The First of the Few" (1942; Leslie Howard), with Howard, David Niven, and Rosamund John... May 7 at 3 and 6:30: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Roger Livesey, Anton Walbrook, and Deborah Kerr... May 9

at 2:30: "The Guinea Pig" (1948; Roy Boulting), with Richard Attenborough, Sheila Sim, and Bernard Miles... May 9 at 6: "Holiday Camp" (1947; Ken Annakin), with Flora Robson, Dennis Price, and Jack Warner... May 10 at 2:30: "Fame Is the Spur" (1947; Roy Boulting), with Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, and Bernard Miles... May 10 at 6: "The Cruel Sea" (1952; Charles Frend), with Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, and Stanley Baker... May 11 at 2: "Chance of a Lifetime" (1950; Bernard Miles), with Miles, Basil Radford, Niall MacGinnis, and Kenneth More... May 11 at 5: "Fame Is the Spur" (1947; Roy Boulting), with Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, and Bernard Miles.

**THEATRE 2:** May 4 at 2:30: "Journey Into the Night" (1920; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 4 at 5:30: "Phantom" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 5 at 2:30: "The Finances of the Grand Duke" (1923; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 5 at 5:30: "Faust" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 7 at 3 and 6:30: "L'Assassinat du Duc de Guise" (1908; Charles Le Bargy and André Calmettes; a French silent film, with French intertitles); and "Les Amours de la Reine Elisabeth" (1912; Louis Mercanton; a French silent film, with English intertitles), with Sarah Bernhardt... May 9 at 3 and 6:30: A program of political films by Zoran Jovanovic, a Yugoslav animator... May 10 at 3: "The Finances of the Grand Duke" (1923; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 10 at 6:30: "Phantom" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles)... May 11 at 2:30: "Tartuffe" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss... May 11 at 5:30: "Faust" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles).

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**AMADEUS**—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gyping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**L'ATALANTE** (1934)—Jean Vigo, who died in his twenties, made only this one feature-length film—a sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who marries and takes his bride with him; after a quarrel she runs off and they lose each other. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers; Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand who finds her and brings her back. It's a wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film. It's also a strange film—much slower and more consciously dreamlike than Vigo's short works. In some ways it's more pleasurable in the memory than while you're seeing it. With Louis Lefèvre. In French. (Metro Cinema; May 9.)

**BEVERLY HILLS COP**—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (34th St. East, and Embassy.)

**BIG BROWN EYES** (1936)—Better than average underworld doings. Cops-and-robbers with Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, Walter Pidgeon, and Lloyd Nolan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Thalia; May 7.)

**THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN** (1933)—This

story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8.)

**BIZET'S CARMEN**—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema 3; through May 9.)

**DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN**—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. This flatness can make your jaw fall open, but it seems to be accepted by the audience as New Wave postmodernism. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness—like an Expressionist painting of neon squalor and lollipops. The transactions between the people on the screen are stupefying (and often in woozy slow-mo-

tion, like a rock video going poetic). How did this script (by Leora Barish) ever get produced? The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright; there are also glimpses of Richard Hell, Anne Carlisle, Richard Edson, John Lurie, Shirley Stoler, Rockets Red Glare (as a taxi-driver), and other "inside" celebrities. (4/22/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

**A DOUBLE LIFE** (1947)—The script takes off from the professional hazard of actors: living their parts offstage. Ronald Colman is the actor who starts hearing bells in his ears and loud keening noises during his run in "Othello." His friends stare at him, puzzled, until after he has smothered a harmless blond waitress (Shelley Winters) and tried to kill a press agent (Edmond O'Brien) whom he suspects of having designs on his Desdemona—his actress wife, played by Signe Hasso. Colman is not at his best, and the role of Othello is so far out of his range that he's gentlemanly and dispassionate when he means to be fiery hot. George Cukor directed; with Millard Mitchell, Philip Loeb, Ray Collins, Fay Kanin, and Frederic Worlock. (Thalia; May 8.)

**THE DRESSER** (1983)—Almost everything in this film is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney)—a knight of the theatre who is touring the provinces with his dilapidated company during the Second World War—and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old troupier, and keeps him going. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. Lockwood West, Edward Fox, and Cathryn Harrison shine in smaller roles. (Thalia; May 8.)

**FASHIONS OF 1934**—Bette Davis at her blondest as a fashion artist professionally and romantically involved with suave, shady promoter



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William Powell. Elaborate piffle, directed by William Dieterle. With Hugh Herbert, Henry O'Neill, and Frank McHugh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7.)

**FRENCH CANCAN** (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 9. . . . Cinema 3; starting May 10.)

**GIRL CRAZY** (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. The cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Regency; May 7-8.)

**GOOD NEWS** (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. The affable young Peter Lawford and goofy, blithe June Allyson are the leads and do the number "The French Lesson," and Joan McCracken, with a gleeful look in her eyes, dances and sings the memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe." The rest of the score, including "The Varsity Drag," "Lucky in Love," and "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original 1927 Broadway show (which was filmed once before, in 1930). Directed by Charles Walters. The cast includes Mel Tormé, Ray McDonald, and Patricia Marshall. (Regency; May 7-8.)

**HEARTBREAKERS**—Set in L.A., this is about what's underneath the buddy relationship of the prosperous, darkly handsome Eli (Nick Mancuso), who takes over his father's business, and the tall, boyish Blue (Peter Coyote), a driven, unsuccessful painter, always broke. The writer-director Bobby Roth gets at the unresolved feelings that go into making them friends and rivals. Women—Carole Laure, Kathryn Harrold, and the late Carol Wayne—are their battlefield. The film is all moods and moments; Roth may not go deep enough, but his work has temperament. He succeeds in using the two men as a way into the American culture of sex, circa the mid-eighties. The picture becomes more involving as it goes on, and when it's over, you feel you've seen something (even if you're not quite sure what). With Max Gail, Jamie Rose, George Mortogen, and James Laurenson. Cinematography by Michael Ballhaus; music by Tangerine Dream. (4/22/85) (57th St. Playhouse; through May 2.)

**HOLIDAY** (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton, Jean Dixon, and Lew Ayres. (Thalia; May 11.)

**JULES AND JIM** (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be ours." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps more devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

**THE KILLING FIELDS**—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his debut as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres.)

**THE LAST LAUGH** (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6.)

**THE LIFE OF O-HARU** (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; May 8.)

**LOST IN AMERICA**—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

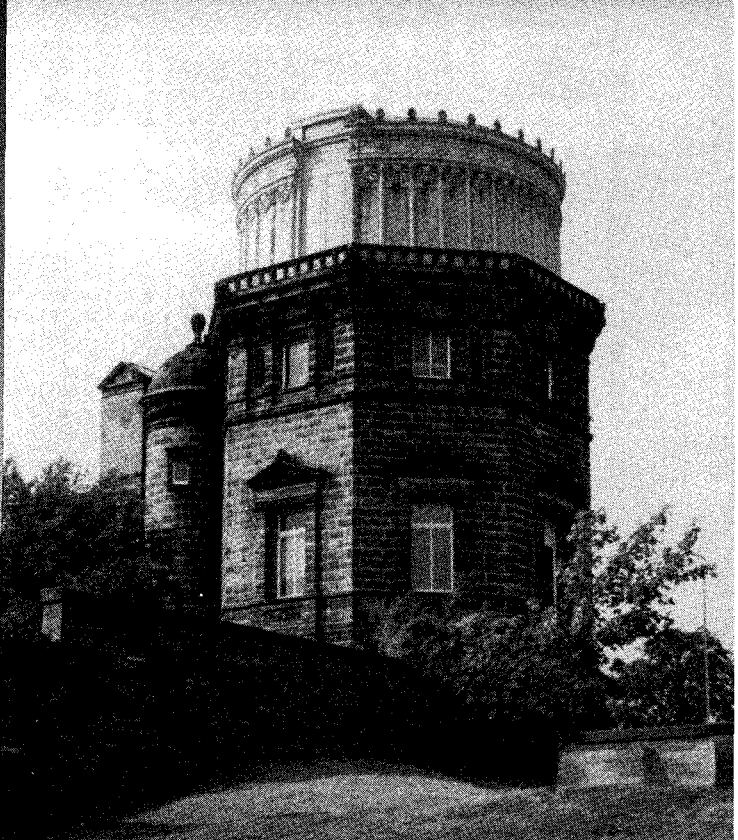
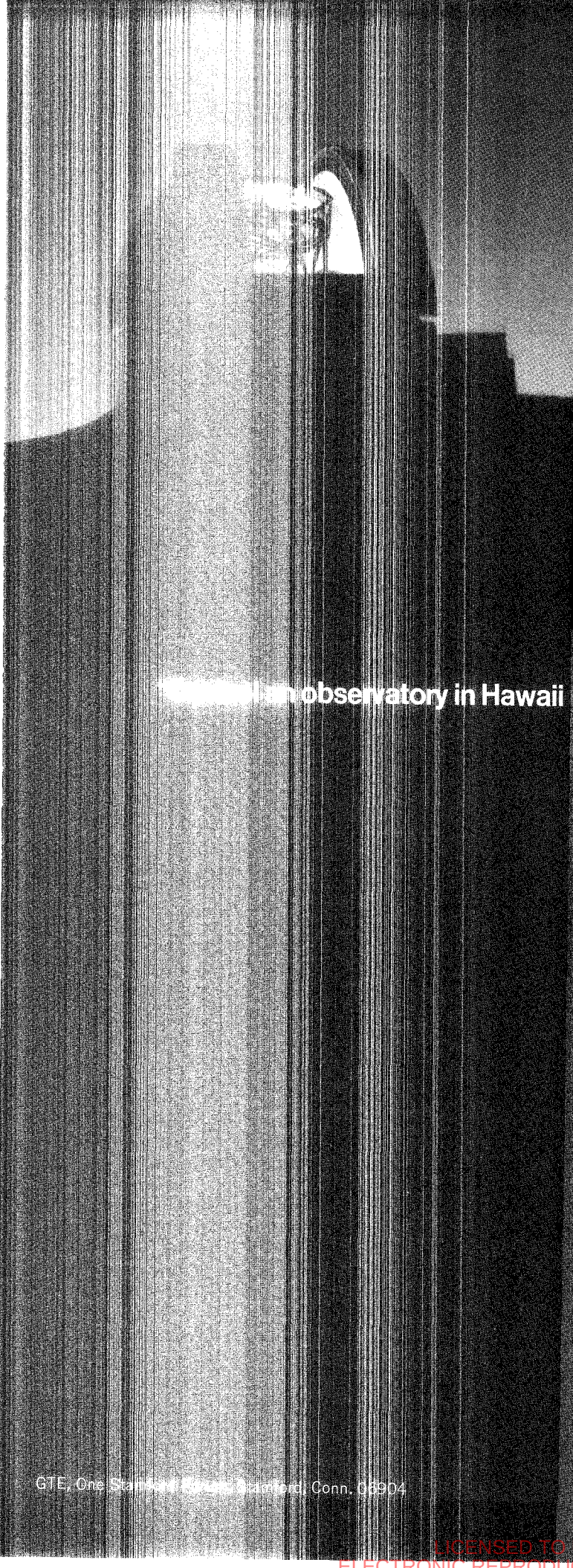
**LOVES OF A BLONDE** (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. With Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. In Czech. (Metro Cinema; May 7.)

**THE MERRY WIDOW** (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Regency; May 5-6.)

**NEVER CRY WOLF** (1983)—This Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needs a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). Everything that Ballard shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. With Brian Dennehy, Zachary Tittimangna, and Samson Jorah. (Metro Cinema; May 5.)

**NIJINSKY** (1980)—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated debut in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune,"





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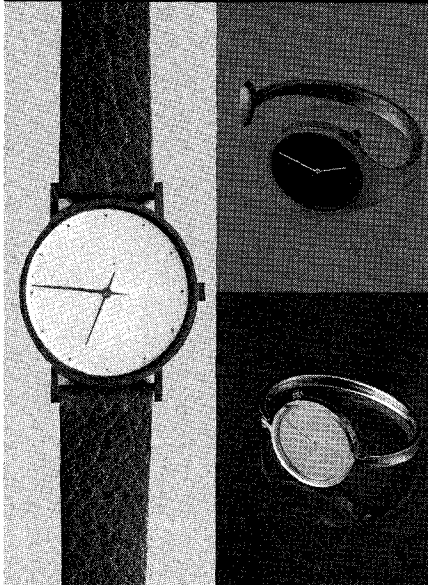


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did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own expected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable, and apparently unactable, title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne, Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 6-7.)

**PAL JOEY (1957)**—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel-hero—a hooper in the Broadway version—is now a crooner, in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and isn't as laborious as Rita Hayworth's performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. The songs include "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Bewitched," "The Lady Is a Tramp," and "There's a Small Hotel." With Elizabeth Patterson and Barbara Nichols. (Regency; May 9-11.)

**A PASSAGE TO INDIA**—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragic-comedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about impeccable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, Festival, and New Yorker.)

**PLAYTIME (1968)**—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Thalia; May 5.)

**THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE**—An entertaining but shallow movie that gives itself heavy-weight airs. Based on Vincent Patrick's adaptation of his own 1979 novel about the ties among small-time Italian and Irish hoods, it's a candied "Mean Streets," evenly and impersonally directed by Stuart Rosenberg. As the two young pals who get into trouble together, Mickey Rourke is fatherly and protective (and a little repetitive), while Eric Roberts tries for something outré—he brings off some wild, androgynous effects, and gives the film whatever drive and point it has. As a crooked cop's tough old mother, Geraldine Page gives an enthralling hammy performance—smoking, boozing, and picking horses. With Jack Kehoe, Kenneth McMillan, Burt Young, and Daryl Hannah. (7/23/84) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 7-8.)

**A PRIVATE FUNCTION**—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a

mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Paris.)

**THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO**—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema Studio, and Movieland.)

**ROXIE HART (1942)**—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie; the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman, Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, William Frawley, and Spring Byington. (Thalia; May 7.)

**STRANGER THAN PARADISE**—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

**VALENTINO (1977)**—By attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, the director Ken Russell gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. Russell turns the great Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch, and he shows no feeling for Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer. In this movie, everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood and he is punched to a pulp while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. With Anthony Dowell, Carol Kane, Seymour Cassel, Felicity Kendal, and Huntz Hall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 6-7.)

**WITNESS**—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



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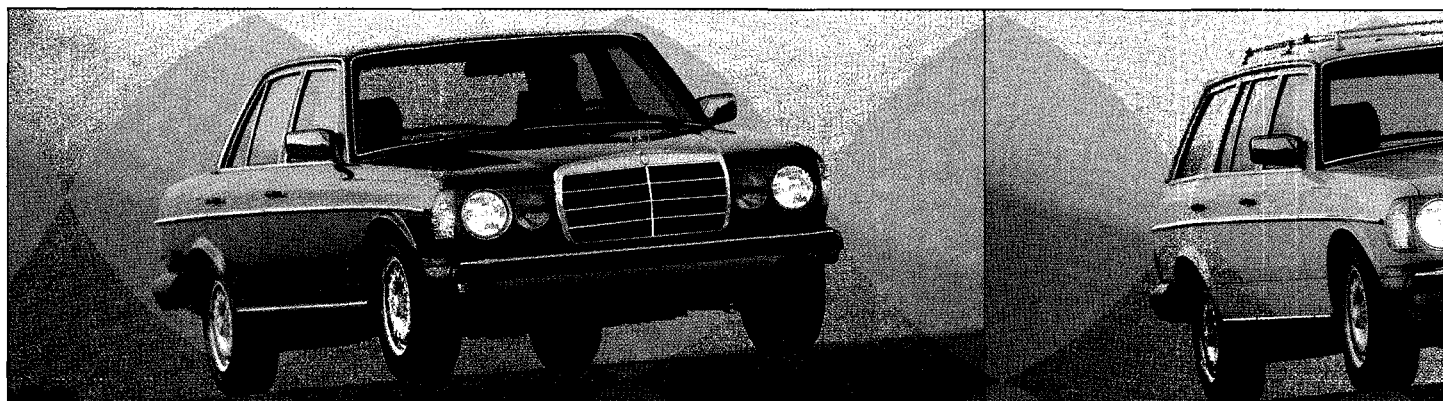
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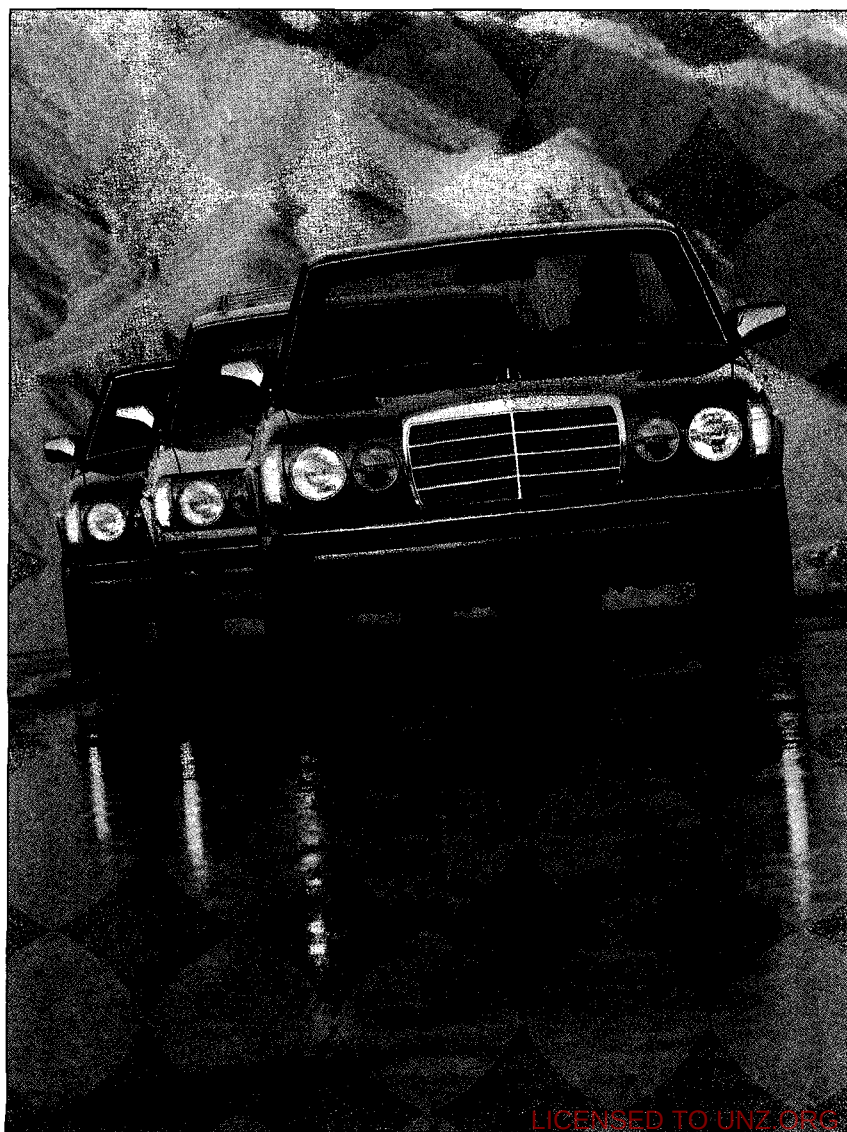
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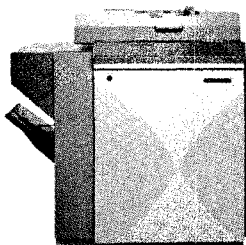
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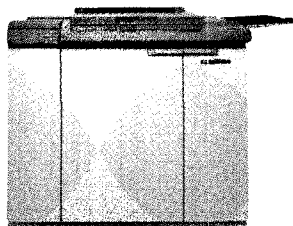




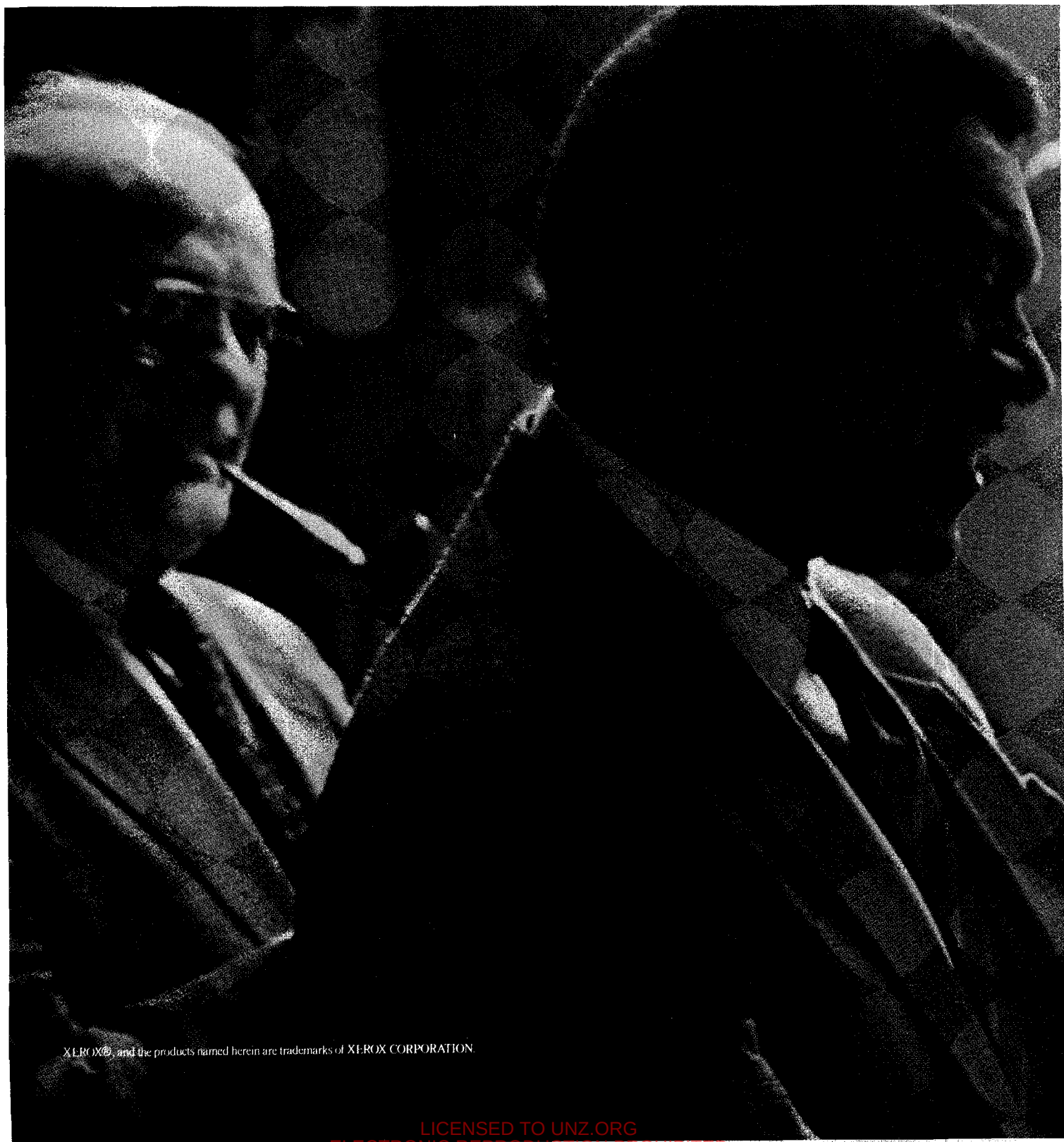
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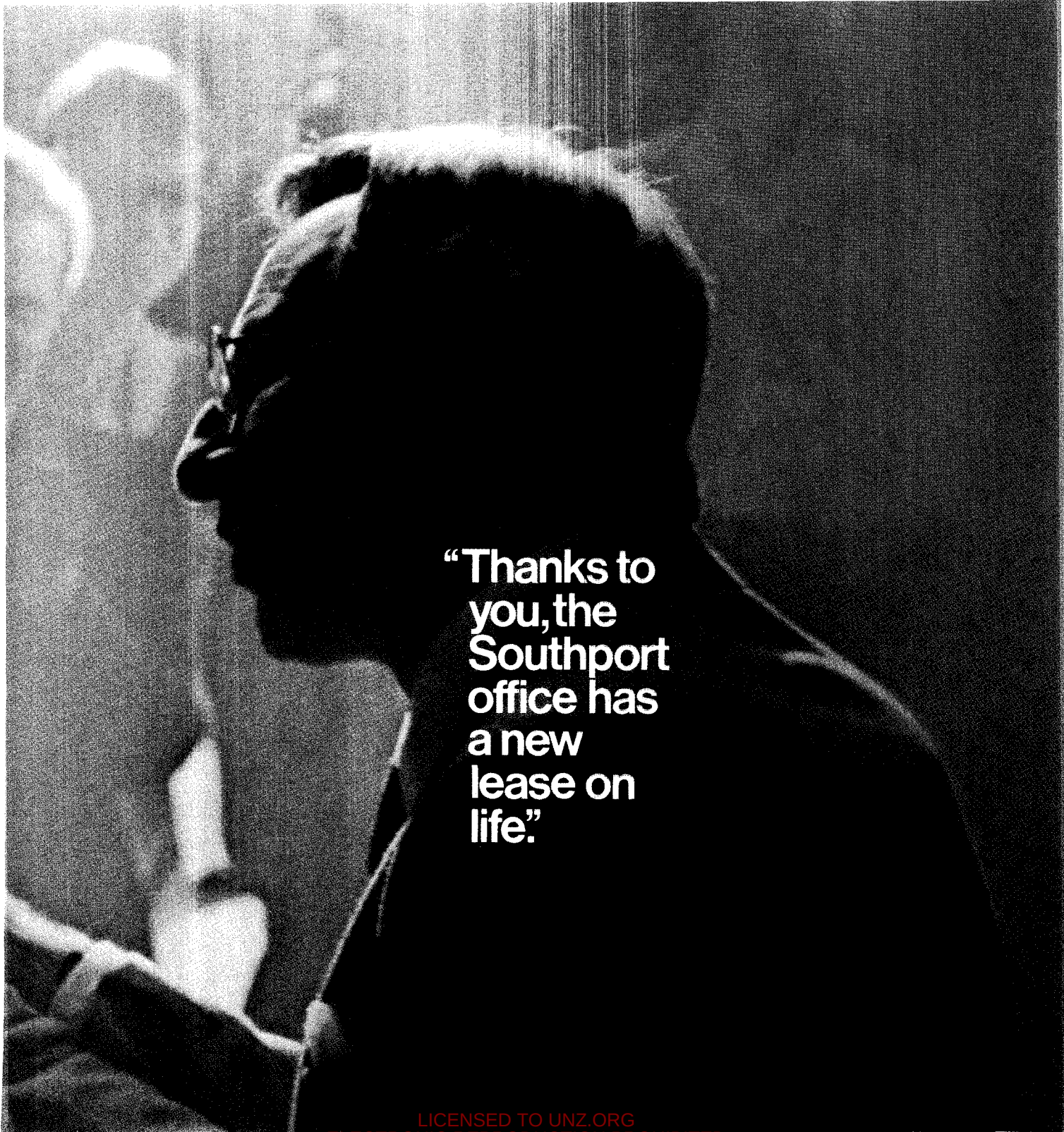
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# CHANEL N°5

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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

TWO men stand in a room looking at the same object. "It's a ferocious lion, about to attack us," says one.

"No, it's a tiny rabbit that wants to be fed," says the other.

Thus do the hawks and the doves argue with one another about aid to the Contras, the Nicaraguan rebels. They not only recommend different actions but, standing before one and the same creature, see two completely different creatures.

"I see an extension of the Soviet monolith. The Russian bear now growls at us from our own front yard," says the hawk.

"I see a revolution in a small country with a population about the size of Brooklyn's," says the dove.

"I see a totalitarian state, suppressing all dissent, taking all power to itself, enslaving society—censorship, thought control, the gulag," says the hawk.

"I see a besieged revolutionary government trying to consolidate its power, unsure as yet what political direction to take but still permitting considerable freedoms," says the dove.

"I see a Latin-American Sparta, building up a huge army, preparing to subvert and dominate its neighbors," says the hawk.

"I see a small, poor state trying to defend itself against a rebel force organized and paid for by the greatest power in the world," says the dove.

"I see a noble band of freedom fighters, no different from the Founding Fathers of our own country, seeking to overthrow tyranny and establish democracy," says the hawk.

"I see a gang of terrorists who were once employed by the corrupt and tyrannical former regime and are now seeking to return that regime and themselves to power," says the dove.

"I see the first ripple on our conti-

nental shores of a great world tide of Communism that will soon engulf us if we do not oppose it now," says the hawk.

"I see an indigenous people working out its own political destiny, with little consequence for us," says the dove.

"It's another Munich," says the hawk.

"It's another Vietnam," says the dove.

Quite aside from the merits of the two positions, the extreme disparity is in itself cause for alarm. Even people who disagree are fated to live in one reality. And that reality—the world of actual events, the world of fact—is, like the earth we stand on, the true common ground, and, as such, the basis for all eventual agreement. Yet now this common ground appears to have been lost. It appears that we, the citizens of one country, have come to live in two worlds. For the time being, the consequences are not dire. The sum of the military aid to the Contras that was recently voted for in the Senate but voted down in the House of Representatives was only fourteen million dollars. But reality—which ever is the reality—is not going to vanish, and graver decisions may soon have to be made. At that point, if our country is not to tear itself apart, we'll have to find our way to a shared understanding of the world from which to take our bearings.



A YOUNG friend writes:

"I'm tired," said one of the students sitting on the steps in front of Columbia's Hamilton Hall last Monday. It was late at night, and raining lightly, and the students, who had been blocking the entrance to the hall for three weeks because the university has investments in companies that do

business in South Africa, were discussing whether to end their protest. Some argued that the university must be made to give in, that the students should take over more buildings and grow more militant and force Columbia to make arrests. But most said they had done enough for the moment: the press had given them heavy coverage, and similar demonstrations had sprung up at Rutgers and Berkeley and Cornell and the University of Colorado and plenty of other places, so divestiture was surely on the agenda. And they were tired—they wanted to stop writing press releases, and they were sick of mimeographing leaflets, and the legal battles were growing old. There was no sense that they were giving up or that they were tired of the issue—just that they needed to conserve some energy to fight again another day. And so they voted to stop their blockade.

That seemed to me a tremendously hopeful sign—almost as hopeful as the protest itself. The great question, of course, as it had been posed by the weeklies and the bimonthlies and by "Live at Five" and the "Hi!" show, was: Is this the sixties all over again? (The need for repetition and false context is so strong that I keep waiting to read a column about "Bitburggate.") The answer, it seems to me, is: Not exactly. Yes, kids camped on the steps of a building and made posters of bedsheets and chanted, and thought about something other than career advancement. But their anger about South Africa seemed to grow out of the horror of South Africa itself—twenty shot dead at Uitenhage, most in the back. Though I didn't actually watch the sixties, my sense is that the political anger was intertwined with the social, the sexual, the cultural; the fires fed each other, and



the idea that America was ceaselessly bombing another country was not the only thing that upset people. Those other kettles are not going to boil over in the nineteen-eighties—at least, not any time soon. For one thing, the nineteen-sixties relieved all sorts of pressures. The tension inside families can be talked about now, and the discrimination based on race and sex has dissipated a little. Also, total upheavals like the nineteen-sixties probably require more fuel than is at present available: new experiences, like drugs; new forms, like rock and roll. Those innovations have been thoroughly assimilated, to the point of meaninglessness—you can tell as much about a kid by the fact that he smokes dope as you can by the fact that he goes to movies or listens to Prince or plays Frisbee, which is to say you can tell nothing at all. And there are no comparable *new* experiences at the moment—*not unless you count pro wrestling.*

That leaves political tensions, and there, too, times have changed. If some sort of protest movement appears on campuses, and in the rest of society, it will look and sound new, simply because there is no issue or couple of issues dominating our time the way civil rights and Vietnam dominated the nineteen-sixties. If Vietnam was the only international issue that one could think about, then American foreign policy must have seemed *uniquely* wrong. But say that while one is in college the Soviet Union tries to destroy Solidarity or continues to occupy Afghanistan. What will the world look like then? Politically aware people of the current generation know about South Africa and Central America, but also about Poland and Afghanistan. Such a comprehensive view of the world, with no absolute heroes, can nourish cynicism, and from cynicism can grow apathy, and of apathy we have a lot. But it is not the only possibility.

A Russian dissident in involuntary exile, Sergei Batovrin, came to the steps of Hamilton Hall that night to congratulate the students on their good work and to urge them to find out about events in Russia. "If only people would realize that the issue of human rights is not an issue connected to any particular country," said Batovrin, who underwent torture and spent time in Soviet jails for crimes such as staging his own art show in his apartment and attending seminars where peace was discussed—discussed without the help of the official Soviet

peace committee. One older woman—a ghost, she seemed—rose to say she didn't want to listen to "this anti-Soviet hysteria," but most of the students paid her no mind. It made me remember a big protest meeting, also about South African investments, that took place a couple of years ago, during my senior year at college. Speaker after speaker rose to say that the school shouldn't put money in banks that made loans directly to the South African government. As the night wore on, in the hot, jammed room, their unanimity and their eloquence produced a feeling of momentum. Then, late in the evening, a member of the campus conservative society rose to speak, and everyone groaned. A few even hissed—the consensus was about to disappear. But when he spoke he said: You are right. It is wrong to give money to the South African government, for it governs immorally. And, by the same token, we must oppose the Soviet government, for it governs immorally. And then he sat down. True, he and his fellow-conservatives had not done anything to help organize the campus, but it was true as well that he spoke in principled fashion. And that *he* was right. On one level, his point is obvious: that no one denies that apartheid is bad or supports the gulag. But American politics is largely divided between those who spend their time figuring out excuses for not protesting against South Africa and those who don't show up, literally or figuratively, outside the Soviet Embassy.

There may be contradictions at times between the two positions, but they are not as deep as the connections. And there *are* a hundred problems to work out. How does one root for Solidarity without undermining arms control? If apartheid is partly our responsibility and Soviet cruelty is not, what are our priorities? I think those questions will answer themselves—I think, for instance, that people who become involved in the movement to help Soviet dissidents will decide that there is all the difference in the world between Sergei Batovrin, tortured for his views, and the Contra commander

Enrique Bermúdez, who was a colonel in the Somoza National Guard—a band of torturers. Questions like those yield to clearheadedness, and clearheadedness, right at the moment, is a possibility. The one lesson of the sixties that holds absolutely true is that questions like these can't be adequately dealt with in the abstract but only through engagement—through sitting on steps in the light rain and talking earnestly.

## Lore

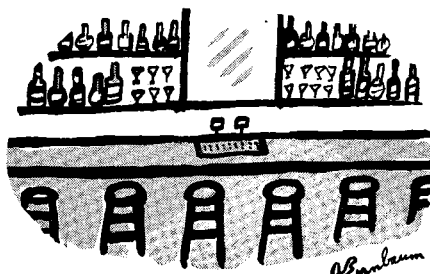
"I HAVE very mixed feelings about coming here," said McGeorge Bundy, speaking at the opening session of a conference on John Fitzgerald Kennedy that took place recently at Hofstra University. "While I think the President would have welcomed this meeting as a historian, I must point out that it never seemed to him highly desirable that members of his staff should engage in public conversation about his work. What you are here for is to reflect on what this man and this Presidency were and were not. What it got right and what it got wrong."

The conference, which was attended by a mixed bag of historians and former Kennedy staff members, spent three days discussing the late President's policies and reminiscing fondly about his extraordinary personal style.

The Cuban missile crisis: "Kennedy's choice of the blockade [was] the most moderate that gave any promise of the necessary result of a removal of the Soviet missiles," said Mr. Bundy, who had been his Special Assistant for National Security Affairs.

The Bay of Pigs: "It was one of those rare things in history, a perfect failure," said the historian Arthur Schlesinger. "And it led to Kennedy's having great skepticism about the experts he had inherited from the previous Administration. He never trusted them again."

Escalation in Vietnam: "His prudence in foreign affairs, his passion for negotiation... leads me to believe that he would not have got involved in bringing soldiers to Vietnam," said Schlesinger. And Bundy said, "The public record shows him constantly asserting two propositions that could not have coexisted easily in later years: that we must not quit there, and that in the end the Vietnamese must do the job for themselves.... Just what he







*"Would you mind if I took a picture of you all as a group?"*

would have done we shall never know."

The space race: "After Sputnik, the President seemed to think that, because of international politics, the choice he had was either to let the Russians have the whole thing and be second forever, or to make a major effort to show that we were more competent than the Russians in space," said Jerome Wiesner, who had been Kennedy's Science Adviser. "He felt that the price the nation would have to pay politically for the first alternative was unthinkable. I told him, 'It's going to cost between twenty and thirty billion to go to the moon, and you can do it.' But I also said that it was the consensus of the scientific community that it was not a good investment as far as the probable scientific results were concerned."

The missile gap: "We began to suspect, when we first flew satellites and took pictures, that the numbers were different," said Carl Kaysen, who had been Kennedy's Deputy Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. "Then, in November of 1961, the President decided to buy a thousand Minutemen and thirty-six Polaris boats, and it was this decision that shaped our strategic forces from 1961 to 1972. It was a political choice: the Air Force was insisting that there could be two thousand Soviet missiles, and we were in no position to say that they were a hundred per cent wrong."

Civil rights: "He loved the idea of

executive action—what he, as President, could do at one stroke of the pen to integrate the District of Columbia and the military forces," said Harris Wofford, who had been another Special Assistant to the President. "In '63, after Birmingham, he made the hard decision to call for a sweeping legislative restructuring of our racial relationships in public law. It was a quantum jump from what had gone before. But he was fearful about getting those steps through Congress."

Presidential charisma: "He was a down-to-earth pragmatist, an intellectual, and something of a scholar," said Theodore Sorensen, who had been Kennedy's Special Counsel and one of his speechwriters. "A voracious reader of both poetry and opinion polls, a hardboiled politician, he was a loyal Democrat. . . . And he proved to be that rare breed of world leader who can acknowledge error and change course."

### *Horticulturist*

THE New York Flower Show recently returned to the city—on the Hudson River pier at Fiftieth Street—for the first time in fifteen years, and that gave us as good an excuse as any to have a chat with Suzanne Pierot, an emphatically un-stereotypical Scarsdale matron who is a director of the New York Horticultural Society, a fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain,

a former vice-president of the Connecticut branch of the International Geranium Society, the founder and president emerita of the American Ivy Society, and the author of, among other books, "The Passionate Pelican."

"Just about everything I've got into can probably be traced back to Howard Hughes, although I'm never quite sure what I'm going to do next until I find myself doing it—I believe you should go with the flow," Mrs. Pierot told us. "Anyway, I was a teen-age press agent when Mr. Hughes produced 'The Outlaw,' which, you remember, featured Jane Russell. I promoted the picture in California, my native state, and afterward he sent me to England to handle its distribution there. I worked for him for six years, but, like most of his people, I never met him and never spoke to him. I just spent millions of his dollars. I stayed in London for sixteen years, along the way getting married and divorced and helping to start up the Associated TeleVision network—one of the first British commercial channels—and running my own press agency. I handled a lot of the Americans who came over to play the Palladium, including Johnnie Ray, and Les Paul and Mary Ford, and Roy Rogers and Trigger. I once held a press conference for Trigger in a Glasgow hotel. He answered questions by stamping his feet. Then he sat down on a couch and had tea.

"Well, then it occurred to me that England didn't have any discount



stores. I thought I'd bring some over, and came to the States to look into them. I learned they'd been started by Steve Masters, and six months later I was Mrs. Steve Masters. We had a weekend house in Connecticut, and my husband didn't want me to work. The place badly needed landscaping, so I took all the courses offered by the New York and Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, and pretty soon people were paying two or three dollars for benefit tours of my garden. But there were a lot of naked stone walls in it that wanted to be softened, and that got me into ivy. The further I got, the more I realized how little was known about ivy—*Hedera*, to give it its formal name. So—I guess this was around 1970—I started the American Ivy Society. Like other such groups, we held our meetings at the Horticultural Society, and in due course I was invited to join its board. Meanwhile, the Ivy Society became the official United States registrar for varieties of *Hedera*, of which there are about four hundred. I've grown about two hundred and fifty of them myself. I'm proud to say that two have been named after me: *Hedera rhombea*

Suzanne and *Hedera helix* Pierot.

"Then my husband died, and I decided to go back to work and help people make acquisitions. Somebody asked me to find a ship to scrap, and a ship broker named Jacques Pierot III was recommended to me. I tracked him down to Taiwan, and six months later I was Mrs. Pierot. He died a year ago. We had a place on the west coast of Florida. That's how I got interested in pelicans. During a croquet tournament down South in 1983, I bumped into a man who told me about some property he owned at Woodstock, New York—twelve isolated acres, with a stream running through it. I'd been searching for something exactly like that for a weekend home, so I bought the land. My house will be finished in June, and then I expect to spend about five years landscaping the place. I'm going to go into the woods and bring back lots of ferns—thousands and thousands of them—and plant them on the banks of my stream. I want to plant so many ferns I can become a wholesale fern supplier. Ferns die in the winter, you know, but they come back fresh and green in the spring and have a happy look."

Mrs. Pierot had a happy look herself, but that suddenly changed to a near pout. "There weren't any ivy displays at the Flower Show," she said. "Not enough room. Now I've got to finish a travel book that's about half done, and I've been working with the Horticultural Society on getting New York neighborhoods to plant fruits and vegetables and flowers and trees and ivy on some seven hundred previously abandoned and rubble-strewn lots."

### *Economic Activity*

**H**OW is it that some economic indicators get singled out to be in the index of *leading* economic indicators? It hardly seems fair for durable goods and housing starts to get all the publicity, and many of our favorites, such as the hoopla count and the several proved measurements of hype—the bombast register, for instance—to receive second billing (if that). So we took our own survey of commerce late last month.

A colossal potted hydrangea, with a head the size of a globe, was standing next to Stanley Dworkin, a gardening columnist for the *News*, on the fourth floor of Lord & Taylor, and we were having another encounter with horticulture. "This is a gland case of a hydrangea," Mr. Dworkin said cheerfully. Many jazz musicians, he added, held that plants grew with amazing vigor when they were kept on the top of stereo speakers. "The vibrations stimulate the roots," he said. "Another thing—if you put acid in the hydrangea's soil, the plant will blossom blue." But this one wasn't blue. It was pink, and a good thing, too, for all the flowers and most of the dresses and just about every flat surface in Lord & Taylor were also pink then—as pink as a maternity ward or a steak done medium rare or a painful sunburn. "We started planning this promotion two years ago," Gerald Blum, the store's executive vice-president, explained. "There's noth-



"Do you have to decide this minute between George Bush and Jack Kemp?"



ing prettier than pink—it's an up."

On the eighth floor, Craig Hamilton Yerkes was displaying pink bird-cages, designed and handmade by him, each of which resembled a historic house. "This is the James Burr House, in Providence," he said. "When people put birds in my houses, they tend to sing more. *Everyone* is shaped by his or her environment."

An escalator or two away, a cook named Pamela Morgan was showing an eager crowd how to prepare an all-pink lunch. We got there too late to watch her assemble the borscht, or the raspberry sauce for the cold asparagus—she was on mayonnaise by then. "Let's start with two eggs," she said, dumping them into her Cuisinart. "Now some pepper. And next we'll add the oil. You have to add it very slowly or the mayonnaise will break." We watched and watched and watched as she added oil, and the mayonnaise *never turned pink*. At best, it was beige. We complained to the management. "Oh," said Lord & Taylor P.R. Person Geri Savidge, "I think she's going to pour it on pink salmon. That's the angle."



"Marry me, Sandra, and share my preconceptions."

HOW did it seem to us? *Elfin. Awake. Yet soft-spoken.*

How many reporters were there? So many! Some aggressive ones wanted to know: Was the taste of Coke, after ninety-nine years, being changed in response to Pepsi? No, it was not. "Our outstanding flavor researchers came across this new formula by accident," said Coca-Cola's chairman, Roberto Goizueta. "How could we have faced ourselves, knowing we had this new taste champion and were unwilling to unleash it?"

*Dewy*, we thought. For a moment, we feared that it was about to *smirk*, but it didn't.

The "Coke Is It" song, never among our favorites, was played over and over. There was a deep-voiced version and a perky soprano rendition, and once it sounded like a country-and-Western opera, which was a new genre to us. We talked with a securities analyst. "As a securities analyst, I worry about one thing, and one thing only," he said. "What is that one thing? It is the bottom line." We ate several excellent ham sandwiches, so that we'd be properly dry, and then we drank, deep.

Was this cola beverage leading the *life of Riley*? It *murmured*. We started

to say *playful*, but then we stopped. That aftertaste—*chivalrous*.

SEVEN per cent of the island of Guernsey is covered by glass. That is the best statistic in a long time. What percentage of Pennsylvania is covered by glass? Infinitesimal. The Yukon? Nil, or all but. Your average World of Tomorrow has less glass than that. "It started because the Victorians liked dessert grapes," the Guernseyan John Dempster told us. The islanders built greenhouses one after another. "We have a wonderful intensity of light on Guernsey," said Frank Doyle, who runs a factory on the island. "I can't see it myself, but so I've been told." Dempster and Doyle were in a New York hotel conference room encouraging high-tech industry to move to Guernsey. Tomatoes took over from grapes following the First World War, and more greenhouses sprang up. "Our population is very well behaved," said Dempster. "With all that glass, it had better be." In recent years, however, the population has grown a little nervous, as North

African produce has begun to eat into the horticulture industry. "It's not too bad—we have only about two per cent unemployment—but we want to create jobs before they're needed, not afterward," said Dempster. "That's why we're here in New York."

Guernsey has a number of selling points. A brochure Doyle gave us noted that its beautiful beaches are free of "the usual 'child-traps' such as roundabouts or candy floss." Also, Guernsey is officially a bailiwick, which has a certain cachet in this era of People's Republics. The island's Guernsey cows keep it milkwise self-sufficient, said Dempster. And he went on, "For a small island, we are quite good at sports. Lisa Opie and Martine Le Moignan, they are two of the top women squash players in the world. And, of course, we also have Sally Podger, who is No. 1 in badminton. Our top windsurfer is probably tenth best in the world—he's *great* if the wind's blowing hard. And Americans might be pleased to know that our island is one of the few places in the United Kingdom where people regularly play softball."



## AFTER I WON THE LOTTERY

**D**RIVING back to work from the state lottery office in Milwaukee this afternoon, my second big check tucked safely behind the sun visor, I paid the thirty-five cents for a station wagon that was behind me at the Leech Lake toll booth. After I'd returned to freeway speed, the station wagon seemed kind of bashful—it looked like the driver was hanging back on purpose—so I eased my VW down to forty and held it there. I had a whole half hour of lunch break left and a cheese-and-green-olive sandwich on my lap, so a leisurely drive back to the Christmas-tree farm where I work was O.K. by me. And eventually the station wagon I'd sponsored showed up alongside me. But instead of giving me any sign of thanks, the guy in the passenger's seat reached out and pelted my car with a handful of change. Then the station wagon shot off. With the last half of my sandwich trapped between my knees, I clung to the wheel, too freaked to do anything but hold my bug in its own lane. But, as I began to mull over what had been happening to me ever since I'd won a million dollars in the lottery, a year before, the money barrage didn't seem all that surprising.

**A** FEW mornings after I'd won the lottery, I stopped into the Satellite Diner with a gift I was sure would go over big. I'd always had a thing for Lanni, the dark-haired Hawaiian gal behind the counter, even though I knew she was seeing Al, the Satellite's owner. I caught her by the arm as she was clearing away the dishes from my breakfast special and fastened an expensive little watch around her wrist. "It isn't *really* for me," Lanni said. "Is it?" I told her that it most certainly was. "Well, you shouldn't have!" she said, blushing as she looked it over. I told her it was nothing—that I'd just run into some luck recently—and pointed out the tiny Diamonel at the twelve-o'clock position. She kept thanking me, and when Al got busy fishing something out of the deep fryer with a potato masher she snatched me a piece of lemon-meringue pie. Later, when I got up to leave for work, she quickly leaned over the Formica and kissed me on the earlobe. I felt great, and I was still smiling that afternoon, underneath my

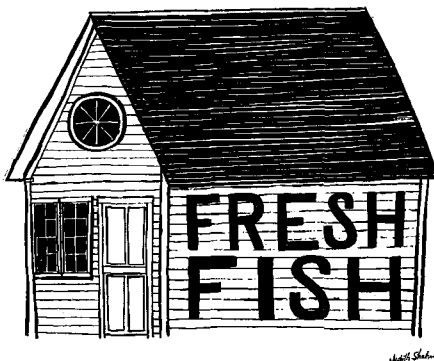
surgical mask, while I sprayed white spruce with a needle fungicide.

The next morning, as I perched on my stool at the Satellite, Lanni ran over to take my order, even though she'd been in the middle of taking some other guy's order. And the morning after that, she gave me a complimentary orange juice in a milkshake glass, which I had to chug down before Al finished slipping new song titles into all the mini-jukeboxes at the booths. But, as the days went by, Lanni seemed less and less excited to see me, and on the few occasions she did speak to me it was pretty awkward—more than it had ever been *before* I'd given her the watch, when she used to stop and chat with me about her glass-bird collection, or the last Louis L'Amour story she'd read, or the special tungsten heel her mom had to have put in. The whole thing made me feel a little like the man whose wife was gradually taken over by an unfriendly, alien life force in that "Twilight Zone" I'd seen so many times.

Finally, in a last-ditch effort to stay friends, I told Lanni there was an extra seat on the big Leech Lake fishing boat us guys from the Christmas-tree farm were chartering on the upcoming Saturday. She said she was already going river-tubing that day, and stressed the fact that it was with Al. Soon Lanni hardly ever waited on me. She always seemed to be involved in refilling something—salt shakers, pepper shakers, napkin dispensers, or already-full pancake-syrup pourers—about the time I rolled in for breakfast. So my order would get taken by the other counter lady, Carnella, a carrier of serious static charges due to her layers of shifting synthetic undergarments. Lanni did wait on me again—once, when Carnella was out sick—and really confused me with a sudden plate heaped with French fries after

breakfast, while you-know-who was trying to unjam the toothpick dispenser next to the register. After eating a layer of fries off the top, though, I discovered a carefully folded napkin that contained the watch I'd given Lanni.

Well, I was determined not to make the same kind of mistake when Jerry's birthday arrived, a few months later. Jerry is an old high-school buddy who works with me at the Christmas-tree farm, and even though he was well aware that my lottery win had turned everything affordable on me, I didn't want any fancy price tag to come between us. No, I simply decided to give Jerry the gift of literature. See, I'm crazy about science fiction, especially the kind where aliens from a dying planet crash-land on Earth, take over human beings' bodies, worm their way into positions of power, then warn Earthlings about the dangers of nuclear experimentation, and—*poof*—disappear for good. Jerry had always claimed he couldn't stand the stuff, but I refused to believe he'd ever really given it a fair chance. Around the farm he was always reading *Popular Mechanics* or one of the manuals he kept in the bib pocket of his overalls, like "How to"—I don't know—"Make Your Attic Livable," or "How to Turn Your Laundry Chute Into Storage Space." Anyway, I bought Jerry a starter set of sci-fi classics, like "The Time Machine" and "War of the Worlds"—all on tape from a Milwaukee outfit called Books-On-Cassette. I loved picturing Jerry with his headset on, listening to, say, "Journey to the Center of the Earth" while he tramped through rows and rows of Douglas fir with his trimming knife. And once he'd been turned on by the tapes he'd be free to start borrowing from my extensive aliens-on-a-peace-mission paperback collection. Anyway, I packed all twenty-six cassettes into the box my depth finder had come in, and gift-wrapped it with a photocopy I'd bought of the actual front page of the Milwaukee *Journal* from the day Jerry was born. When I gave my present to Jerry, at work, a smile broke out on his face which got wider as he turned the box over in his hands and shook it. "Oh, boy—a cordless two-speed drill, right?" he said, and he wasn't kidding. When he opened it, a letdown look replaced the smile. As he examined the cassettes, he said, "Well, I wouldn't have been able to guess it was





this." Then he said, "You sure have inspired me to get my cassette player repaired." There was such an awkward silence that I just had to say something. I asked Jerry if I could borrow "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"—it sort of popped out, unfortunately.

"Look, why don't you just take the whole works," Jerry said. He dropped the box on the ground and stalked off. I wished I was the Incredible Shrinking Man then, and could disappear down to about match-head size. Jerry steered clear of me for some months after that, teaming up to chain-saw trees at Thanksgiving with Howard Mason, the constant spitter, instead of with me.

Just before Christmas, I tried something else. I put a fifty into a special balsam-scented envelope and wrote on it, "To Buy Whatever You Want," and slid that into a plain envelope. I mailed the gift to Mona. I was sure she'd accept it. Mona, still technically my wife, had walked out on me two years earlier, and we'd spoken only once since: the morning after I won the lottery. I remembered waking up to her voice on the phone that day and thinking, Uh-oh. Her birth date had been one of my six lucky lottery numbers, too. But all Mona wanted—at least then—was to say congratulations and tell me she'd seen the photo of me they ran in the newspaper and ask me when I'd started parting my hair on the other side. (I hadn't changed my part at all, which shows you how long two years of separation is.) Later—I'm still not sure why—I sent her an anonymous eighteen months of *Self* magazine. Well, the day after Christmas Mona called to say hi and thank me for sending the cash.

I got real excited to find that someone might actually have accepted one of my gifts, and I asked her how she was going to spend it. She wasn't, she told me; on the advice of her lawyer, she had already mailed it back to me. We were still legally husband and



"Do the Wycoffs prefer to see or to be seen?"

wife, she reminded me, and said the lawyer had told her she would have a pretty strong claim if things got unfriendly. But going to court can be expensive and time-consuming, she said, and it would probably be a lot easier on both of us if I just began doing a few little things for her, like, for starters, sending her on an upcoming eclipse cruise. She said that, according to the ad she'd cut out of the back of *Self*, you sailed the Indian Ocean diagonally, the whole time staying in the path of a total eclipse of the sun, so that it stayed dark for the better part of a day, while you got a candlelight brunch with unlimited champagne and a torchlight dinner while the scientists they had on board would explain what was actually going on and, later, maybe even ask you to the Captain's Ball, which would feature a Tahoe-style revue. Then they'd open up the twenty-four-hour casino for the remaining week, after which everyone would get a color memory album. Well, I figured I should do whatever was necessary to protect the bulk of my lottery winnings. So, dipping down into a reservoir of the same kind of strength that allows mothers to lift automobiles

threatening the lives of their infants, I said to her, "Honey, start looking for a new set of luggage, because I'm putting you on that thing."

Mona is asking for stuff still, this summer. But fortunately it's been more like walkie-talkies, kayak lessons, and a watch, which, thanks to Lanni, I didn't have to go out of my way to get.

**P**ULLING up this afternoon at the Pine River toll booth, the last one before my work exit, I started to give the attendant just my own thirty-five cents. I'd had it with trying to be generous. Then I noticed a knockout blonde in line behind me, wearing green sunglasses that matched her convertible, and I found myself pulling out another thirty-five cents. This time, once the tollgate lifted, I pushed the accelerator of my VW to the floor. It didn't do much good: in no time the convertible was there alongside me. But the blonde just raised her sunglasses and smiled at me. I tapped my horn once and gave her a don't-mention-it wave. Then she beeped back twice and raced off. I figured maybe I'd keep trying after all.

—BILL FRANZEN



## SOFA ART

FRAN was shown to a chair alongside the teacher's desk. "Mr. Reese couldn't come?" Mr. Frobeld asked.

"He has a show tonight."

"I've forgotten what it is he shows."

"He manages wholesale art exhibitions," Fran said. "He's in Merrillville tonight, tomorrow, and Sunday."

"Is that what they call couch art?" he asked, with a twist to his mouth to indicate that he knew otherwise.

"Sofa art," she said. "Stephen calls them stain-blockers."

The teacher laughed, and as he laughed he opened a file bearing her son's name. "I'm sorry Mr. Reese couldn't be here," Mr. Frobeld said. "I've started holding these conferences in the evenings in order that both parents can attend. I've been surprised by all the people who work nights."

"He wanted to be here," Fran said.

"He won't be home until three this morning."

"People actually buy that stuff?"

"Oh, yes. That sort of art is very popular."

Mr. Frobeld was reading while Fran spoke. When she finished, he began. "Teddy is still having problems," he said. "I touched on some of these at our earlier conference. Basically, nothing has changed. He's twelve years old. I regard it as a bridge age—not a kid anymore but before adolescence really sets in. I think Teddy is at a very critical juncture in his development."

"How have his grades been?" Fran asked.

Mr. Frobeld shrugged and turned a page. "Middling. Mediocre. If the cards came out tomorrow, he'd have mostly C's and D's."

"B's?" she asked.

"No, D's. But you miss the point

by concentrating on grades. They're merely a sign of something deeper. It's my impression Teddy just doesn't give a damn—excuse me, a hoot. He wants to do well to please you and Mr. Reese, to please me, but that only goes so far. I don't think he's interested in pleasing himself. I—we—haven't been able to touch that part of him. He's a bright boy, he's got friends. But he doesn't concentrate. He daydreams. Bluntly, your son is a goof."

WHEN Fran got home, she expected Teddy to be in his room studying, because he knew where she had been and he also knew that Mr. Frobeld's report would not be good. She knocked once on the door and it swung open, which was a surprise—it was usually shut and locked these days. Teddy wasn't there.

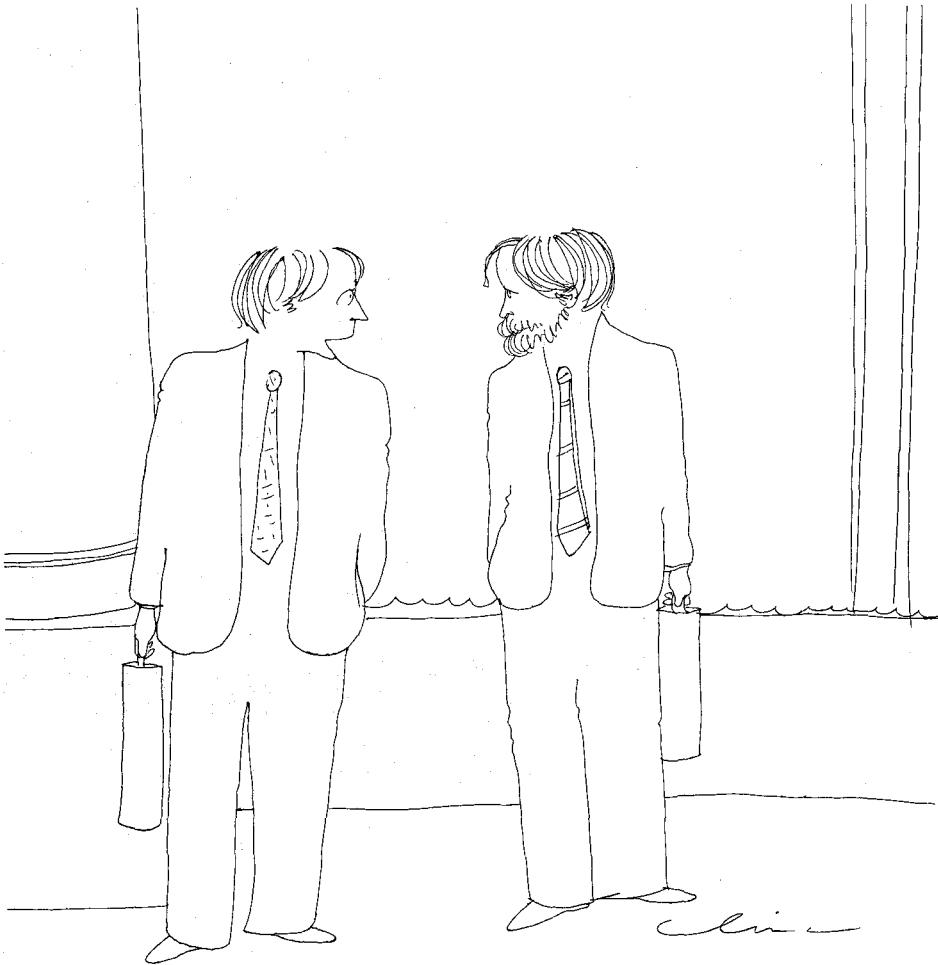
In the kitchen, she poured some tea into a glass, added ice, and looked out the window to see if Teddy was in the back yard. He and his friends often played a game they called guerrilla football there at night. They wore dark clothing, there were no teams, there was no talking, and the ball could be anywhere. But the yard was empty. "Teddy?" Fran called loudly.

His faint answer came from a room at the opposite end of the house—a drafty little greenhouse that the previous owners had added. They had done the work on the cheap, and the windows leaked when it rained and when the winter snow melted. Fran could often find her husband in that room when he was home. He said he liked the light there. Stephen considered himself a painter, though he was always reading when she looked in on him. A painting on the easel by the wall was evidently of something outside the windows which he alone could see.

She found Teddy sitting beneath her husband's drawing table, reading by flashlight. Even after she entered the room and stood facing him, he did not move. His stillness seemed to imply a wish that she did not know where he was and might go away.

"Come out," she said. "I want to have a talk with you, Mister."

His emergence was an elaborate juggling of the flashlight, the book, his height, and a blue blanket he clasped around his shoulders. When he stood, the top of her head reached to just below his eyes. "Mom," he said. The toes of his white socks



*"If negotiations collapse before midnight and there appears no way to resolve contractual difficulties on an informal basis, we can always go to Tower Records."*



were stained with pastel chalk dust. "Where's Dad tonight?"

"In Merrillville, as you know."

"You'd think they'd run out of that stuff."

"I saw Mr. Frobel tonight," she said. "I didn't like what he had to say one bit."

"I'll try harder," Teddy said.

"You always say that, but you never seem to do it. Mr. Frobel said you're only getting C's and D's. You're smarter than that. And what about that map of Russia? How far along are you?"

"I've still got some work to do on it."

"Let me see what you've done."

"I left it at school," Teddy said.

"I'll bring it home Monday and show you."

"It's *due* Monday."

"It is?"

"Teddy! Have you even started it?"

"I've looked up a few of the places."

"Do you have the list here?"

"It's in my locker. I can remember most of the stuff Frobel wanted."

"Name the cities."

"Moscow . . . Leninville."

"Leningrad. How about the mountain ranges?"

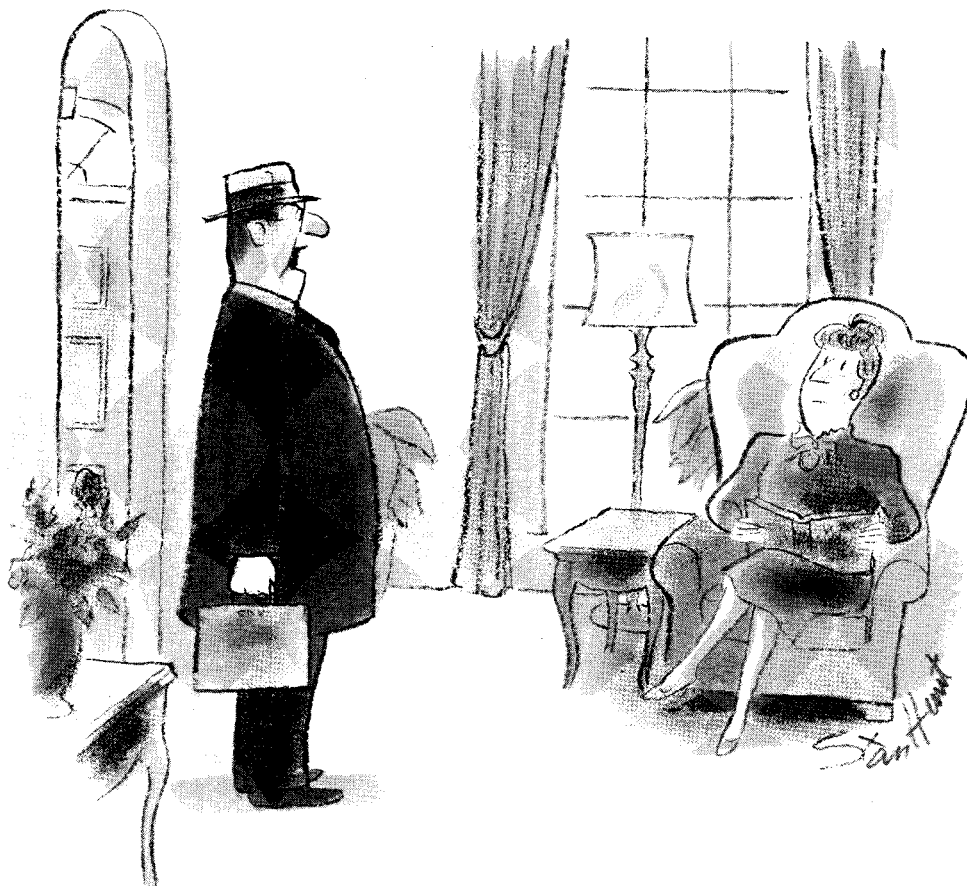
"The *Orals*," he said with a proud snarl. "The—"

"Teddy. Sit." Fran took a mimeographed sheet from her pocket. It was the list of Russian place names that were to be included on the map. Mr. Frobel had given it to her as she left the room, possibly because he knew Teddy Reese better than his mother thought he did. "You get started on this map right away," she said. "And don't go out of the house or turn on the TV until it's finished. Do you understand?"

"Mom."

"That's it, Teddy. And it's the Urals, not the Orals, you goof."

THEY both lay listening in their own way for Stephen's return. Teddy resented the sleep he was losing because of his father's absence—he wouldn't get to talk to him, and it was unlikely he would hear anything of his mother's report. But he couldn't go to sleep without the comforting, subdued racket of his father's safe arrival. Before going to bed, he had begun the map. He had taped two heavy sheets of white paper side by side, and almost immediately smudged a thumbprint across one corner. He erased it. The



*"How do you like that, Elvira? Suddenly I'm up for grabs!"*

atlas was open. He worked for a long time drawing the border of Russia.

Fran kept thinking she heard Stephen. She knew the sounds—car, keys, lock, footsteps, jinglings, sighs. His shape would fill the bedroom doorway. Usually, whether she spoke or pretended to be asleep depended on her mood, because she didn't know which he preferred. But tonight she had already decided to tell him about the visit with Teddy's teacher. She was excited, because she sensed something had unaccountably gone right in her handling of the situation. It was late, but she suppressed the desire to sleep. She had to talk to him now, because he would be gone when she awakened.

She wondered what the painting in the studio was supposed to be. More than a year ago, Stephen had brought home an expensive array of art supplies with the intention of becoming a painter. "I can do better than this crap," he said, slapping a piece of sofa art that he had brought home to show her. It was a Venetian scene. The painting's back was electrically wired, and tiny lights burned in the windows

of the houses and in the gondolas' lanterns. "It's the newest thing," he went on. "Plug-in sofa art. They're working on battery-powered sofa art. Solar-powered sofa art is ten years in the future."

There. Teddy heard him. Noises from the front of the house left no doubt that his father was home. It was one minute after three. His father deposited his keys and change in the candy dish on the shelf in the kitchen. Next would come the clunk of his dropped shoes. He'd fill a glass with ice and draw water from the tap. Finally, he would begin his patrol of the house to make certain his wife and son had survived his absence.

Teddy wanted to call to his father when he looked into the room. He wanted to assure him that the situation was not as bad as his mother was going to make it sound. Look at the map of Russia. The border was in. Moscow. Minsk. Omsk. Tashkent. Each in its place. Much remained to be done, but it was going to be all right. But he only peeked at Stephen through the slit of an eye. His father was a thick



shadow with the light at his back. He murmured something Teddy couldn't understand, then moved on.

Fran rolled over to signal that she was awake. Stephen sighed and sat on the edge of the bed. Then he gently toppled back, his head landing perfectly in the firm hollow at her center. Her fingers felt for his hair. "I'm glad you're home," she whispered. "How'd it go?"

"The artistic taste of Merrillville is improving," he said. "We didn't sell much." He laughed softly. The shiver of his laughter was electric against her. "Let me tell you about one painting," he said. "The horizontal sword-swallower. It's five feet wide. A yard high. A skinny guy lying on his back with a sword in his mouth. He's getting ready to put another one in. We just got this one today. Buckets of black, red, and silver paint went into this masterpiece. It's worth a hundred dollars just for the petroleum by-products. Tomorrow, he goes up to a hundred and twenty-five. We'll make an event out of him. We didn't get one nibble tonight. People were laughing at him."

"Did you sell anything?"

"The four-dollar items. Big-eyed clowns. Matadors. Kittens. Elvis."

She smoothed his eyebrows with a fingertip. "I had my conference with Teddy's teacher tonight," she said.

"And?"

"He said Teddy's still having problems. Mr. Frobeld said Teddy wants to please *us*. But he doesn't care if he pleases himself. He daydreams. He has a lot of friends. But he's a goof."

"Is that an accepted educational term now? *Goof*?"

"He doesn't pay attention," she said. "He doesn't try unless he thinks it will please someone else. He's got no sense of himself being important."

"Hell, I daydreamed," her husband said. "It usually means the teacher is a bore. Frobeld ever consider that?"

Fran touched Stephen's face and it was surprisingly cool—he sounded so angry.

"How are his grades?" he asked.

"Mr. Frobeld said they were mediocre. C's and D's."

## TO A FRIEND: IN MEMORIAM

It's for you whose name's better omitted—since for them it's no arduous task to produce you from under the slab—from one more *inconnu*: me, well, partly for the same earthly reasons, since they'll scrub you as well off the cask, and because I'm up here and, frankly, apart from this patsy talk of slabs, am too distant for you to distinguish a voice, an Aesopian chant, in that homeland of bottle-struck livers where you fingered your course to the pole in the moist universe of mean, blabbering squinchers and whispering, innocent beavers; it's for you, name omitted, the offspring of a widowed conductress, begot by the Holy Ghost or by brick courtyards' soot circling all over, an abductor of books, the sharp pen of the most smashing ode on the fall of the bard at the feet of the laced Goncharova, a word-plier, a liar, a gulper of bright, measly tears, an adorer of Ingres, of clanging streetcars, of asphodels' slumbers, a white-fanged little snake in the tarpaulin-boot colonnade of gendarmes in full gear, a monogamous heart and a torso of countless bedchambers—may you lie, as though wrapped in an Orenburg shawl, in our dry, brownish mud, you, a trampler through hell and high water and a meaningless sentence, who took life like a bumblebee touching a sun-heated bud but instead froze to death in the Third Rome's urine-reeking entrance. Maybe Nothing has no better gateway indeed than this smelly shortcut. Man of sidewalks, you'd say, "This will do," adding, "for the duration," as you drifted along the dark river in your ancient gray, drab overcoat, whose few buttons were always what kept you from disintegration. Gloomy Charon in vain seeks the coin in your tightly shut shell, someone's pipe blows in vain its small tune far above heavy, cumulus curtains. With a bow, I bid you this anonymous, muted farewell from the shores, who knows which? Still, for you now it has no importance.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(Translated, from the Russian, by the author.)

"You and I both know Teddy's not mediocre."

"Mr. Frobeld told me about an assignment he'd given the class," Fran said. "They have to draw a map of Russia."

"You mean the Soviet Union. Nobody calls it Russia anymore."

"Is that important? May I finish?"

"Yes, you can finish."

"He handed out a sheet listing cities, rivers, seas, mountain ranges—everything you could imagine—and the kids are supposed to have all these places on their maps," she said. "I came home and asked to see Teddy's. He said he'd left it at school, that I could see it Monday. Well, the damn thing's *due* Monday, and he had no idea."

"Did Frobeld blame me?" Stephen asked.

"Blame you?"

"Because I wasn't there? Because I

was working? Did he blame Teddy's problems on my absences?"

She was angry at him for missing the point and trying to make it his crisis. "Mr. Frobeld did remark on your not being there," she said. "He said he was surprised at the number of people who work nights."

"We're an entire subculture. Like bugs under rocks."

"I told Teddy he can't go out of the house this weekend," she said. "He has to work on the map until it's finished."

"Isn't that a little unbending?" her husband asked.

STEPHEN was gone when Teddy awoke. His mother remained asleep. In the kitchen, he poured apple juice and buttered six slices of toast, then covered three with peanut butter and three with grape jelly. He took his breakfast to his bedroom. He returned to the kitchen for a stack of paper napkins. He didn't want to get stains on his map. For a long time he ate and studied what he had accomplished. The map, rolled the night before into a protective tube, now had to be weighted at the corners. The border







*"Reassess our life style? Why?"*

was not quite as well done as he had thought it was. Erasures gleamed. A stone of discouragement settled in his chest. He had so much to do and so little chance of getting it absolutely right. Teddy wished he could have spoken to his father before he left. He came and went so fast. Teddy would again be in bed when his father came home, and he would again be asleep when he left the next morning.

Teddy found the Caspian Sea in the atlas and labelled it on his map. He made a check mark alongside "Caspian Sea" on the mimeographed sheet. Was he half finished? More than half? The satisfaction of beginning the project had dissipated. Now it was just Saturday morning, the sun was out, and he had to do this map.

"How's it going?"

Fran was in the doorway; Teddy jumped when she spoke. "You scared me," he said.

"Sorry," she said. She went to the

desk but didn't lower her eyes to look at the map. "Did you talk to Daddy this morning?" she asked.

"He was gone when I woke up."

"He's always on the go when there's a show to do," she said. "But he'll be home tomorrow night."

"And all next week we won't be able to get rid of him."

She laughed and mussed his hair.

"Did you tell him about meeting with Mr. Frobelt?"

"Of course I did."

"Was he mad?"

"I don't know," she said. "He's such a big fan of yours—he doesn't think you're capable of doing anything wrong."

When he looked away in bewilderment, she glanced down at the map, then turned away from the desk. Was the map as good as it had looked in that instant's examination? "If you fail, he blames himself," she said.

"If I fail?"

"If. When. Don't be so hard on yourself. I'm going to fix myself some breakfast. When do I get to see the map?"

"When it's finished. And maybe not then."

EVA HOOKS called that afternoon and invited Fran over for coffee. Eva was a substitute teacher, with four children of her own. She often remarked how sweet Teddy was—how both of her daughters had a crush on him. "I'll lace it with brandy," she promised.

"I'm sort of overseeing Teddy," Fran said. "He's been grounded to work on a school project. I'd feel bad deserting him."

"Who's grounded, him or you? He'd probably be relieved to have you out of the house."

"Well, maybe I will stop by for a while."

Fran could reach Eva's house by



cutting through the hedge at the rear of the back yard. Teddy watched his mother's progress until she stepped through the Hookses' back door.

Fran stayed until the light was nearly gone. When she came back through the hedge, the yard was full of stalking shadows unaware of her presence. She could not pick Teddy out from among the boys playing guerrilla football.

Someone materialized at her side and said, "Hello, Mrs. Reese." It was one of Teddy's friends, and he was smiling at her. His face was painted with something black. "Teddy told us he was grounded, but he said it would be O.K. if we played out here," the boy went on. "You have the perfect yard—all these trees and bushes."

With a hiss the football struck him in the neck and he dropped at her feet. He feigned injury while his hands searched the ground for the ball. She looked down and saw that he was still smiling.

Teddy's room was empty. The map was held down at the corners.

"Teddy?" she called. "Teddy?"

He answered from the bathroom.

"Aren't those kids out there bothering you?"

"No."

"How's the map going?"

"Great."

"Come out where I can look at you."

"Jesus, Mom. When I'm done."

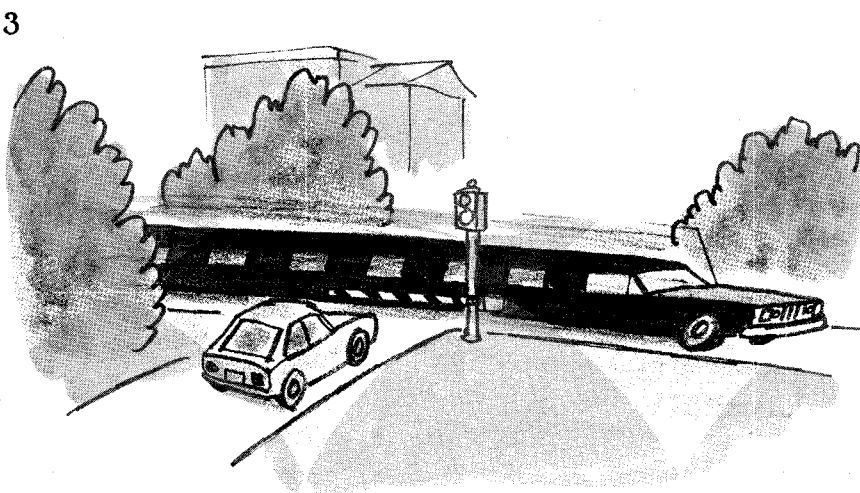
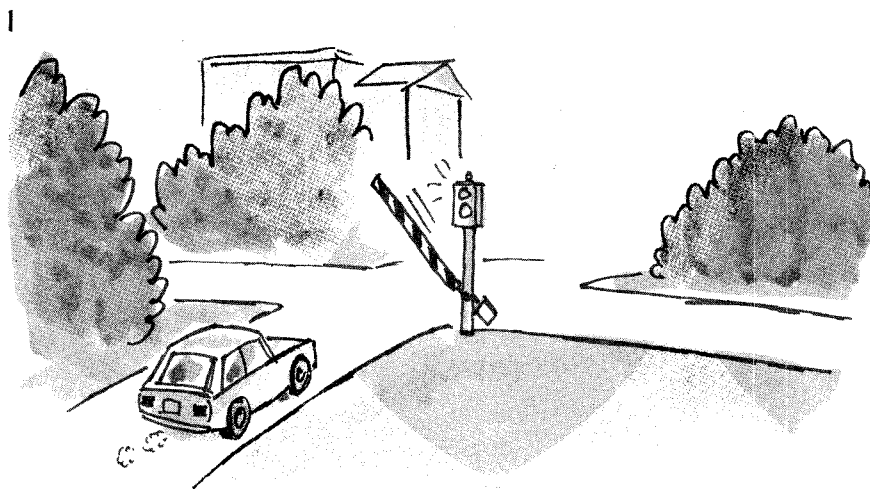
"I'll talk to you later, then. I'm going to lie down for a bit," she said.

"O.K."

Teddy waited another ten minutes before he went out of the bathroom. His face stung where he had scrubbed it clean. The knees of his black corduroys were shiny with smeared grass. He'd figured that his mother wouldn't wait outside the bathroom door. Soft snores rose from her on the sofa in the den. His friends were gone. He turned on a couple of lights to cheer up the house and returned to the map.

STEPHEN had departed when Fran was asleep, and now he returned when she was in her nightshirt, in bed again. She might never have moved. "I hate weekends," she whispered when he came into the bedroom.

"Tell me about it," he said. He lay down on the bed on his back, one hand on her stomach, one hand over his eyes.



"How was it?" Fran asked.

"A good day. We sold a bunch."

"The horizontal sword-swallower?"

"No. Nibbles, though. One family, I thought I had them. The mom sort of resembled the guy in the picture."

Fran put a hand over her laugh.

"But I think the price finally turned them off," he said. "It was too low. If it was outrageously expensive, they could justify its stupidity by its high price. That makes it art."

"Do you have to leave so early again tomorrow? Teddy wants to talk to you."

"He sleeps too late."

"What time do you have to leave?"

"Nine, quarter after. I'll be back by ten tonight, though."

"His map is turning out wonderfully," Fran said. "He hasn't shown it to me, but I've snuck glimpses. It looks—professional."

"We can frame it and hang it over the couch," he said. She lightly punched his shoulder.

She felt him relax. His breathing stretched out, and he seemed to lengthen and settle into the mattress. In a minute, he was asleep.

STEPHEN was gone by eight the next morning.

"Daddy wanted to talk to you," Fran told Teddy in the kitchen.

"He'll talk to you tonight."

"He's a rumor," Teddy said.

"He works very hard. Part of that means he's away a lot."

"It's the weekend."

"He has a strange schedule. Don't forget that he's home a lot when other dads are at work."

"And I'm in school."

"He wants to hang your map of Russia."

Teddy blinked. The map was finished. He was afraid to show it to his mother, however. She might not think it was as good as he thought it was.

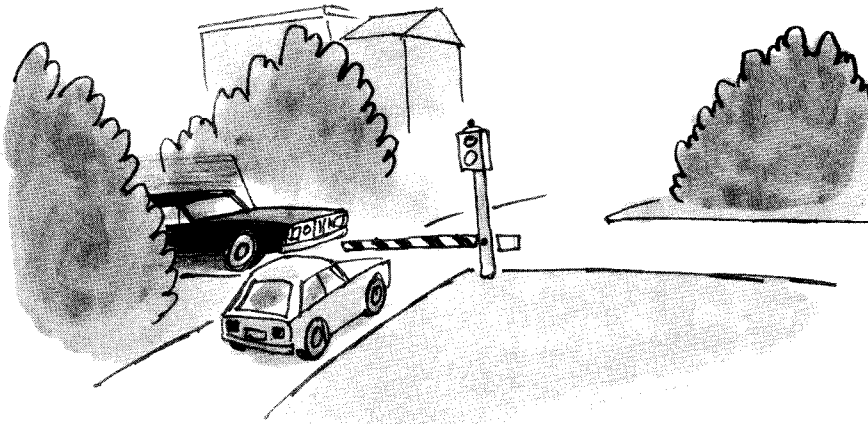
"Are you kidding?" he asked.

"That's what he said."

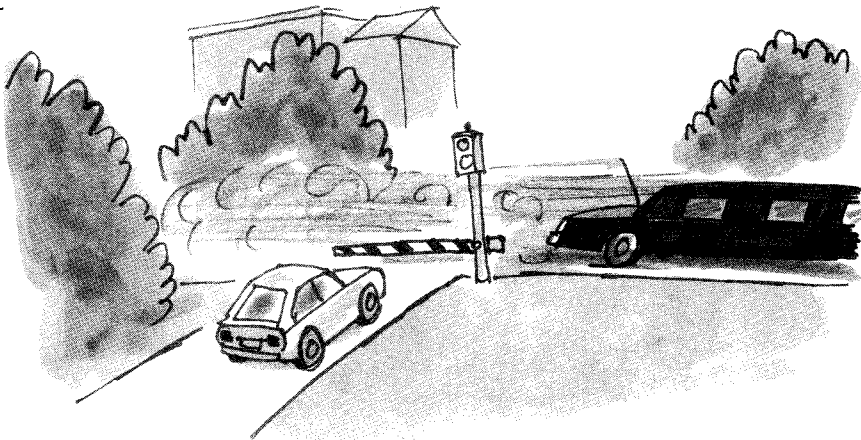
"He hasn't even seen it."



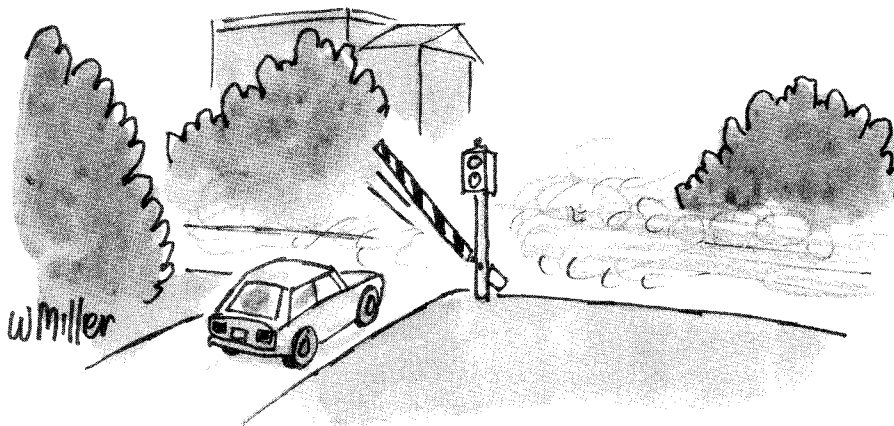
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"He has faith in you. He knows you'll do a good job."

"He was teasing," Teddy said. "He's always teasing. He's so sarcastic."

"I think he meant it."

"Where would we hang it?"

"How big is it?"

He shaped the dimensions with his hands. Doing so, he saw the map in almost complete detail. Kirgiz Steppe. Tarko-Sale. Laptev Sea. Gulf of Ob.

He had found every one, and marked them all.

"Maybe in the studio," she said.

"Or in your room."

"Out of the way, in other words," Teddy said.

Fran rolled her eyes. "Or over the couch?"

"It's finished," he said quickly.

"I've finished the map."

"You have? That's wonderful! Can I see it?"

"Can I go out? Am I still grounded?"

"What about your other homework?"

"I'll do it later."

"May I see the map?"

"Later," Teddy said, and he was gone before his mother could retract the consent he had read in her eyes.

She washed the dishes and wiped the kitchen counter. The quiet surprised her. She went to Teddy's room. The map was rolled into a loose cylinder held in shape with paper clips. She peered down into the tube and saw colors and black, firm lettering of strange names that meant nothing to her. She was not a traveller. She would learn the names soon enough.

IN the Sunday twilight she played a game with herself of trying to guess whether her son or her husband would be the first to return to her. It could be Teddy, because they had a rule that he was to be home before dark, and it could be Stephen, because the Merrillville show was over and he might want to hurry back and surprise his wife and son by his presence in the daylight.

She poured ginger ale into a glass. She sat in Stephen's chair with her legs curled under her, just holding the glass and watching the light become useless for painting.

It was Teddy. She'd guessed right. He came into the house whistling. His knees were shocked with green. A bruise smudged the corner of his left eye.

"What happened to you?" Fran asked.

"I played football."

"But it's not dark yet."

"Real football," Teddy said. "He's not home yet, huh?"

"It's a long way from Merrillville. He may not get here until after ten."

Teddy stole a mouthful of her ginger ale.

"Some of the guys wanted to copy my map," he said.

"I hope you told them to buzz off."

"Sure," he said. They had not come empty-handed to him, however. One friend offered math answers, which were always valuable. Another promised pictures of girls without clothes.

"Don't let other people get you to do their work for them," Fran warned.

He made an exasperated face at her and reached for her ginger ale again,





*"Please, John, not the cheap Scotch. My body is a temple."*

but she tapped his hand. "Get your own," she said.

SOME minutes before ten, Teddy came into the living room and announced, "Here he is."

"Goody," Fran said.

They met Stephen at the door. "The art pimp is home," he said.

"Don't say that," Fran scolded. She followed him into the kitchen with her hands on his shoulders. He felt she was steering him; he was pliable—happy to be home.

"I'm going to sleep until five tomorrow afternoon," he said. His wife put ice and water into a glass for him.

"How was the show, Dad?"

"The show was a success, Teddy." He gulped half the water. His son looked so awkward and mussed. He did so many things out of his sight; Stephen had no idea how to approach

him. "Mom says you're having trouble in school."

Teddy looked at the floor. "A little," he said.

"But nothing you can't work your way out of?"

"I'll be O.K.," Teddy said.

"You've got to apply yourself." He finished the water. He rattled the cubes.

"Show us your map," Fran said.

"It's not done," Teddy replied.

"You told me it was done. I wouldn't have let you go out if I knew it wasn't done."

"It's *done*," Teddy said. "It just needs some finishing touches."

"Let's see it," his father said.

"O.K. But it's not done."

Teddy left, and Stephen grabbed his wife and kissed her neck. Fran twitched away, laughing.

"We've got to get together and dis-

cuss art tonight," Stephen said. "If you know what I mean."

She laughed. "I know what you mean. What happened to the horizontal sword-swallower?"

He was about to tell her, but Teddy came into the room with his map. Stephen followed him to the kitchen table and watched as Teddy unrolled the heavy paper and weighted its corners.

"Why, Teddy, it's absolutely beautiful," Fran said. "It looks professional."

"Thanks," Teddy said softly.

Stephen did not know what to say. He had not expected the map to be so good.

Teddy waited, his eyes not on the map but on his father's bowed head. When his dad was away for any length of time, Teddy had to place him again in his mind. He had to pin him down and fit him back into the family. It was sometimes difficult.

"Is Moscow supposed to be so far west?" Stephen asked.

"Yes," Teddy said.

"I always pictured it more toward Siberia," Stephen said, lifting his eyes. "No."

Stephen again turned his attention to the map. He couldn't get over how good it was. "It's really great, Teddy," he said. "It's Russia."

"Thank you."

"Although no one calls it Russia anymore," Stephen added. "It's the Soviet Union."

"He drew Russia," Fran said, slapping her husband's shoulder.

"Just a small point. It's quite fine work, Teddy."

"Thank you," Teddy said. He unburdened the corners and the map snapped into its cylindrical shape, like a window shade going up.

"It's really amazingly good," his father said. "Are you sure that's how you spell Vladivostok?"

"Yes," Teddy replied, without consulting the map.

"You told us it wasn't finished," Stephen said. "It looks finished to me."

"That's because you didn't draw it," Teddy said.

—CHARLES DICKINSON

#### THE LITERARY LIFE

[From Publishers Weekly]

Viking Kestrel asks us to note the title change for Francine Pascal's novel, announced in the Feb. 22 issue as *Hats Off to Katzoff*, now entitled *Love and Betrayal & Hold the Mayol*



# ANNALS OF FINANCE

## FUNNY MONEY—III

AFTER the Penn Square Bank, of Oklahoma City, closed, in July of 1982, I kept a tally of other banks that failed or came near failure—particularly banks that had lent to the oil-and-gas industry. Fresh corpses turned up regularly, and the intensive-care wards of the banking system stayed full. Soon one of every twenty-five banks across the nation had earned a spot on the “problem list” of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The list had grown far beyond its previous peak, which it had achieved in the wake of the recession of the mid-nineteen-seventies. Six weeks after Penn Square closed, the Abilene National Bank, in Texas, a somewhat smaller institution, failed, and was sold to a Dallas-based bank-holding company. During the winter of 1983, the United American Bank of Knoxville, Tennessee, failed, and was sold, and that failure rearranged the fates of a chain of almost twenty banks in Tennessee and Kentucky. During the first quarter of 1983, the ten largest banking companies in the country averaged more than a seventeen-percent increase in problem loans over the previous quarter. Later that year, the First National Bank of Midland, Texas, a major oil-and-gas lender, with assets three times as large as Penn Square’s, failed and was bought by another Texas bank. In October, InterFirst, of Dallas, announced the largest quarterly loss in American banking history—two hundred and forty-eight million dollars. Then the First National Bank & Trust Company of Oklahoma City announced a quarterly loss of fifty-eight million, which, as a percentage of assets, was even worse than InterFirst’s. By the beginning of 1984, the F.D.I.C.’s list of problem banks had risen to six hundred and seventeen—a post-Depression record. It seemed reasonable to wonder whether there were not still other Penn Squares, in Dallas or Houston or New Orleans or Denver or right there in Oklahoma City. Prudent oil-and-gas bankers—the ones who had never lent against collateral less solid than discounted petroleum reserves with proved production histories—found themselves staring at losses that months before no one had imagined imagining. During the recent savings-and-loan industry crisis in Ohio, I recalled a conversation that

I had had a couple of years earlier with an F.D.I.C. liquidator. This government official told me that he regarded the Penn Square Bank, which had lived and died in an air-conditioned suburban shopping mall, as “the core of evil.” Appraising the disturbing events in Ohio, might the liquidator now agree that the “core” had diffused into an amorphous blob? And might it not be something more pervasive and complicated than “evil” that propelled the panic?

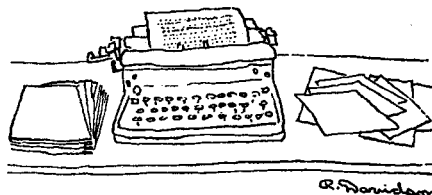
AS soon as the liquidation of the Penn Square Bank began, upstream banks—larger banks that, during a four-year period, had bought a total of two billion dollars’ worth of loans initiated and then brokered by Penn Square—dispatched “workout” teams to Oklahoma City. The mission of the workout teams was to secure collateral, to assume management of loan accounts that had previously been the responsibility of Penn Square, to renegotiate loan terms and repayment schedules, to advise whether to sue, and to duel with the liquidators. This tedious and often demoralizing labor was made even less enjoyable by the bank’s having failed during a typical Oklahoma summer. Torpid days dawned when the attorneys and workout troops did not feel inspired to behave politely. Extended Penn Square duty seemed like a hot and dusty Siberia. One August weekend when even your teeth felt scorched, an associate with Milbank Tweed Hadley & McCloy, the New York law firm representing the Chase Manhattan Bank, which was one of Penn Square’s five major upstream correspondents, discovered that the only entertainment in town was a concert by the ancient rock group Crosby, Stills & Nash. The local cultural deprivation offended the lawyer, and the avidity of the audience at the concert appalled him. He said, “Now I understand how Penn Square happened. Too much enthusiasm.”

The upstream banks had trouble admitting to themselves just how shaky

many of their Penn Square loans were. The Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, of Chicago, had bought Penn Square loan participations whose face value equalled half of its own capital. Seattle-First National, the largest bank in the Pacific Northwest, also known as Seafirst, had gambled more than half. The loans bought by the Michigan National Corporation, a bank-holding company whose main branch was in Lansing, came to three-fifths of that bank’s capital. The figure for the Northern Trust Company, of Chicago, was thirty-one per cent. Chase Manhattan, on the other hand, bought some real howlers but risked only six per cent of what it could afford to lose.

IN several respects unconnected to Penn Square, however, Chase Manhattan did not enjoy a prosperous spring and summer of 1982. A firm called Drysdale Government Securities collapsed in a heap of fraud accusations, owing Chase more than two hundred and eighty-five million dollars. A smaller government-securities dealer, Lombard-Wall, failed, with an unsecured debt to Chase of forty-five million dollars. A few months later, an oil-and-gas refiner, GHR Companies, which had borrowed a hundred and twenty-five million dollars from Chase, filed for bankruptcy protection. Chase Manhattan’s workout officers and lawyers could not abide the thought that the bank had lent money to Penn Square customers only days before the joint fell apart. When it came to Penn Square, the feeling was: Let’s hose down this dog and get out of town. Ultimately, Chase wrote off three-quarters of its Penn Square portfolio. If the Chase correspondent bankers had had more of a head start, the losses might not have been so easy to swallow. From early 1981 to mid-1982, Chase had managed to buy two hundred and twelve million dollars in Penn Square loans. While fun was still being had, some of Chase’s money salesmen had fantasized about a billion dollars in loan participations.

Designating culprits did not consume much time. A fortnight after Penn Square’s failure, half a dozen Chase correspondent bankers, from foot soldier to executive vice-president, had become unemployed. Next, the lawyers focussed on delinquent cus-





tomers and on the bankrupt estate. Chase sued the F.D.I.C. for more than seventy million dollars, alleging fraud, deceit, and misrepresentation of collateral. The F.D.I.C. fought back, accusing Chase of having extorted ("unlawful economic coercion") almost twenty million dollars in principal and interest that Penn Square had forwarded on behalf of nonperforming customers. Then Chase, Continental Illinois, and Seafirst in effect sued themselves. More precisely, the banks' shareholders, in the name of the corporation, sued certain of their own former bank officers, alleging mismanagement of the Penn Square dealings. Banks routinely insure against costly "errors and omissions" by employees. If the plaintiffs could prove negligence by the defendants, Chase and Continental might each recover, say, a hundred million—and Seafirst seventy-five million—of the dollars that had been risked and lost in the oilpatch.

MICHIGAN NATIONAL bought less than two hundred million dollars in Penn Square loans. By the end of 1983, more than a hundred million had become losses or anticipated losses. The bank omitted a quarterly dividend payment for the first time since 1941. Relatively speaking, the impact of its loss was much more serious for Michigan National than the loss of an even larger amount was for Chase. No one at Michigan National got fired in the immediate aftermath of Penn Square. Rather, a *we-had-no-idea* strategy seemed suitable. These Oklahoma bankers *lied* to us, the company line went. We were *mugged*, we were *bamboozled*. Everything that Michigan National had invested in Oklahoma, it seemed, had grown out of deep admiration for Continental Illinois. A copy of a letter materialized—one that John Lytle, the vice-president in charge of the mid-continent oil-and-gas-lending division of Continental, had written to his friend Bill Patterson, the executive vice-president in charge of oil-and-gas lending at Penn Square, in early 1981. The letter, which was self-congratulatory in tone, referred to a meeting between some Continental Illinois bankers and some Michigan National bankers. Lytle described the Michigan National people as "pleased with the package of credits that we put together" and "growing both in confidence and understanding of oil-related lending." In closing, Lytle thanked Patterson for his help

## IN CHANDLER COUNTRY

California night. The Devil's wind,  
the Santa Ana, blows in from the east,  
raging through the canyon like a drunk  
screaming in a bar.

The air tastes like  
a stubbed-out cigarette. But why complain?  
The weather's fine as long as you don't breathe.  
Just lean back on the sweat-stained furniture,  
lights turned out, windows shut against the storm,  
and count your blessings.

Another sleepless night,  
when every wrinkle in the bedsheet scratches  
like a dry razor on a sunburned cheek,  
when even ten-year whiskey tastes like sand,  
and quiet women in the kitchen run  
their fingers on the edges of a knife  
and eye their husbands' necks. I wish them luck.

Tonight it seems that if I took the coins  
out of my pocket and tossed them in the air  
they'd stay a moment glistening like a net  
slowly falling through dark water.

I remember  
the headlights of the cars parked on the beach,  
the narrow beams dissolving on the dark  
surface of the lake, voices arguing  
about the forms, the crackling radio,  
and sheeted body lying on the sand,  
the trawling net still damp beside it. No,  
she wasn't beautiful, but at that age  
when youth itself becomes a kind of beauty—  
"Taking good care of your clients, Marlowe?"

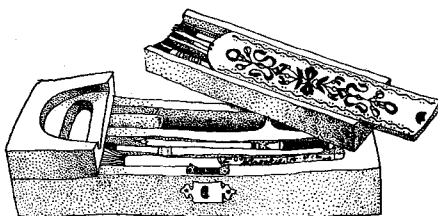
Relentlessly the wind blows on. Next door,  
catching a scent, the dogs begin to howl.  
Lean, furious, raw-eyed from the storm,  
packs of coyotes come down from the hills  
where there is nothing left to hunt.

—DANA GIOIA

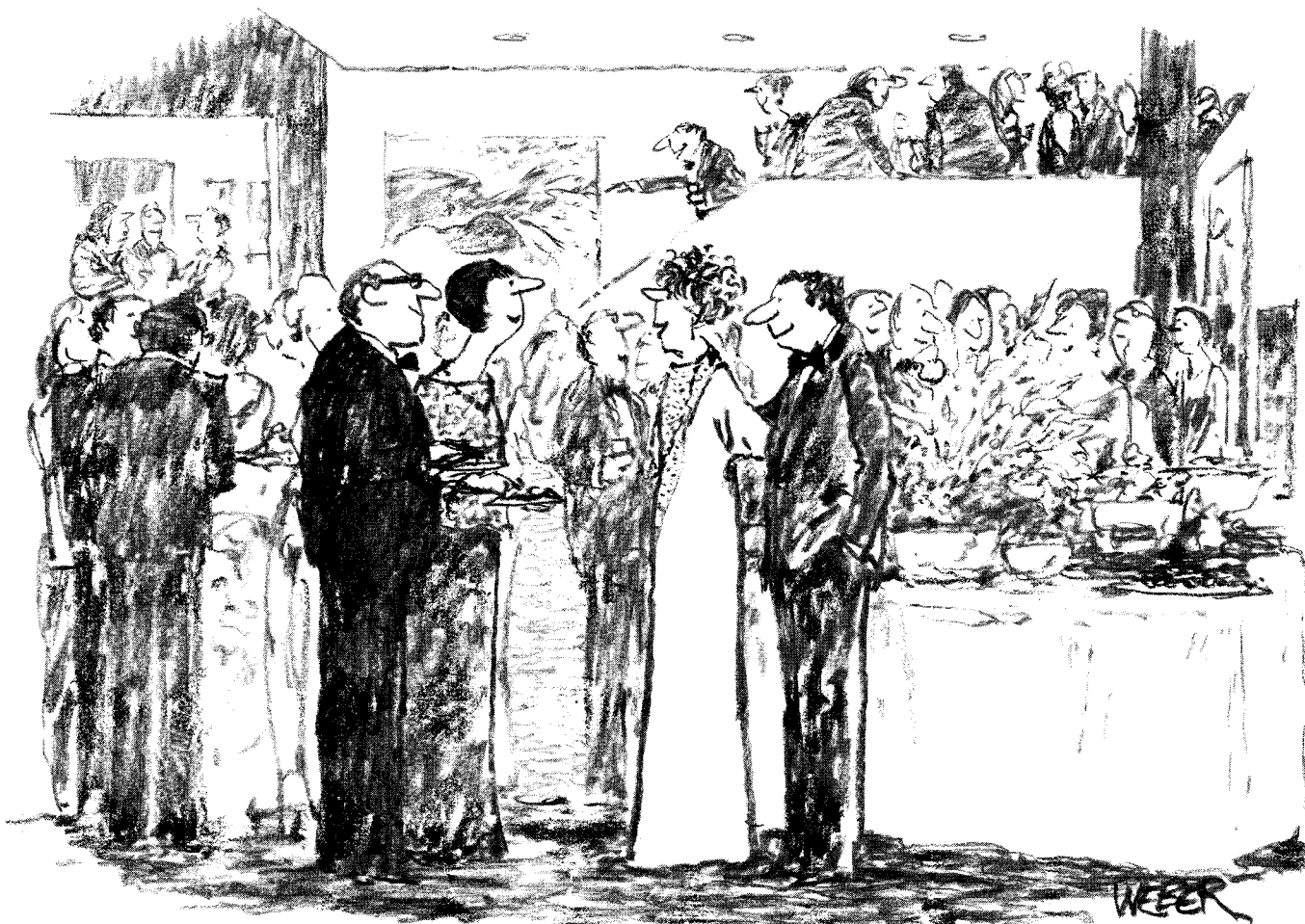
and proposed "that this is a service, that working together, we can provide to others." To get some of its money back, Michigan National hired F. Lee Bailey to sue Continental Illinois for fifty-seven million dollars.

SEAFIRST announced, shortly after Penn Square's liquidation began, that it expected to write off roughly a third of the four hundred million dollars in loans that it had bought from

the Oklahoma City bank. Besides these assets, Seafirst had added eight hundred million dollars to its oil-and-gas portfolio. Before the writeoffs, the bank had a net worth of just under six hundred million dollars. Four hundred employees—out of eight thousand—were laid off or reassigned. John Boyd, who had been the manager of Seafirst's energy division, resigned, and his boss, John Nelson, the executive vice-president who managed the world banking group, took early retirement. William Jenkins, the chairman of the bank, told the *Wall Street Journal*, "I should have retired last year." A member of the bank's board said, "I really don't know in the pit of my stomach whether it's half as bad as they've told us or twice as bad."







*"Glorious Food did the buffet, but Willie designed the traffic flow himself."*

Twice as bad, it turned out, was not the half of it. Within six weeks of the Penn Square closing, Jenkins decided to retire. When he departed officially, at the end of 1982, he took with him the president and the vice-chairman, and the three took, collectively, a million eight hundred thousand dollars in severance benefits.

A new chairman was hired, a former chief executive officer of the Wells Fargo Bank. During his first month at Seafirst, the new chairman set up a one-billion-five-hundred-million-dollar line of credit with twelve major banks. Nevertheless, Seafirst's condition deteriorated through early 1983. More layoffs were announced. The executive dining room was closed. By spring, the capital was down to a dangerously low fraction of the bank's total assets. It seemed predictable that once the results of Seafirst's 1983 first quarter became known a run on the bank would occur. To restore liquidity and to inject the fresh capital necessary to sustain the enterprise, a merger was required. Which is how

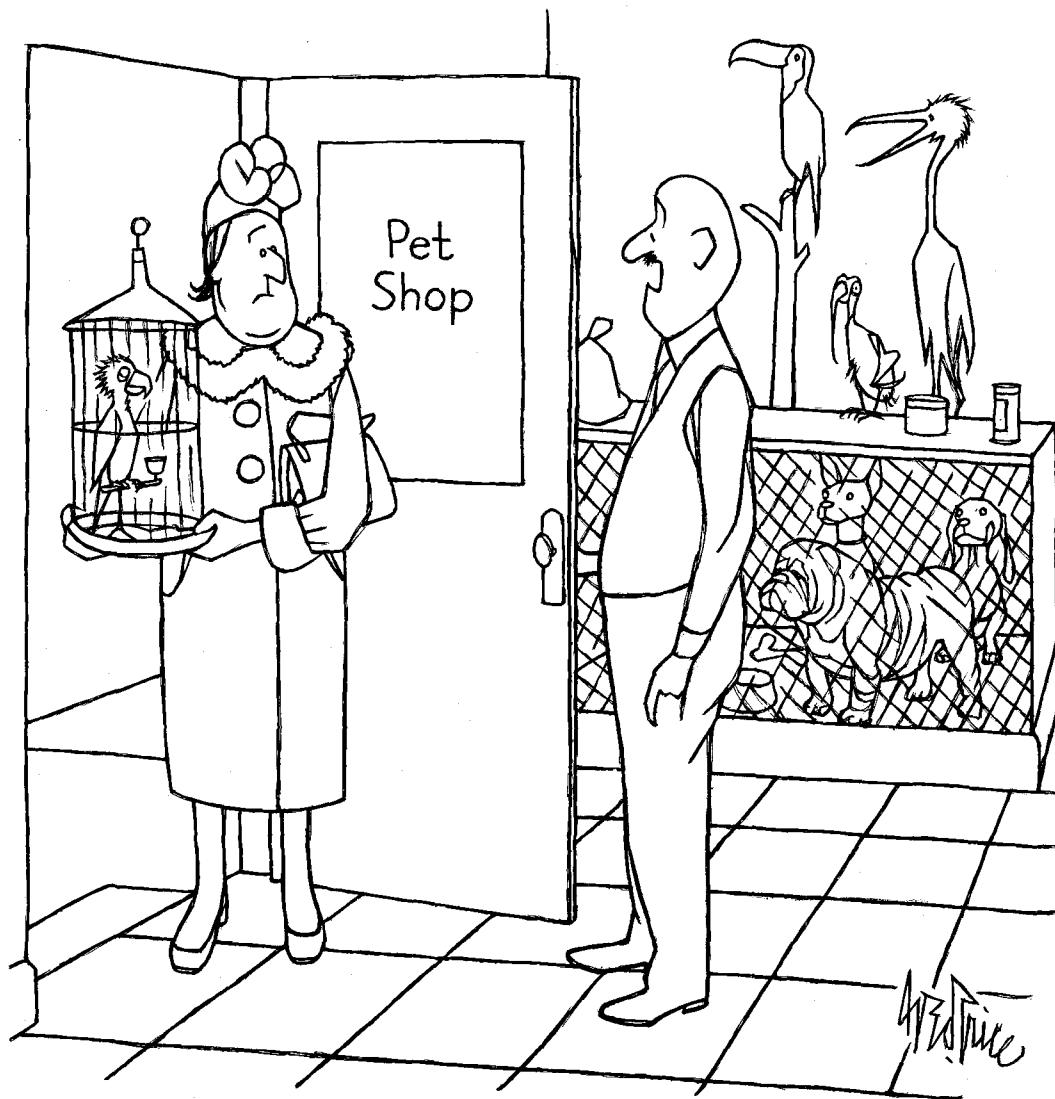
BankAmerica came to own the Seattle-First National Bank. This was no small blip on the charts. Penn Square had broken the nineteenth-largest bank in the United States and had provoked a merger that created the largest bank-holding company in history.

**L**OAN losses are lamentable but unavoidable. Among bankers, there is an inbred tendency to react to fiscal humiliation as if one had spilled gravy on a tablecloth or neglected to send a hostess a thank-you note. Willard Butcher, the chairman of Chase Manhattan, told a meeting of shareholders in the spring of 1983 that the Penn Square experience had been "difficult and certainly a source of acute embarrassment." Richard G. Jaehning, as president of Seafirst, told the Banking Committee of the House of Representatives, "At this point, Seafirst is a little bruised and more than a little embarrassed, but we hope and expect a vital recovery." William Jenkins, before retiring as chairman of Seafirst,

had said, "We're alive, healthy, and kicking, but hurt, chagrined, and very embarrassed."

A banker in Oklahoma City told me of a meeting in Chicago with Roger Anderson, the chairman of Continental Illinois, roughly a month after Penn Square closed. The two men chatted amiably for a few minutes, and Anderson said, "Well, I guess that Penn Square deal's about to blow over down there." The Oklahoma City banker was shocked. "I told Anderson I thought there was plenty more blowing to come. He asked me some questions. I had gone there to tell him that we wanted to help him, that we knew more about the Oklahoma oil-and-gas-lending market than Continental did. We knew about some of their energy credits and we might be able to tell them some things, help them look out for some risks that they might not have been aware of. I had a feeling that the guy just didn't grasp the situation. He was reacting as if maybe the trust department had a bad year or something. I never heard from him





*"And don't disturb his naps. When you wake him, he's an absolute fountain of platitudes."*

again. I lost my sympathy real quick."

Barring undue pressure from the regulators, banks are free to make their own decisions about whether loans are performing or nonperforming, potentially valuable or worthless. A nonperforming loan is one on which interest is not being paid or one that has been renegotiated (the terms, interest rate, or maturity has been refigured) or one whose collateral has been foreclosed upon. During 1982, Continental's nonperforming loans rose by a billion dollars, of which almost six hundred million came from Penn Square. The first anniversary of the Penn Square failure had not yet arrived when it became clear that Continental had suffered serious permanent damage. More than two hundred and fifty million dollars in Penn Square loans was written off. A bank that in 1976, under Roger Anderson's

leadership, had deliberately set out to become the No. 1 commercial and industrial lender in America was, with astonishing celerity, eliminated from the competition. Prestige and momentum vanished. The two hundred and fifty million dollars in lost capital represented not only a loss of income but also prefigured an upheaval of the institution.

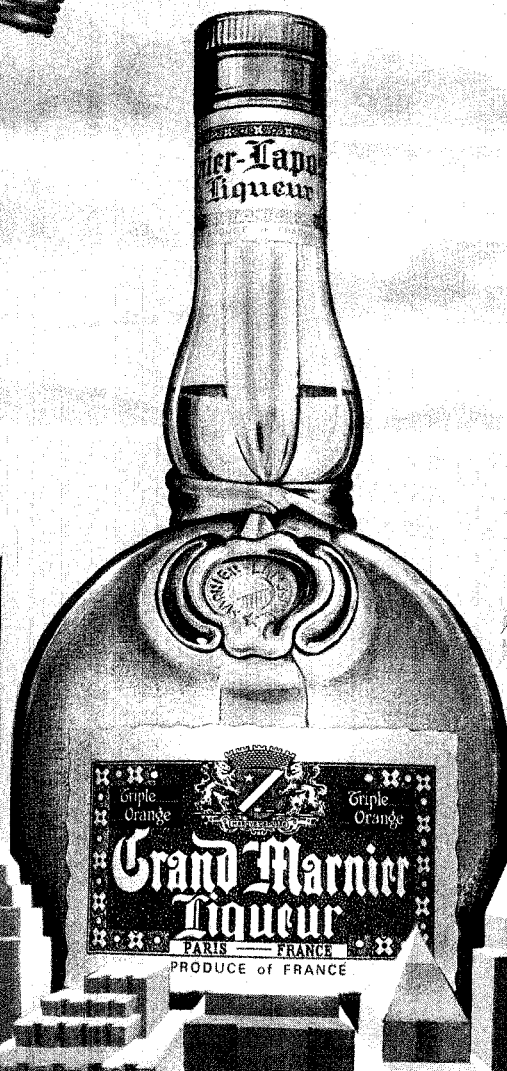
On August 28, 1982, less than two months into the workouts, Continental began a housecleaning. John Lytle, the Continental officer most directly responsible for that bank's dealings with Penn Square, was fired. Lytle's boss took early retirement and his boss's boss resigned, as did Patrick Goy, a young vice-president who, five months earlier, had passed the flying time from Tulsa to Chicago with George Baker, the executive vice-president in charge of all commercial lend-

in and we start all over? Remember when we talked on the airplane in April? Maybe you've confused me with someone else.' But, no, they meant me."

Three months later, George Baker was gone. At the end of 1983, John Perkins, the president of Continental Illinois, and Donald Miller, the vice-chairman and chief financial officer, announced that they would be leaving the company. Then, in February of 1984, Continental's directors forced Roger Anderson to retire. The chairman departed with a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar annual pension, and a consulting contract, good for two years, at not quite fourteen grand per month. A special supplemental payment made the entire severance package worth five hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Anderson would thus not be present





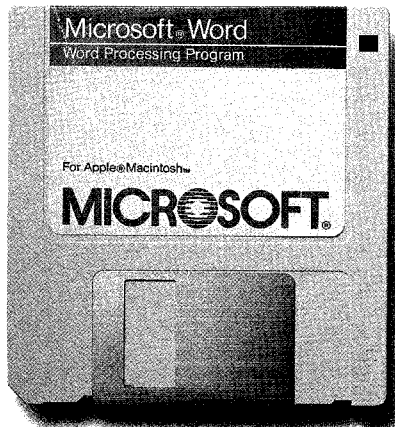
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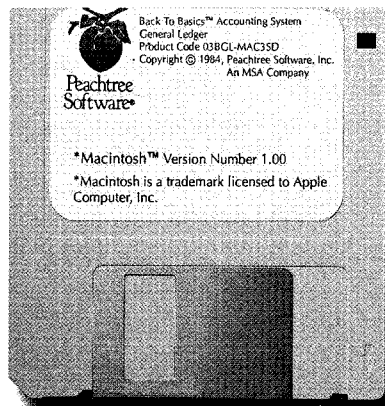
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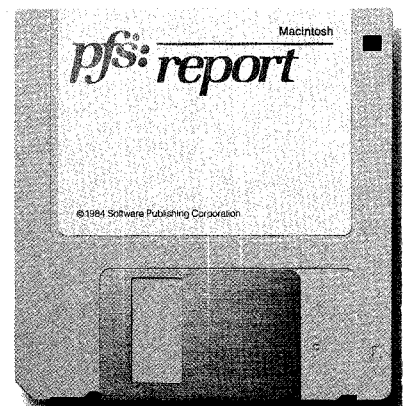
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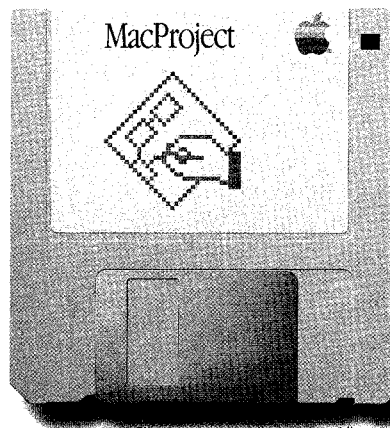
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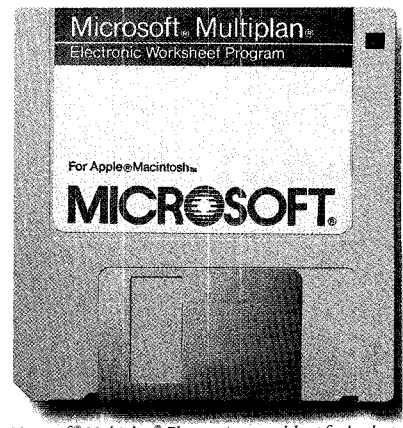
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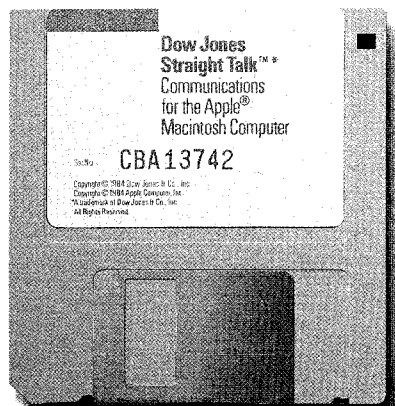
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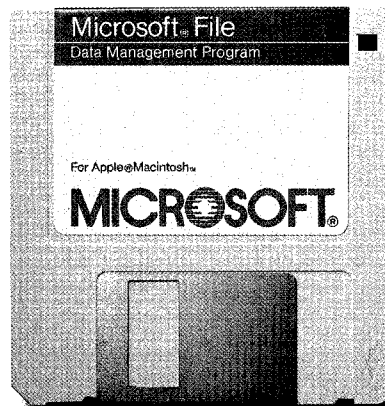
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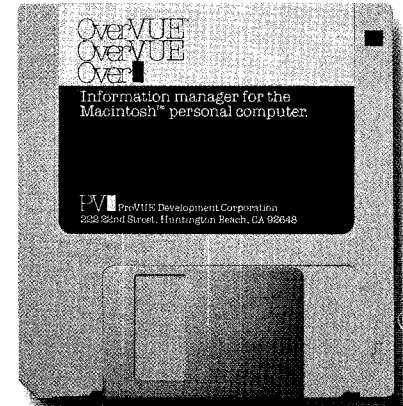
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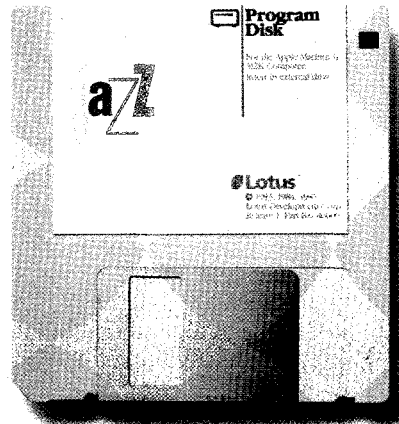
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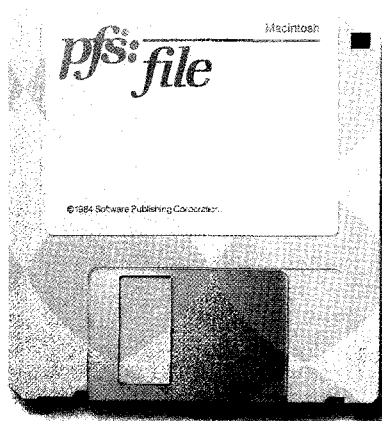
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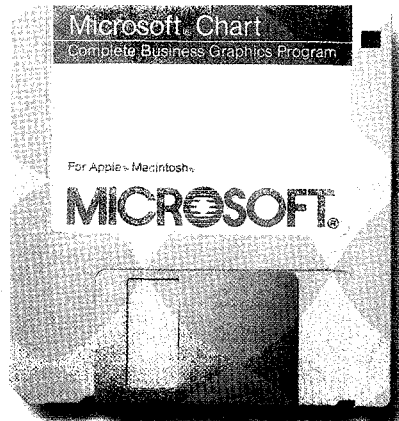
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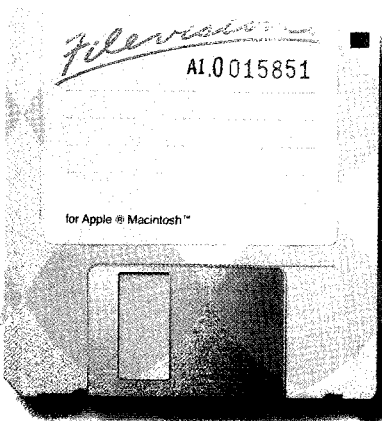
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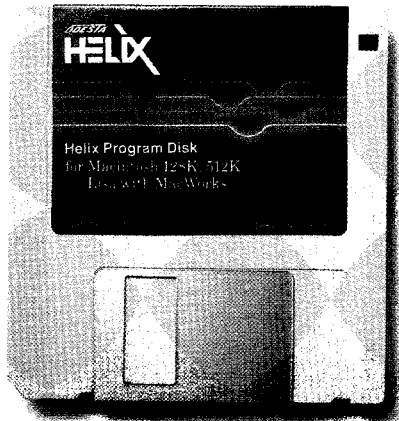
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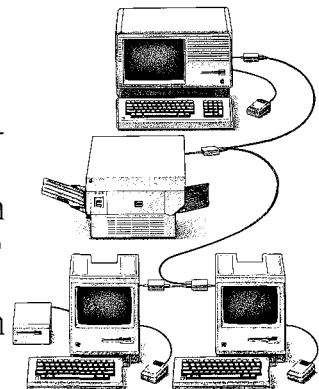
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to witness at first hand the worst of Continental Illinois's problems. The worst had not yet begun.

**T**O qualify for the first annual *Forbes* survey of the four hundred wealthiest individuals in America, one had to muster a minimum net worth of a hundred million dollars—an amount that is known in Texas and Oklahoma as “a unit.” The name of Robert A. Hefner III appeared on the list that was published in September of 1982, and his net worth was estimated to be a unit and a half. The dedicated professionals at *Forbes* had spent a year researching the topic of excessive wealth. By the time their information appeared in print, it was obsolete. Hefner, the charismatic geologist whose ambitions and persuasive beliefs had contributed greatly to the growth of the Penn Square Bank and to the natural-gas-exploration boom of the late seventies and early eighties, had not merely slipped a rung or two in the plutocracy. It was Hefner who had successfully led the campaign for the federal deregulation of the price of methane—natural gas—that could be produced from depths below fifteen thousand feet. And it was Hefner who, more than any other explorationist, had staked a claim in the Anadarko Basin, a vast deep-gas deposit that extended over thousands of square miles of western Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle. All of which, for a while, had made him seem very rich and very creditworthy. According to the accepted definition of net worth as the difference between assets and liabilities, however, a true appraisal of Hefner's net worth in the fall of 1982 should have been preceded by a minus sign. Liabilities were accumulating all about him in deep drifts, and the value of his assets was evaporating. Nowhere near enough

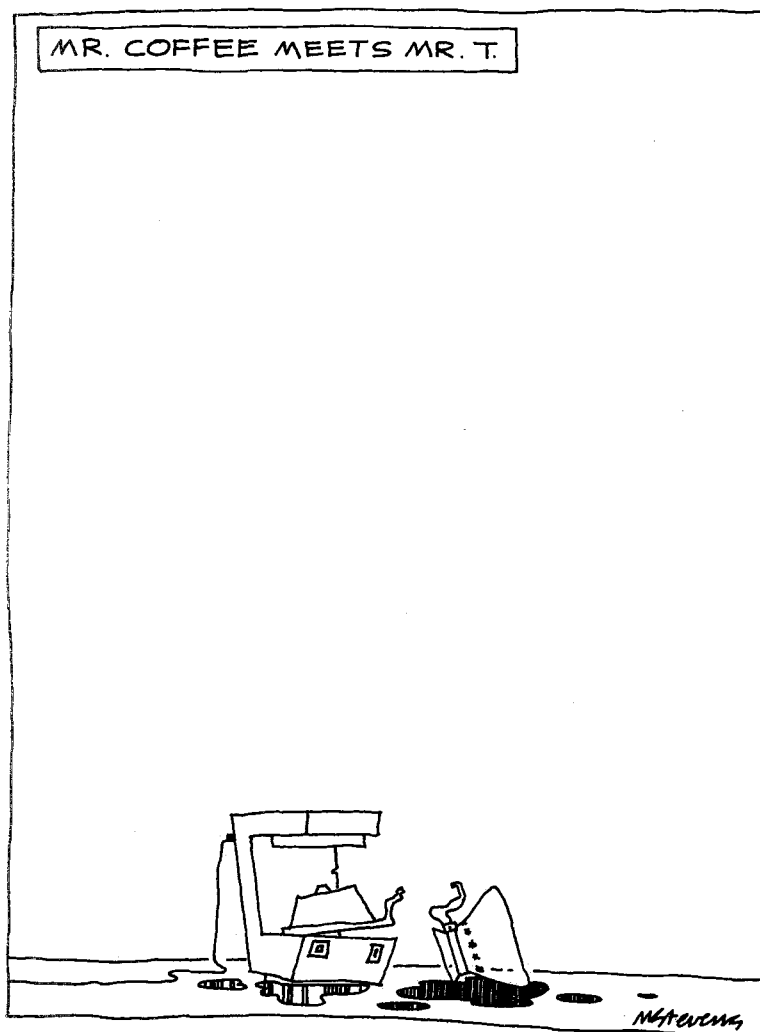
cash was coming in, and the credit picture looked quite unpromising. The single advantage that Hefner held was the one that had sustained him from the beginning—debtor's leverage, the ability to go through terrific sums of borrowed money at a speed that made him bankruptcy-proof.

Within six weeks of Penn Square's closing, Hefner's primary banks and trade creditors formed a committee whose purpose was to reorganize the debts owed by the GHK Companies—an aggregate of partnerships. Hefner was the chairman of the GHK Companies and the general partner of all the partnerships. Among the GHK trade creditors were the Parker Drilling Company, the well-service companies Halliburton and Schlumberger, Dresser Industries, the Kerr-McGee Corporation, and two large suppliers of pipe and oil-field equipment. The banks were Continental Illinois, Seafirst, and Northern Trust. Chase Manhattan, which had financed Hefner's investments in a thoroughbred-horse-breeding enterprise and other non-energy-related pursuits, did not

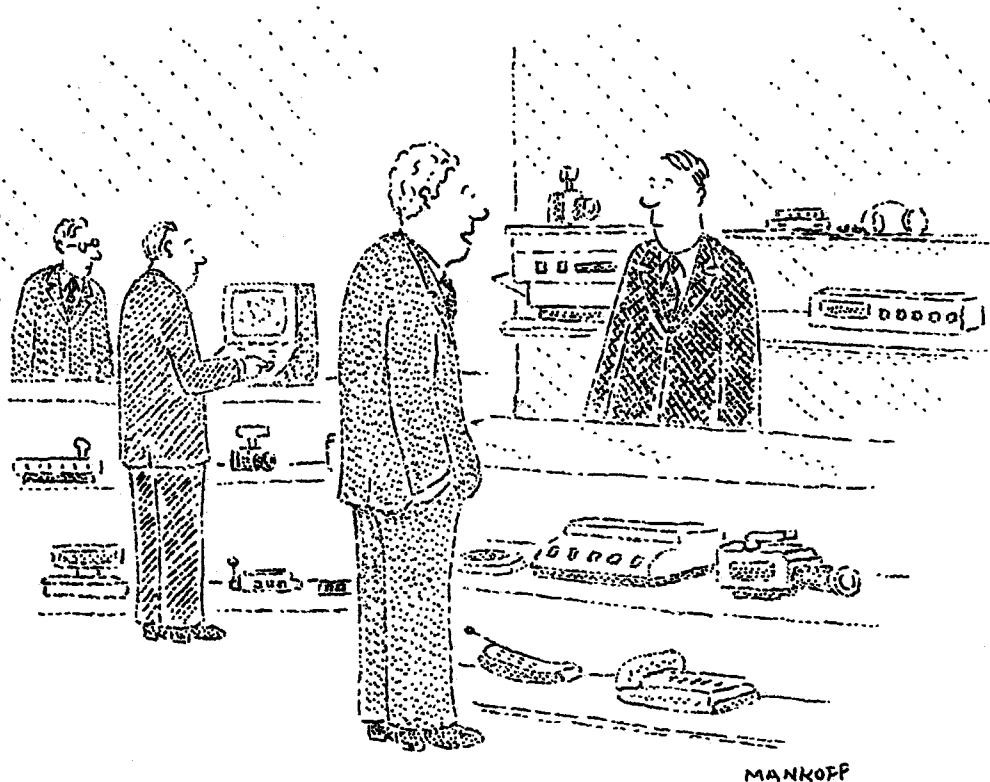
formally join the original group of creditors. In time, with accumulated interest, the bank debt of the GHK Companies stood at two hundred and forty-four million dollars, and GHK owed trade creditors ninety-eight million. Altogether, Hefner was responsible, either as a direct borrower or as a general partner, for debts totalling four hundred and sixty-one million dollars. There was also a disputed bank debt in the range of fifty million dollars—an amount that included the QOL note. The QOL Corporation was wholly owned by Hefner. One of its liabilities was a note for thirty million three hundred thousand dollars—later altered and increased by a million—that Hefner had signed when Bill Patterson explained that he needed a borrower of Hefner's superior stature to assume temporarily the assets of Mahan-Rowsey Drilling. The partners in the drilling firm, Frank Mahan and William E. Rowsey III, had become monumentally overextended in their obligations to Penn Square and to Chase Manhattan and other upstream banks. During the Penn Square Bank's

last days, QOL inadvertently acquired responsibility for seven drilling rigs that had belonged to Mahan-Rowsey. Hefner did not wish to own the rigs, nor did he wish to repay the thirty-one million three hundred thousand dollars demanded by Chase.

To place himself in a position to repay any of his debts—the undisputed as well as the disputed—Hefner first needed to borrow more money to drill up the acreage that he had leased in the Anadarko Basin with the help of his original overborrowing. Unofficial rumor had it that the grand total of GHK's debt was closer to six hundred million dollars, but who really knew? When you dealt with the GHK Companies, you could never be certain whether you were addressing Hefner personally or the GHK Company or







*"All my gadgets are old. I'd like some new gadgets."*

the GHK Company, Ltd., or the GHK Exploration Company or the GHK Gas Corporation, or Gasanadarko, Ltd., or Westwind Properties or North Block Gas, Ltd. And which of the partnerships or corporations that made up the GHK Companies owed what to which banks? Some creditors could not recall having seen audited GHK financial statements that were less than three years old. Some creditors were convinced that the truth was unknowable.

In terms of personality, Bob Hefner added up to more—*far more*—than GHK was or was likely to become. He had an impossible debt burden, and none of the proposed solutions could make anyone whole. He had his share of lawsuits—these in addition to fifty million dollars in liens filed against him by the end of 1982—but he had also cultivated a remarkably forgiving audience. His trade creditors, investors, and bankers all recognized that they would have to sacrifice much to salvage anything from the Hefner workout, and his genius lay in having left them with no other choice. A workout plan was signed March 31, 1983, and that led several of the parties to refer to it subsequently as "the April Fools' Eve agreement." It was not that everybody there was a fool. If natural gas, then selling for three

dollars and fifty cents a thousand cubic feet, went back to nine dollars—if the sun rose one day in the west—they would all be in the clear.

Diverse factors had delivered Hefner and his creditors to this impasse. In 1980, a farmout agreement that Hefner had arranged with the Mobil Oil Corporation provided him with thirty-two million dollars in cash plus a commitment from Mobil to drill two hundred million dollars' worth of deep-gas wells in the Anadarko Basin. So pleasant was this experience that Hefner decided to try to pull off another deal just like it. His lease acquisitions in the Anadarko Basin during 1981 cost more than eighty million dollars. By 1982, he had again run out of cash. The leases had three-year fuses. GHK owned interests in two hundred and eight wells that were being drilled the day the Penn Square Bank closed. Of that total, GHK operated twenty-three wells. During drilling, the daily operating cost of a well averaged twenty thousand dollars. If cash became available, Hefner could think of a way to spend it. In 1981, he had borrowed a hundred million dollars from Continental Illinois and an additional thirty-four million from other upstream banks. Hefner needed money on his terms—long terms. Not only did he remain unafraid of debt but

he seemed unable to live in any other condition. The failure of the Penn Square Bank, however, was a circumstance that he had not anticipated.

SOON after the Penn Square Bank became extinct, Hefner had a dream in which he was hovering above the earth, floating comfortably, enjoying the view, until God came along and slapped him in the face with a four-by-four. God said, "Take that, and remember it before you decide to come out here next time." Meaning that Hefner had overreached, had tried to outsmart reality, and even he knew it. The endless need for operating capital had created the inconvenience of the QOL note. Seafirst, which held a lien against the seven drilling rigs that ostensibly formed the QOL collateral, seized the equip-

ment and sold the whole mess at auction for twenty cents on the dollar. As a result, Seafirst lost most of the thirteen million dollars that it was owed by Frank Mahan and Billy Rowsey, the original owners of the rigs. Chase Manhattan, however, the bank that had lent the money first to Mahan-Rowsey Drilling and then to QOL, traded a dubious twenty-four-million-dollar credit for a dubious thirty-one-million-three-hundred-thousand-dollar credit. The QOL fiasco generated a Chase Manhattan lawsuit against Hefner, a Hefner countersuit, bad publicity. Hefner believed that he was his own harshest critic. A dream about God slapping him with a four-by-four was a form of self-criticism.

Not that Hefner gave up trying to outsmart reality. He remained gaudily quotable. To make points, he invoked Darwin, Einstein, an Italian mathematician named Cesare Marchetti, and himself. His favorite quotation from himself was "To the extent that mankind is eternal, resources are infinite." At no time did he cease to sermonize and philosophize in the name of methane. "Men walked on the moon in 1969," he would say. "And for the first time human beings could actually look down upon the planet and stare at its finiteness. The Club of Rome wrote





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about the 'limits to growth' in 1972. The Club of Rome wasn't dangerous—just wrong. Methane is pervasive. We have an earth that is still outgassing substantially, and we can depend with confidence that methane will be the fuel of the next several centuries."

Hefner stayed in motion, campaigned shamelessly. Without Penn Square, where could money be found? He looked for surrogate bankers—for new deep pockets. He seemed indefatigable. I observed him once during a twenty-four-hour rotation through the District of Columbia. ("Well, we can't drill, we might as well be in Washington.") Among other reasons, he made the trip because Congress was threatening to decontrol all natural-gas prices in a way that would have discriminated against Hefner's beloved deep gas. Washington had become a frustrating place. After supporting Jimmy Carter in 1976, Hefner had not only switched to Ronald Reagan in 1980 but had also become a Republican Eagle—a ten-thousand-dollar donor in his own right—and a proselytizer who recruited ten or twelve other Eagles. And now Hefner could not persuade George Bush to give five minutes of his time—whenever, wherever—to some people from the Bank of Tokyo who seemed eager to invest a billion dollars in American industry, including, perhaps, natural-gas exploration. A conversation with the Japanese Ambassador was one item on Hefner's Washington agenda. He kept appointments with a senator from Idaho and a representative from Indiana and a representative from Michigan, lunched with a senator from Kansas, dined with a representative from Oklahoma. He literally lobbied in the Senate lobby, cornered a senator from Louisiana, a senator from Oklahoma. He attended a meeting of the National Petroleum Council and listened to a speech by the Secretary of Energy. At the Japanese Embassy, Hefner and the Ambassador discussed nuclear power (Hefner was con, the Ambassador was pro), natural-gas cogeneration (Hefner said his industry was a great place to invest money, there were plenty of bargains), and golf (the Ambassador was an ardent follower of the game).

"And you are from what state? Colorado?" the Ambassador asked.

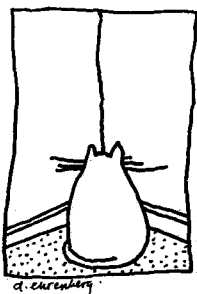
"Oklahoma."

When Hefner and the Ambassador

shook hands and parted, the billion dollars from the Bank of Tokyo was still in Japan.

**W**HATEVER disappointments might come Hefner's way, Elk City, Oklahoma, situated in the ventricle of the Anadarko Basin, would always have citizens who loved him. Minus the methane that lay beneath it, Elk City might have been just another bunch of road signs on the way to Amarillo: one of those places where you could buy cactus jelly and genuine handmade Indian pottery, turquoise and copper, hats, belts, knives, mounted longhorns, rattlesnake skins, souvenir plates of the fifty states; a trading post where you and the kids could see a live buffalo or spend a night in the safari campground. With free-market methane, it turned out to be a place to spend a billion or so bucks quickly.

Elk City's population—twelve thousand—made it a borderline metropolis by Oklahoma standards, but three-quarters of the people in Elk City had not been living there ten years earlier. There had been an oil boom during the nineteen-fifties, but it bore no resemblance to the monster that Bob Hefner fostered. Along the roads leading out of town, equipment and service contractors erected cinder-block field offices: pipe and valve and tool suppliers, drillers, truckers, rig skidders, tubular inspectors, blowout agencies, mud companies, fishing specialists, dozer operators, tank transporters, waste haulers, welders, perforators, wire-line loggers. Next came Pizza Hut, Long John Silver's, Mexican fast food, and "luxury condos." Wise citizens knew better than to complain. When the lease brokers showed up



this time, offering mineral owners a thousand and then fifteen hundred and then twenty-five hundred and eventually four thousand dollars an acre in bonus money, the wheat and cotton farmers must have felt divinely redeemed. Rising equipment and fuel and fertilizer costs had got them wondering why they even bothered anymore. But when deep-gas prices made things start happening so fast, if you still owned your land and your mineral rights you looked like a wizard by virtue of having survived. Uncultivated surface in this part of the Anadarko Basin had a wavy, erratic

relief that gave it the look of a vast strip mine that had been poorly reclaimed. The topsoil was red, unpromising, full of more clay than nutrients. To a farmer who had broken even four years in a row, a lease bonus of two hundred thousand dollars for eighty acres probably seemed less like a windfall than like simple justice.

The bonuses and the Monopoly-money royalty checks that sometimes followed failed to uproot reality in Elk City. It was against the law to put on airs. The architecture was Prairie Clapboard, painted white. If you lived in town but happened to own, say, a hundred and twenty acres of minerals outside of town and someone came along and leased it and drilled a producer and now your royalty check every month equalled your annual salary, the social code said that you were allowed to plant fresh sod where the weed patch used to grow, add brick borders to the flower beds, repaint the white clapboards and maybe add a dark trim, trade up to a nicer Chrysler, and stick the balance in a C.D. down at the bank.

One day after the boom had died, I went to Elk City to see a friend of a friend. Driving into town, I passed the Robert A. Hefner III Municipal Airport. I was on my way to see a man who felt more than a little grateful for the existence of Bob Hefner. His name was Huff Kelly, and he ran a one-horse oil-and-gas operation out of a ground-floor office in one of Elk City's three commercial banks. Huff Kelly used to be part of a group that had controlled the bank. When the group sold it, as the boom peaked, the deposits totalled sixty million dollars. Two years later, deposits were down by six million dollars, but the bank remained profitable. Kelly had kept his seat on the board of directors. He was a short, neat gray-haired man with a high forehead, chipmunk cheeks, and an imperturbable manner. He wore a white shirt and a beige necktie. His eyeglasses had square lenses and silver-wire frames. He played with an unlit cigar.

Entering Kelly's office, I passed the desk of a copper-haired middle-aged woman, whom I took to be a receptionist. The office was done up in the modest Western-contemporary style. There was dark wood panelling, comfortable teak and oak furniture, a couple of floor-to-ceiling windows that offered a view of Third Street, Elk City's main east-west thoroughfare. A large map covered most of one wall. It

# "I put my heart into it."

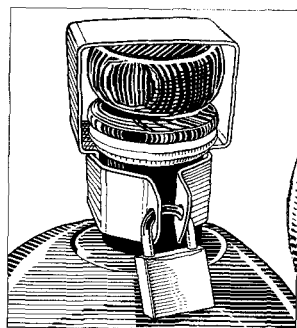
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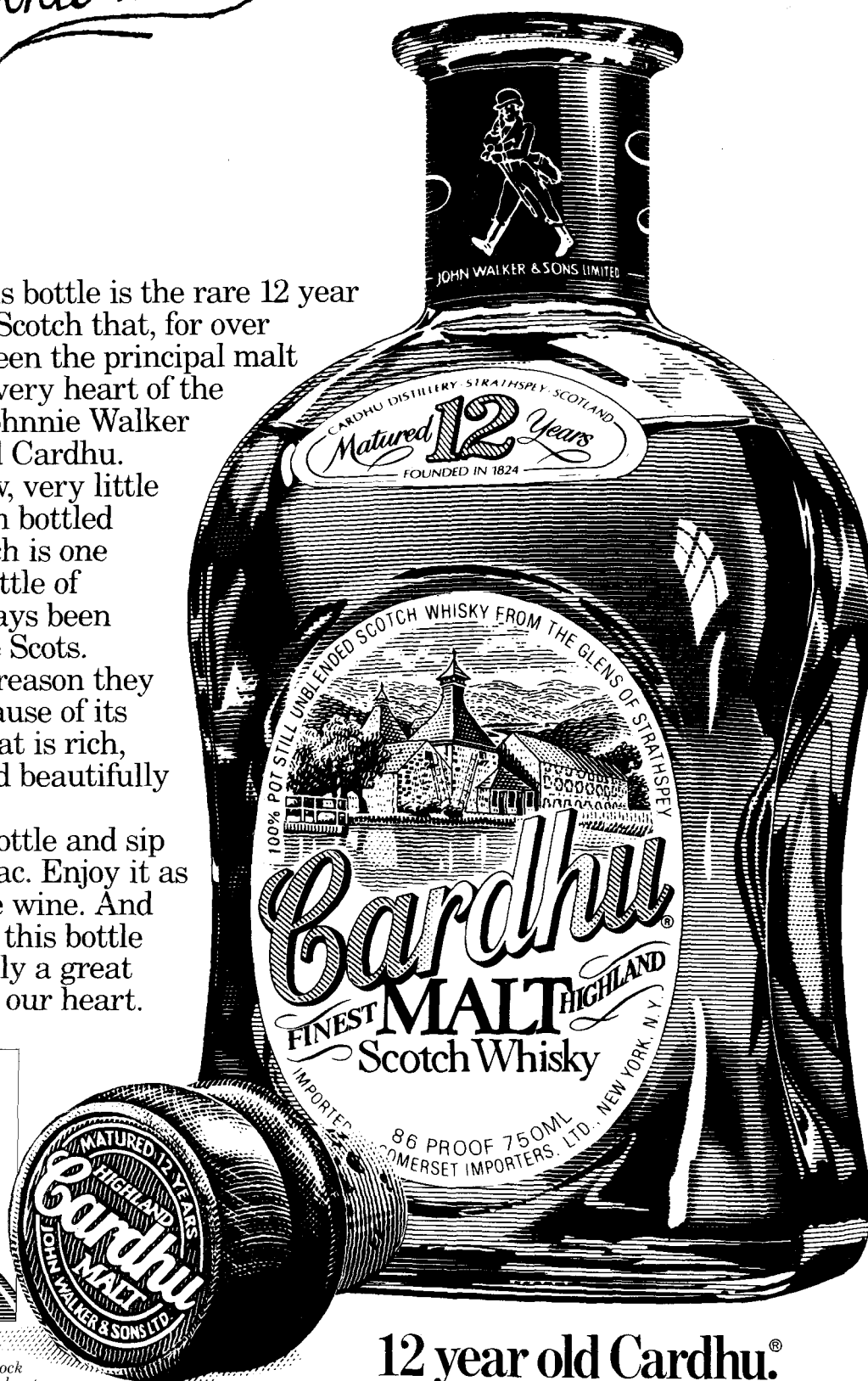
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showed all the oil-and-gas activity within the eleven Oklahoma counties that are part of the Anadarko Basin. Any square-mile section in which drilling had begun or was about to begin was shaded with green pencil. Orange shading denoted a producing well, blue a dry hole. There was plenty of blue, but orange and green predominated, and the orange was spread all around the map. Next to the map was a bulletin board. A picture postcard of Susan Powell, who was Miss America of 1981, and who came from Elk City, was pinned to the board. Some plaques for distinguished citizenship decorated the wall behind Kelly's desk. The "out" box on his desk contained a plastic flyswatter and a check for a dollar and sixty-seven cents.

Huff Kelly and I chatted for almost an hour, during which the copper-haired woman casually wandered in and out—to look up this or that lease on the big map, to help Huff recall the name of someone's bankrupt well-servicing firm, to contribute her thoughts about the true value of the dollar. It took Huff a while to get around to formally introducing us, and by then I had gathered that she was not a receptionist. She was the bank's senior vice-president and cashier. Also, she was an important customer. She wore a rose-colored blouse and blue slacks and no jewelry. With a few baubles, she could have easily blended into the mah-jongg crowd that my mother used to run with. Huff said that his daddy and her daddy had migrated to western Oklahoma from West Virginia and had begun to accumulate minerals in 1929. Her name was Martha Ann Kelly, and she was Huff's first cousin.

At one point, Huff mentioned Martha Ann's ten-acre, one-eighth-royalty interest in a well near the Texas border. She stepped over to the map and pointed it out for me. Ever since the Oklahoma Corporation Commission issued new rules that had the effect of reducing gas purchases by the pipelines, Martha Ann's income from that particular well had been reduced by ninety per cent. It now brought her only three hundred dollars a month. When Martha Ann was out of earshot, Huff mentioned that her oil-and-gas-production earnings the previous year had been four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This led to a general discussion of some of the God-given benefits of inhabiting the earth above the Anadarko Basin. Martha Ann rejoined the conversa-

tion. She asked me how many millionaires I thought there were in Elk City. I said I had no idea. Martha Ann said that she wasn't sure, either, but if you lined up the townspeople the ones dressed in the most worn and faded overalls would turn out to be the wealthiest. We got around to the local florist and mineral owner who had decided to use his new riches to build Elk City's first health club and spa.

"We're both charter members," Huff said. "But that place doesn't stay open enough hours to make money yet. They've been closing it on weekends."

"That hasn't affected me," Martha Ann said. "My back's been acting up lately."

"They need to add a swimming pool," Huff said.

"I don't miss the crowds that were in this town two years ago," Martha Ann said. "There was no place to put them. We had people living out by the lake, living in the park, living in their cars. The traffic was so bad it got to where I wouldn't try to drive my car across all four lanes of Third Street. If I needed to get to the other side, I'd make a right and then down a block and then a left and another left—go two blocks out of my way. Now you can cross Third Street again. We had girls thumbing rides out at the edge of town. Then we had girls in shorts and high heels thumbing rides. There were hippies walking up and down Third Street. We had what sure looked like the Hell's Angels here, too. We don't have any of that stuff anymore. Some of these stores were so crowded I'd walk right in and see all those people and walk right out."

The phone rang. It was a friend of Huff's asking whether he knew what was going on in Section 23 of Township 11, Range 23, in Beckham County. Martha Ann walked over to the map and found the answer, and then she went back to her desk. When Huff had finished with the call, we talked for a few more minutes, during which he used the flyswatter to defend his work station against some invaders. When the phone rang again, I decided that it was time to say goodbye. On my way past Martha Ann's

desk, I saw that she was studying the Elk City phone directory—a slender tome. "I'm looking for millionaires," she said. "I don't know about the people that have the supply companies. I'm just counting the mineral owners, the ones I know about whom we've banked. I'm only through the 'A's and the 'B's. I've counted forty-seven."

**B**ETWEEN the long-term potential and the short-term economics of the Anadarko Basin—between the field and the furnace—distortions persisted. A well like the Tomcat—an Anadarko wildcat that had blown out of control in a spectacular fashion in January of 1981—would come along and encourage everyone to abandon common sense. Then pipelines bid up the price of gas to nine dollars per thousand cubic feet, wells got drilled for economic rather than geologic reasons, and shallow pay zones got passed up in favor of deeper but more-expensive-to-reach reserves. This was all a perfect setup for the chaos in the natural-gas marketplace that came on the heels of the Penn Square Bank failure. A securities analysis published by one major brokerage firm early in 1982 noted that "the deep Anadarko Basin remains the most exciting exploration play in the country" and that "gas contracts are economically protected in a multitude of ways and competition for gas supplies remains strong." By autumn, gas purchasers—mainly the pipeline companies—were abrogating contracts left and right and with impunity. The year began with four hundred and fifty rigs working in the Anadarko Basin, spread over Texas and Oklahoma, and by Christmas the rig count was down to half that. In November, the Kerr-McGee Corporation abruptly halted drilling—just yanked the bits and pulled the rigs—on eleven deep exploratory wells.

The similes changed. No longer was deep drilling like elephant hunting. Now it was "like picking apples with a helicopter," "like dangling a string of spaghetti from the top of a ten-story building to try to thread a darned needle at ground level." The gas, of course, was still down there, but the haste of the boom had overtaken the technical expertise of many of the players. Then Okie independents who had successfully completed deep wells got caught between the bankers and the pipelines. By the spring of 1983, "take-or-pay"



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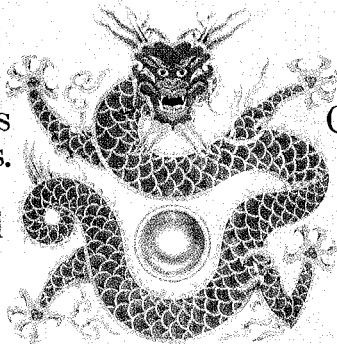
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eight-dollar deep gas was selling for three dollars and fifty cents a thousand cubic feet. A take-or-pay clause said that a pipeline had to pay a certain price for a certain amount of product whether or not the pipeline took delivery. The flip side of take-or-pay was "market-out." A market-out clause enabled a pipeline company to reduce gas purchases or lower prices if the market—the supply and demand—suddenly made a contract uneconomical. Life was unfair. Pipelines discovered that they could market-out even when a contract contained no such provision. The producers were forced to sell gas at a loss. They would not have drilled if they had known that the gas would bring three-fifty rather than seven-fifty or nine-fifty, but even the uneconomical lower price beat no cash flow at all. A gas producer's prudent banker might have evaluated natural-gas reserves by projecting a price rise to the equivalent of sixty-dollar-a-barrel oil. Even with no price rise, loan losses should have been avoidable. Even with a drop in price, the losses should not have been severe enough to cause panic. What no bankers foresaw, however, was that the pipelines would simply stop taking and paying for the gas that they had agreed to buy.

Heaped atop the shambles of the marketplace were questions about what Congress would do next. Decontrol all gas prices? Recontrol deep gas? Natural gas was being imported from Canada and liquefied natural gas was coming in from Algeria, and both were protected by take-or-pay contracts. But who was brave enough to abrogate a take-or-pay agreement with a foreign government? The price that consumers paid for natural gas remained high. Domestic producers, meanwhile, had financed their exploration with collateral that suddenly had no market. That another gas shortage was bound to come along in four or five years offered no consolation. Too much gas at too high a price—a contravention of the law of supply and demand. You could hear the heavy clanging of doors as the experts who had predicted exactly the opposite of what was happening clambered back into their think tanks. From backstage came a falsetto whine, a chorus of fair-weather free-marketeers fretting over the prospect that oil, then selling for twenty-nine dollars a barrel, might fall to twenty dollars a barrel; that the price-fixing conspiracy (OPEC) that had once committed the nation to "the moral equivalent of war" might disintegrate; and



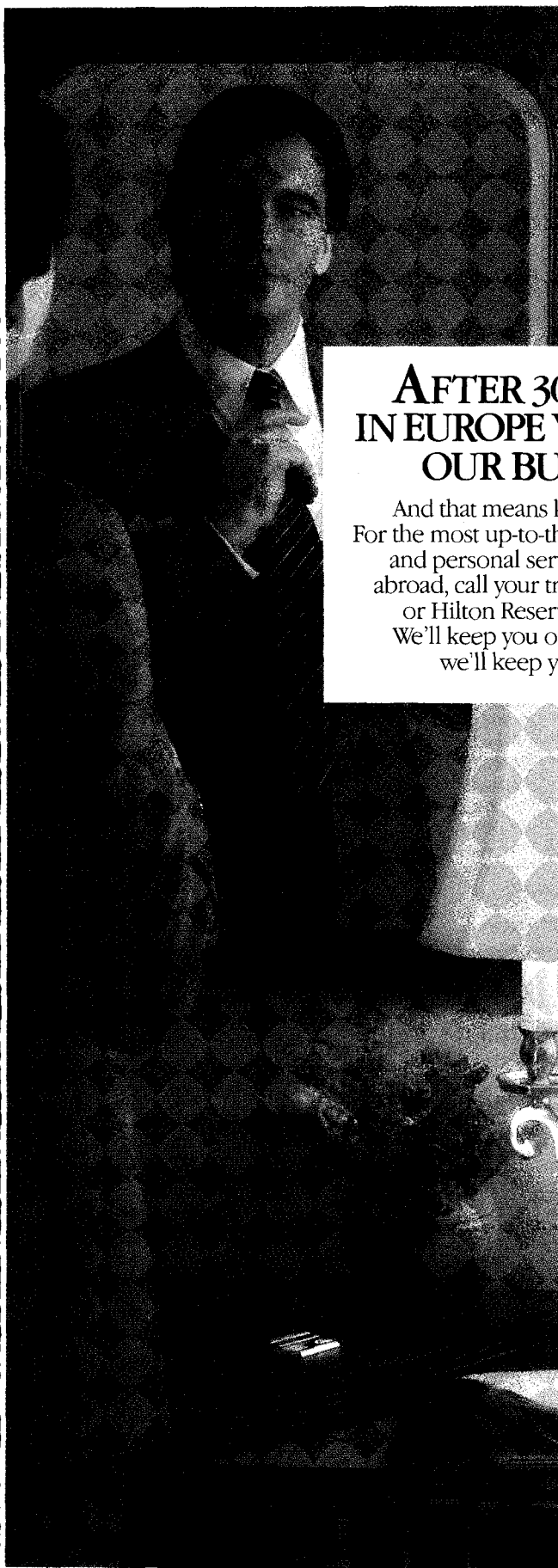
## THE NEW YORKER

that industrialized economies, East and West, might disintegrate along with it.

"J. D. ALLEN is generally not paying his debts as such debts become due" was one of the observations contained in an involuntary-bankruptcy petition filed in Oklahoma City in early February of 1983. Three banks—Crocker National, of San Francisco; Continental Illinois; and Seattle—First National—collaborated on this petition, and they noted that the debtor, a hyperactive customer of the Penn Square Bank and its five major upstream correspondent banks, was on the line to them and others for an amount "in excess of \$300 million." Not long after this filing, J. D. Allen responded with a petition of his own, seeking to amend his bankruptcy from involuntary to voluntary, identifying the exact amount owed as three hundred and seventeen million dollars, and requesting six months to negotiate with his creditors. The day after this news became public, Allen told an acquaintance, by way of explaining the fix he was in, "The problem is these people in the oil business today are out of touch with reality."

During a creditors' meeting that resulted from Allen's own get-together with reality, one of his attorneys made a brief but stirring speech. All of Penn Square's major upstream correspondent banks sent representatives to the meeting. They did not have one another's best interests at heart. "Everyone here wants to blame someone else, and no one seems to understand what happened," Allen's attorney said. "You bankers say, 'None of this is our fault. Just give us our money back.' But what you're forgetting is that you told J. D. Allen that his signature was worth millions. And then he walked into the bank and signed his name more than three hundred times. He signed lots of blank notes. And you encouraged that. Who's to blame?"

Had J. D. Allen assumed that the money he borrowed was free? Or had he simply failed to keep track of the grand total? Contained within those questions were implications that defied easy unravelling. Stretching, I could contemplate the marvellousness of the J. D. Allen saga—how, say, one day you're sleeping in your car and then, just a little piece down the road, you're three hundred and seventeen million in debt. I could understand how you might meet Carl Swan, a successful entrepreneur who is loved and ad-



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mired, and how you might get Swan to co-sign a personal note, and how in the process you could meet some big-time bankers, turn a couple of high-dollar deals, and pretty soon find yourself borrowing big-time money on your own signature. Once that happens, it is not unreasonable to go from being a Democrat to being a holier-than-the-Pope Republican. Then, if history makes a few weird turns, Ronald Reagan can get elected President of the United States and you can find yourself on airplanes to Africa and on banquet daises with the likes of Gerald Ford and Wayne Newton. I know how a snowball works and how a young stud from Ringling, Oklahoma, can get appointed by the Secretary of Energy to the National Petroleum Council. Momentum I can fathom. One element of the J. D. Allen equation I still do not grasp, however, and that is: How can a fellow's liabilities all get mistaken for assets?

None of J.D.'s tribulations did Carl Swan any good. Swan's chronic co-signing finally caught up with him. A financial statement prepared late in 1981 said that his net worth was eighty million dollars. During the next few months, it began to look not that solid. He told friends that he had been raised on a truck driver's salary and he could live on one again if he had to. It is not inconceivable that Swan began to rue the day that his good friend Bill P. (Beep) Jennings, the chairman of the Penn Square Bank, had introduced him to J. D. Allen. Upon the closing of the bank, Swan, as a director, acquired some serious contingent liabilities. Even before that event, his horizon had begun to cloud over. The Longhorn Oil & Gas Company, which meant Carl Swan and J. D. Allen and the company's securities brokers and lawyers and accountants, and Bill Jennings and Bill Patterson and other Penn Square officers and directors—about fifty defendants in all—began collecting lawsuits from Longhorn investors around the country, about eighty plaintiffs in all, mainly limited partners in various Longhorn drilling programs. Bill Jennings was said to have once told some prospective Longhorn investors, "This deal is too safe for me." Then, to his and everyone else's unpleasant surprise, Longhorn failed to discover sufficient oil and gas. That oversight led the banks that had lent Longhorn money to try to collect against the letters of credit that Longhorn's lim-



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ited partners had pledged when they made their original, highly leveraged investments. To avoid having this happen, the investors decided to sue, alleging securities fraud. Several Longhorn drilling programs headed for bankruptcy court.

Allen's insolvency was tough to penetrate. To one degree or another, J. D. Allen, a.k.a. Jerry Dale Allen, was also J. D. Allen Industries and J. D. Allen & Company and the Allen Energy Corporation and Continental Drilling and Continental Resources and Texoma Resources and Diversified Oilfield Services and Texas Upsetting & Finishing and High Plains Drilling Company and Cimarron Drilling and Denton Brothers Drilling and a dozen or so Longhorn Oil & Gas drilling programs and another dozen or so real or paper entities. I took myself to the courthouse and perused the bankruptcy file. I saw that Allen wanted to be protected not only from Chase Manhattan and Continental Illinois and Seafirst and Northern Trust and Michigan National but also from the electric company and the dry cleaner and the tobacconist. I saw that he was paying forty dollars a month for medical treatment at the Center for the Whole Being. I saw that he had requested eight thousand dollars a month for personal living expenses, and I saw a petition filed by one of his creditors that said, "If the debtor wants income on which to live, he should get a job and earn it." I saw that the proverbial bottom line amounted to a hilarious number, but I still awaited a deeper revelation of how it had happened. So I paid several visits to Allen himself.

Allen conducted most of his business in the Oil Center, a pair of twelve-story boxes on a service road next to an expressway, less than a mile from the Penn Square shopping mall. His suite was on the eleventh floor, next door to Carl Swan's and eleven floors above the still surviving Junior's, the restaurant where in happier times some of the more slapstick-prone friends of the Penn Square Bank had wine and dined and occasionally flung dinner rolls and anchovies.

The first time I went to see Allen, not long after the filing of his bankruptcy petition, he wore a neatly tailored gray pin-striped suit and a custom-fitted white shirt and an all-silk club tie. He smoked a long, thin cigar and drank iced tea and told me that he would be ready for some *hombre a hombre* just as soon as he got all

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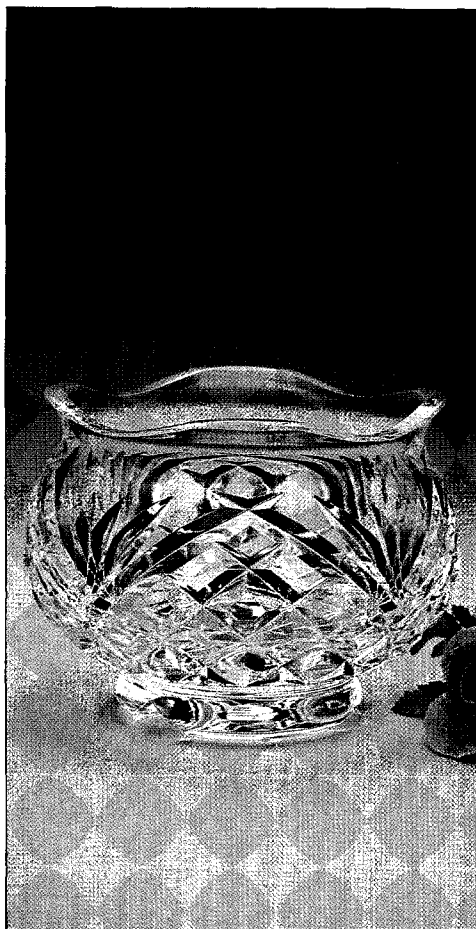


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his problems straightened out. That meant settling the three hundred and seventeen million in liabilities and resolving the Longhorn litigation. All this, he said, would take about sixty days. He laughed at odd moments—a high-pitched “heh-heh.” The next time I went to see him, he spoke of some deals he was promoting in Africa, where he was trying to find work for Continental Drilling’s rigs. When I asked how he went about such a task, he explained, “I know the leaders of several African countries.” He mentioned some African countries, but he did not mention any leaders by name. One day, Allen promised that he would eventually recite his thoughts and feelings about the behavior of Penn Square’s upstream banks. Although we never did get around to that, I inferred his thoughts and feelings when I later read in the newspaper that he was suing Continental Illinois for one billion two hundred million dollars, accusing the bank’s top executives of conspiring to seize and destroy J. D. Allen Industries.

As a rule, before I was allowed to see the man himself I was required to sit awhile in the waiting room, and I did not mind that a bit, because it gave me a chance to read *Drilling: The Wellsite Magazine*—catch up on the latest in downhole technology—and to admire the abilities of the receptionist, a young woman with blond hair who knew how to operate a telephone that had a forty-eight-button console. (“Now, what was your name again? And who was it you was wantin’ to talk to? And who’d you say you was with?”) One time, waiting for Allen to become available, I chatted with an assistant who told me that as soon as Iraq and Iran got serious about bombing refineries the oil business would bounce back. The next time I dropped in, this member of the brain trust had moved on. At J. D. Allen Industries, bankruptcy meant retrenchment, and retrenchment meant fearless prioritizing.

The lettering on the glass entrance to Allen’s suite said “J. D. ALLEN INDUSTRIES” in characters about five inches high. In the reception area, there were brass overhead-light fixtures, beige carpeting, a sofa with that nubbly oatmeal-toned upholstery, a small Persian throw rug, three silk bird drawings, and a Chinese war scene on silk. Against another wall stood an Oriental red lacquer cabinet from the Early Pier 1 dynasty. Inside it were some brass goblets and brass

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trays. The furnishings in Allen's inner office were elegant. Among the contents of one glass display case were a porcelain vase, a glass egg, a couple of porcelain tigers, a bronze casting of a longhorn skull, and a wooden box the cover of which was shaped like Ronald Reagan's cowboy hat. The room also contained a big walnut desk, an ornately carved mahogany sideboard from China, some hunting scenes, a yucca, a rubber plant, and some ferns. A gilt-framed English horse painting gave the place a little Paul Mellon touch. All around the room, almost always autographed, were photographs of Allen in the company of various Republican luminaries: George Bush ("With warm best wishes"), Howard Baker, Gerald Ford (twice, including "To my good friend J. D. Allen with best regards"), Bill Brock, John Connally (with wife), Alexander Haig. Ronald Reagan stared at a visitor from several directions. There were three shots of Allen and the President—two at poolside, one at the White House—and a pencil portrait of Reagan on one wall. Marie Osmond smiled while she posed with Allen. And perched on the shelf of a breakfront there was a black-and-white glossy head shot of the actor Hugh O'Brian, inscribed "J.D. you are a super guy. See you wherever the waters run deep. Hugh."

My final conversation with Allen took place not long before Christmas of 1983. By then, his bankruptcy petition had grown some mold, and no workable plan for repaying the three hundred and seventeen million dollars had been devised. For a change, the receptionist sent me right in to see him. Allen said he had just returned from England, where he had gone to talk to some major-money people about getting his rigs working in the Sudan. We chatted about the weather (awful windy) and briefly vivisected the national banking system (awful bad). Before ten minutes had gone by, Allen apologized for not being more fun to talk to. He was still tired from his trip. Plus, he had really tied one on the night before. A secretary entered the room and handed him a packet of Christmas cards to sign. He said that a lot of people were counting on receiving cards from him—it just meant a lot to them—so he was doing it. He signed while we talked. Allen's autograph was oversized and earnestly legible, and, with a flourish, at the end he drew an oval around the entire signature.

When I asked Allen how he felt



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about his fiscal dilemma, he became philosophical.

"It's like football," he said. "You might hand the ball off and not score a touchdown and end up saying, 'I regret that, not trying the quarterback sneak.' If you think you're never gonna play another game, never get to run that play again, you might be sorry. But I'm not done playing this game."

I recalled that right after the 1980 Presidential election loyalists within the J. D. Allen organization had drumrolled a campaign to get him an ambassadorship. "A post he would feel comfortable with," the company line went. "Maybe Luxembourg or Ireland or the Ivory Coast—one of those places." Looking back, did Allen feel that things might have turned out more happily if he had pursued public service full time?

"I'm too blunt to be a politician," he said. "You're in a fishbowl. If I wanna go out and get drunk, I'm gonna go out and get drunk. If I wanna raise some hell, I'm gonna do that. If you're a politician, you can't do that. You can get away with that stuff if you're an ambassador to a little country, because it's not an elected position. I didn't much care where I was ambassador, except that I didn't want some place like France or Britain, where you're in a fishbowl and you're never gonna accomplish anything, because each of those places is like a bureaucracy in itself."

When I reminded Allen that he was a man of action, he perked up.

"I'm an entrepreneur, a deal-maker," he said. "If I don't like someone, I tell 'em to kiss off and I walk out. I know how to say, 'Hey, this is my idea and it's a hell of a deal and it's gonna make you a hell of a lot of money and if you don't like it then so long.' All along, I've expected to be successful. People were always saying to me, 'God damn, J.D. You've got all these oil companies.' And I'd say, 'I always expected to have 'em.' Being successful and making money just come natural to me. I'm an idea person and a deal person. That's what I do best. I come up with an idea and make it happen. That's what I'm good at. I've never really considered school degrees to be useful. I like practical experience. I think that's where you learn—by doing it. I've never been a textbook person."

We were interrupted by another visit from the secretary and then by a phone call, and then Allen picked up

where he had left off, saying, "I doubt that anybody has created the number of companies that I did in my time. I wanted to help people that were trying to get started. When I first started out, I made my knuckles black and blue knocking on doors. I wore out shoes. I didn't want to tell people with an idea, 'You're too young, come back when you're old,' or 'Come back after you've done it.' I never liked it when people told me that."

I studied Allen—his thin, dark mustache, his round, dimpled face, his round and indistinct physique. That day, he was wearing a plaid Western shirt, ostrich boots, bluejeans, and a belt with a silver buckle studded with turquoise pieces the size of shooting marbles. He was thirty-six years old. Like his great friend Wayne Newton, he looked no age at all.

Another ten minutes passed, and it felt like time to go. The last Christmas card had been signed. On Allen's desk sat a copy of a Christmas memento that he had sent to friends a couple of years earlier. It was poetry-as-a-paperweight, an engraving frozen in Lucite, titled "The Wildcat," signed by J. D. Allen ("Have a prosperous year"):

Running high and looking good  
Just like wildcats do and should.  
Fifty feet and sometimes higher  
It fills the owner's soul with fire.

Although there's stretch in every  
line,  
It's running high and looking fine.  
The driller often slips a string  
But that is just a trifling thing.

They cut a sand line, make a splice,  
But only do it once or twice.  
They use a steel line in a pinch—  
The driller's never off an inch.

Geologists now come take the dope  
And with a shining microscope  
They study sand and shale and lime.  
To think this out takes lots of time.

With their colossal brains they ponder.

Mouth-opened farmers stand and wonder.

Lease brokers stand in line and wait.

He speaks, "She's running high,  
looking great."

A thrill that shakes the very ground—

They've gone before you look around.

Royalties and leases sell,  
She's running high and looking swell.

Three months have passed—another scene.

The rig is gone, the grass is green.  
The gaping slush pit, cracked and dried.

An optimist, here, fought and died.  
So thus it is with wildcat wells,  
They're spudded in with clanging bells.

When plugged and shouts of joy have died,  
You wonder who in hell has lied.

Knowing that the poem was older than J.D., I asked him who had written it.

"I did," he said, arching his brown eyebrows and letting out a "heh-heh." "Babysitting a well one night in my car, it just came to me."

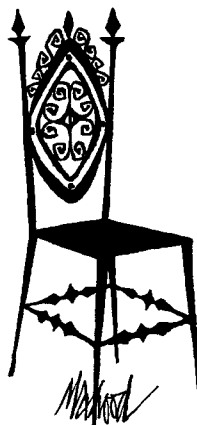
When we shook hands, I wished Allen happy holidays and told him I hoped another boom would come his way soon.

"I didn't get into this business during the boom," he said. "I started out when oil was three dollars a barrel. I wasn't in on any short-term deals. I wasn't after a quick buck. If I had been, I would've gone public and sold out. But when you get to be a public company you're trying to make dividend payments rather than trying to make the company grow. I'm a growth person. If I'd sold out, I coulda made a fortune, but I don't regret not having done it. I can still do it. It's no big deal. The oil business went down. The gas business went to hell. I'm probably the only person in this whole deal that's young enough to make use of this disaster. Hell, I haven't hit the prime of my life. I loved wheelin' and dealin'. And women. Oh, I love women. I have no regrets. I'll build another empire. It won't take me long. It didn't take that long to do the last one."

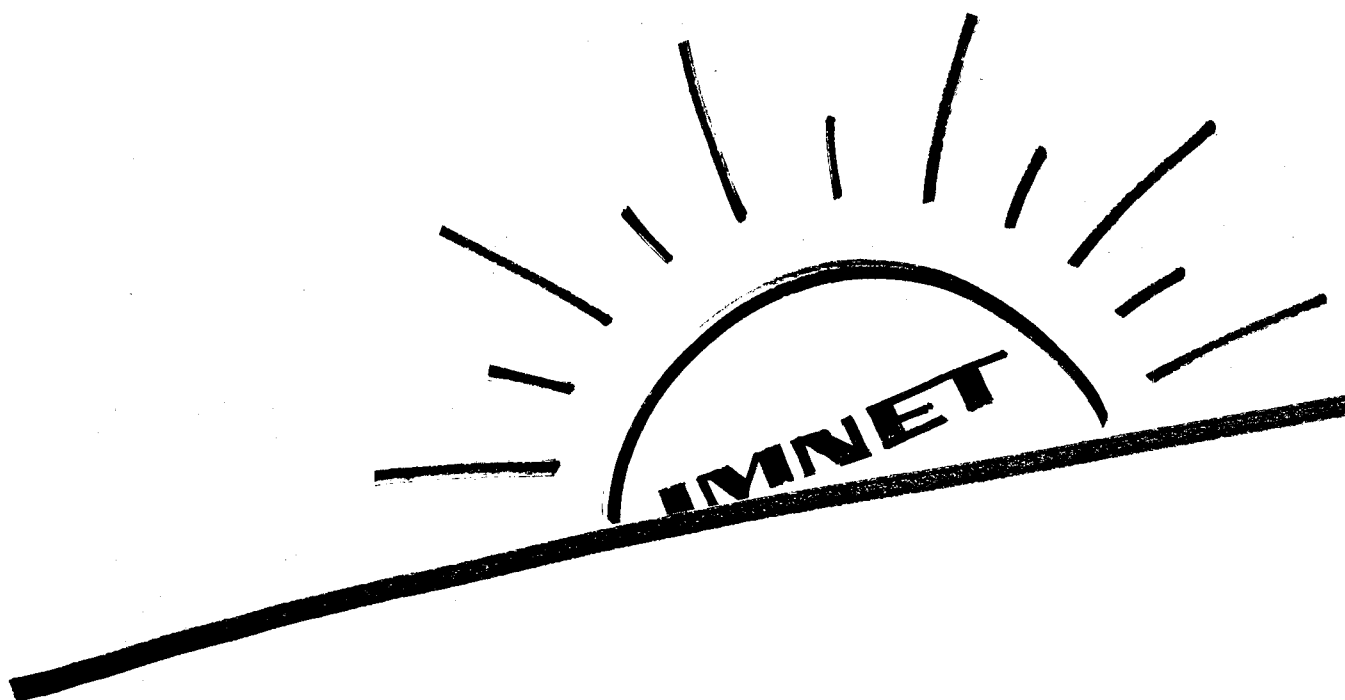
THE beauty of the Tomcat gas well was as mixed as its blessings. Blowing out, rocketing methane from sixteen hundred feet of open hole, it possessed the fierce, sublime, deafening wild beauty of nature out of control. And it possessed an earthy Okie beauty, raw and luxuriant. The vapor that disappeared into the Oklahoma sky in the winter of 1981 was money—maybe the first installment of a billion dollars. At night, ignited, the well's astounding flares were worthy of any self-respecting war zone. The possibility that the Tomcat could be controlled gave it a mythical aura. The aura enveloped in instant legend Clifford W. Culpepper, the president of the Ports of Call Oil Company,

which operated the Tomcat. It enveloped Kenneth Ellison, a geologist who almost twenty years earlier had died broke while trying to explore the Fort Cobb anticline, the geologic structure in the deep Anadarko Basin which the Tomcat tapped. And it enveloped Kenneth Ellison's successors: his son, Clark, and Buddy Appleby—prospectors who had traded with Culpepper a huge slice of their leasehold in the Fort Cobb. The aura of the Tomcat attracted to the ninety thousand acres of the Fort Cobb real dollars, funny dollars, and real, funny illusionists who would offer to sell you a deed to one square foot of Anadarko Basin minerals. Beyond the mythical aura lay the reality that the Tomcat could not be controlled, and that made the well a wonderful metaphor.

Starting out, the Tomcat was more than just another pretty gas well, and then odd fate and circumstance made it voluptuous. "People were looking for a Cinderella," Jim Niles, one of Cliff Culpepper's associates in Ports of Call, has reflected. "Ports of Call was a brand-new oil company, and Cliff Culpepper was a western-Oklahoma success story. Then you had Buddy Appleby and Clark Ellison, who'd been out there prospecting all those years—although mainly Buddy and, before Clark, his daddy, Kenneth. The Fort Cobb was a part of the Anadarko that hadn't been real hot, because everybody was paying attention to the Fletcher Field, farther south. The Tomcat was a well that had been looking extremely good if the gas sold for five dollars, and the next thing we knew we were talking to the pipelines about ten dollars. Those reporters who wrote stories about it heard that it was blowing a hundred and twenty million cubic feet a day, and they figured out that it could pay for itself in a week. They didn't want to hear that it wasn't all hooked up, or that even the gas that was hooked up had to be diverted and burned for hours at a time while you cleaned out the vents. Those details were too complicated. The utilities fed the whole deep-gas mass hysteria, because if they could get gas dedicated to them they could expand faster, they could justify building more pipelines. I had calls from pipeline companies that I'd never







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heard of wanting to buy Tomcat gas. You'd have thought it was magical gas."

Initially, Buddy Appleby and Clark Ellison and Cliff Culpepper agreed that for Culpepper to earn a share of the acreage that surrounded the Tomcat the Ports of Call Oil Company had to drill a producing well in the Hunton formation, about four miles deep. After making this deal, Culpepper leased from others more acreage, until he controlled two-thirds of the six-hundred-and-forty-acre unit in which the Tomcat was situated. Ports of Call still owned more than a third of the well when the big blowout occurred. At that point, Ports of Call could have farmed out every acre and banked a few million, but Culpepper seemed to prefer the idea of obscene profits. Some optimists had promised that there were two billion cubic feet of gas per foot in the pay zones of the Fletcher Field, southwest of the Fort Cobb. Why not in the Fort Cobb, too? All you had to do was drill and complete the well.

Cliff Culpepper grew up shoeless poor, no-daddy-around-the-house poor, in the nineteen-thirties. Later, he had a life that he could enjoy. In Santa Barbara, he came across a thirty-two-thousand-square-foot cliff dwelling that had been an important location in the film version of the Harold Robbins masterpiece "The Betsy." He bought it furnished, for three and a half million, just as the rig count peaked. It sat on four acres above the Pacific. I like to imagine Culpepper, the sovereign of that promontory, staring at the western ocean and thinking of the ways in which this beat Dust Bowl southern Oklahoma. When things rolled right, he had an ability to transmit enthusiasm. In Santa Barbara, he would listen to people complain about the offshore oil rigs. From the shore, you could hear them. "That's music to my ears," Culpepper would say. "You don't drill for oil, you can't drive your car. You don't drill for oil, there's lots of things you can't do."

The biggest Tomcat blowout, the one that lasted fourteen days, began January 27, 1981, seven months after drilling began. The Tomcat was supposed to have reached the Hunton by Christmas of 1980, and it was a mile short of its destination, in the Morrow-Springer sands, when it unloaded. It had blown out four months earlier,

and it would blow out twice more—four times in all. Ellison and Appleby amended their deal with Ports of Call. All that Culpepper had to do was complete a Morrow-Springer well. He never got there. The Tomcat went through two operators, two drilling contractors, three well bores, three whipstock attempts, thirty-two million dollars. It went on for three years and created seventy thousand feet of hole in Caddo County, Oklahoma. When it was finally completed, in May of 1983, Ports of Call had been in bankruptcy for six months. In distress, the company's interest had been traded down to three per cent. Bankruptcy was also the destiny of Robinson Brothers, the drilling company that succeeded Ports of Call as operator of the Tomcat. Robinson Brothers went from nine hundred employees to nine. (Continental Illinois had put up most of the money that Penn Square funnelled to Robinson Brothers—sixty million dollars.) The Tomcat flowed ten million cubic feet of gas a day. That could bring three dollars a thousand cubic feet—not quite the ten-dollar gas and the hundred and twenty million feet a day of the wonderful blowout. The well stood a vague chance of breaking even in seven or eight years, rather than in a week or ten days. The trajectory of the Tomcat delineated the inevitable path of the boom's deep-gas delirium. The Tomcat turned out to be a tar baby. It mocked, it hectored, it moralized. Greed is a mortal sin, it seemed to say. Greed is innate. Look what happens when you behave greedily in the presence of an awesomely valuable thing.



The F.D.I.C. held a claim of only one and a half million dollars in Ports of Call's bankruptcy. The total debt came to thirty-eight million. The company's assets actually exceeded its liabilities, but the assets were not very liquid. Ports of Call had spent twenty-four million dollars on the Tomcat. Culpepper owed himself a lot of money. He owned separate companies that had sold the Tomcat its pipe and air-charter service. His son, Mike, had sold it dozer work and diesel oil. One of Ports of Call's main trade creditors was the Glomar Drilling Company. When Glomar filed for bankruptcy, it owed the F.D.I.C. twelve million dollars—a debt that had been personally guaranteed by Culpepper. Another Culpepper venture, Hobo Drilling, was sued by Seafirst after allegedly

defaulting on its loan payments. Six months after Culpepper bought the house in Santa Barbara, he deeded it back to the original owner, relinquishing his million-dollar down payment.

ONE morning a while after the Tomcat was completed, my telephone rang and it was Cliff Culpepper calling, suggesting that I meet him at his office in half an hour. I said, "Great," and then I made myself presentable and hustled over there—to a seven-story building on a dismal commercial strip across the avenue from the largest Western-wear store in Oklahoma City. Although Culpepper still held the title of president of the Ports of Call Oil Company, in bankruptcy his responsibilities were more or less limited to monitoring the fellow who monitored the field operations. I arrived at his office on time, but he had disappeared. An oil well about fifteen miles west of town was having some salt-water-disposal problems, and Culpepper had dispatched himself in that direction. Salt-water disposal had been one of his specialties ever since his brine-hauling truck-driving days, back in the forties and fifties.

After I had waited in a reception area about forty-five minutes—long enough to do a close textual analysis of an entire issue of *Sunbelt Executive: The Guide to Business Pleasure and Wellness Decisions*—Culpepper showed up. He wore a blue cotton sports shirt and blue belted trousers. He did not look as if he had been occupied with pleasure and wellness decisions. He looked tired and weatherworn. His lined face sagged, and the forelock of his gray hair lay down around his eyebrows. Although he was only fifty-eight years old, he could have passed for an experienced pensioner. I gathered that he was trying to rebound from an illness. There had been reports a few months earlier that he had had a stroke, although Culpepper himself was not convinced. One night, his wife, Mickey, summoned an ambulance. Cliff told the attendants, "Nothing wrong with me. Just a little bad vodka. Never mind. Sit down, boys. Mix yourself a drink." It might not have been a stroke that made Cliff look so spectral. It might have just been God's wear and tear. Or he might have been under the influence of the vile parts of insolvency.

Culpepper's office was not spacious: maybe eight by ten—a significant scal-



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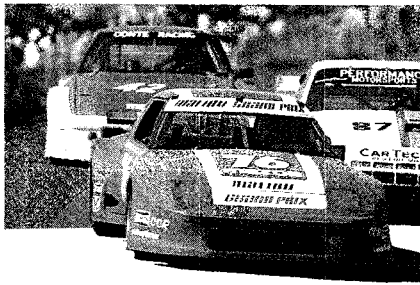
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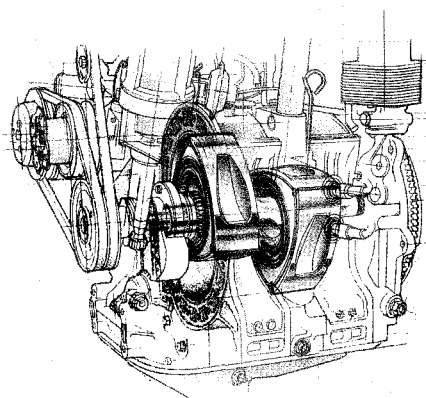
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ing down from the days when he had done his decision-making in a thousand-square-foot chamber that had the feel of an auditorium. The old place had been equipped with everything but a conference table; the reason there was not one of those was that Culpepper did not much believe in conferring. The furnishings of the post-bankruptcy Ports of Call ran toward ochre Herculon, with scatterings of laminated oak. A Sony videocassette recorder and a Hitachi television set rested on a table in Culpepper's cubbyhole. He loaded the recorder with a cassette and turned on the TV. I leaned against his desk and watched about twenty minutes of unedited footage. The video showed the Tomcat No. 1 blowing out, and the audio sounded like a fleet of garbage-truck compacters at work. Along the way, Culpepper offered a laconic narration: "They skidded the rig off it... Thar... Hear it ten mile away, see it twenty mile away... Couldn't shut it in without busting the pipe... Spent maybe four hours away from there in two weeks... Five seven-inch joints of pipe... Solid arm... All lit up... Red Adair... Christmas tree... Moving the derrick off... Skiddin' the rig again... We knew the gas was down there, see... Lotta people thought this was the biggest well in the United States... Three lines was blowin'..." A couple of times, the well caught fire. Flying shale would strike metal and generate a spark. Then flying mud would put out the fire. The camerawork was static—testimony to the spellbinding effect of the blowout. The site had been bulldozed and then rained on by debris that made the whole thing resemble moonscape. Now and then, the camera would pick up a tableau that looked terrestrial—a group of men huddled in the distance, half of a yellow Camaro.

"I haven't seen this in a long time," Culpepper said toward the end. "Since we went into Chapter 11, it's been kind of a sore spot."

Affixed to the wall behind the television set were a pair of oil-and-gas maps. One showed Caddo County, where the Tomcat and its offsetting wells were drilled, and the other showed Canadian County, where Culpepper had enjoyed much success before Ellison and Appleby crossed his path. Several times, Culpepper repeated, as if he were still trying to digest the experience, "This was one of the largest wells ever was in the United States." On the opposite wall,

tacked to a bulletin board, was a poster with block lettering at the top that said, "HOW TO DELAY PAYMENT FOR TWELVE MONTHS." The text said, in part:

1. Lose invoice and ask for copies, three times.
2. When admitting receipt of invoice, immediately disagree with verbal agreement, or
3. Claim that goods were not received:
  - (a) They were lost in shipment,
  - (b) Are still in carrier's yard,
  - (c) Went to wrong address.
 When this query wears thin, ask for proof of delivery.
4. When this arrives, payment can then be withheld for following reasons:
  - (a) Statement was not received,
  - (b) Cannot agree with statement,
  - (c) Computer not working,
  - (d) Accountant has broken right arm,
  - (e) Accountant is sick,
  - (f) Accountant is dead,
  - (g) Accountant is on vacation,
  - (h) We have no accountant.
5. When you can no longer question the accuracy of the account, there are many variations on the use of checks which can be used, i.e.
  - (a) No signature. . . .

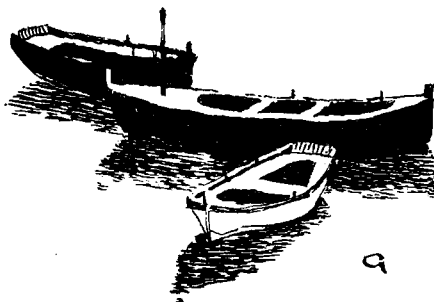
When the tape ran out, Culpepper temporarily ran out of things to say, but with a bit of prodding he began to utter thoughts about foreign affairs and how that stuff connected to problems that people in the oil-and-gas business were facing. An associate of his once told me that Culpepper was not opposed to the idea of bombing the Panama Canal, if that was what it would take to interrupt supply routes. "Yeah, bomb it," Culpepper had said. "It'll take them Mexicans a year to fix it." In 1980, Culpepper had read the Oklahoma City newspapers and had gained the impression that some of the local people—J. D. Allen and that crowd—had a direct line to the White House. He had donated many of his well-deserved dollars to the Republicans that year, but then Ronald Reagan had let him down. Saudi Arabia was another sore spot. Trying to deal with the federal government on this foreign-oil-import thing was a big frustration, because "when the Saudis drill a well they've got three thousand feet of producing sand and we've got

ten to twenty feet," he said. "It costs the same to drill a well here as there. How are we gonna beat that? We cain't. There's no way we can produce oil and gas and compete with the reserves Saudi Arabia has. And you know the government's going to buy oil from Mexico or Algeria or Canada or whoever to reduce the world monetary bank debt. We need some tariffs on that foreign oil and gas. I didn't like Carter, 'cause he was too dumb. I thought when Reegun won, I felt like we had a President. If I was elected President, somebody'd assassinate me, because I wouldn't pay for a dollar of Arab oil. We cain't compete with their reserves. It just don't make sense, buying oil from Saudi Arabia. Hell, all your Palestinians are over there. You know, six out of ten doctors in Kuwait are Palestinian. It just don't make sense us helping them, or helping the Japanese. I want the Japanese to sit in their Toyotas and watch their Sony TVs. 'Cause we aren't gonna buy 'em. The Japanese, all they eat is a bowl of rice a day and we cain't compete with them. I don't think every American should eat a bowl of rice a day. I don't like rice. Try to tell that to Reegun, though. It's like fighting a dead horse in the mouth."

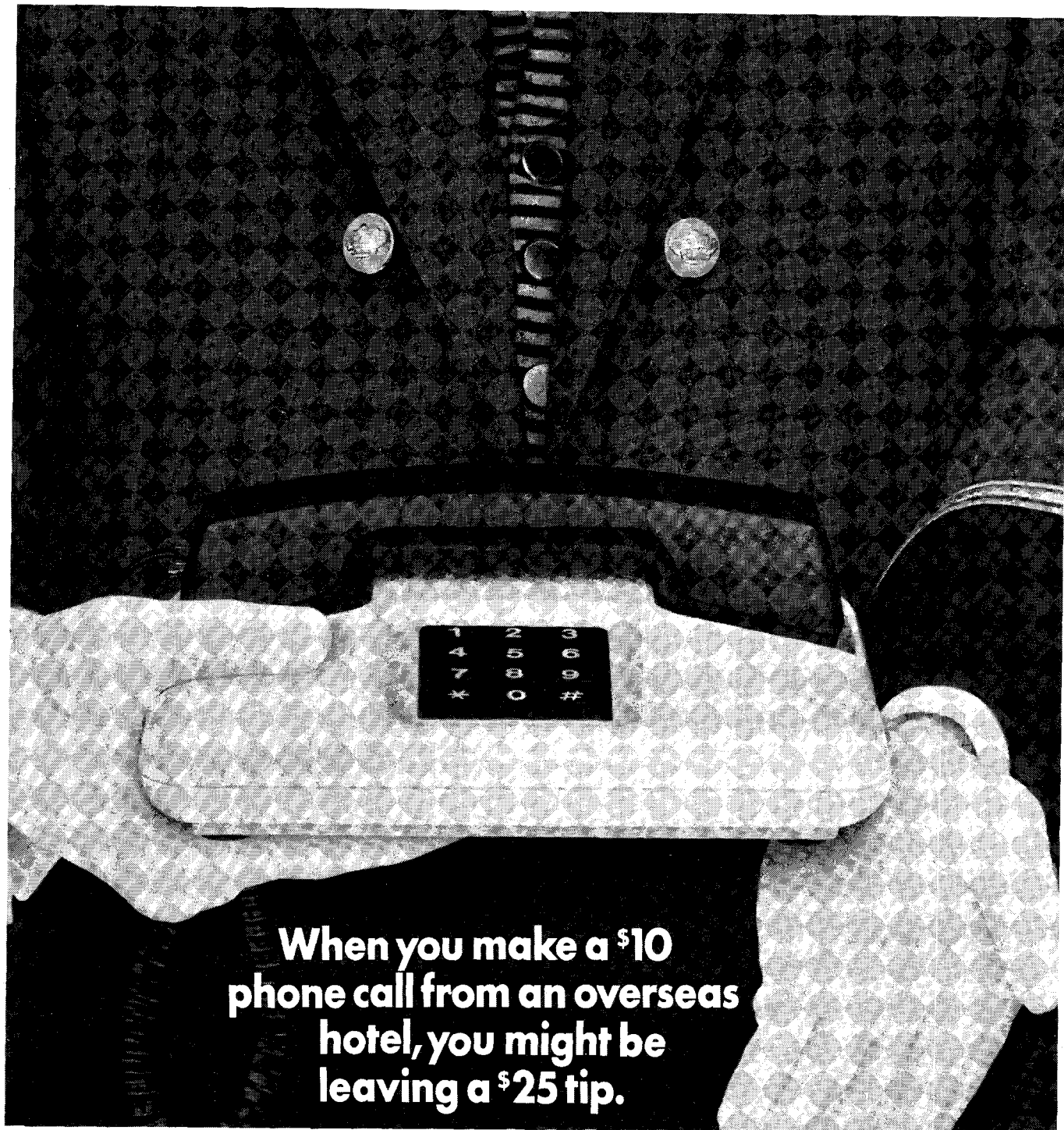
I asked Culpepper why he thought the party had ended.

He said that good help was hard to find. Too many drilling crews on deep rigs weren't properly trained, and, on top of that, they were lazy. "If a fellow could wear a hat and stand up, that was good enough," he said. "Two years ago, there was no honor out there in the field. Those roughnecks, when it come time to put on a new drill bit, if they seen a rig across the way they quit here and signed on over there to work. They don't want to work. It might take twenty hours to change a bit. They don't want to lift and move that pipe." Some crews stuck scarecrows on the rig floor so that when the company man drove by he'd look up there and think they were working—Culpepper said he'd seen that. I asked him where he'd seen that, and he said, well, he'd heard about it, so it must have happened. Furthermore, God damn it, these fly-by-nights thought a well blowing out was a picnic or something. "Roughnecks like to see 'em blow out so they can stand over there and watch 'em. Then they don't have to do any work. Why do people go to a horse race or a rodeo? They like to see a spectacle."

"I knew we were running a hun-







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dred miles an hour, but I didn't know in Texas and Algiers and Mexico and them other places they were all doin' the same thing. Hell, cocktail waitresses stopped hustling drinks and started hustling pumps, equipment, draw works. You've got the feds with all kinds of rules and regulations you got to abide. I knew if this ever got to be a good business the politicians would stick their noses in it. They must've smelled the money and figured there was some way they could mess this up. They did a pretty good job so far. When the Penn Square Bank went down, one thing led to another and just certain things happened and we couldn't weather the storm.

"Around here, we had to go on a computer, and if you want to find out what's going on you hafta talk to one of those programmers and they only talk programmer language. You never know where you stand with those guys. Someday, I'm going back to the old system. That's one paper sack there for bills paid. One paper sack over there for bills owed." He pointed to opposite corners of his desk and then, with his fingertips, lightly patted the edge of the desk, six inches from his belly. "Any money left over goes in the sack right here."

We would have talked longer, but another visitor showed up—a salesman for a large drill-pipe supplier. He wanted to show Culpepper a photograph of his three-month-old grandson, and he also wanted to discuss a couple of million dollars that Ports of Call owed his company. Before I left, I noticed that Culpepper's desk calendar was open to 1992. Perhaps, deep inside, he was more of an optimist than he was letting on. The last thing he said was "If I can get all my problems over with, Ports of Call problems, I'm gonna drill some wells."

"MR. CLARK and Mr. Bud, everything's gonna be just as clean and simple as can be," Culpepper had promised Clark Ellison and Buddy Appleby in early 1980, before the Tomcat No. 1 was spudded. Hundreds of interest owners and contractors were parties to the Tomcat experience, and the post mortem dwelt heavily on the question of blame. When I went to see Ellison and Appleby one day not long after my visit with Culpepper, however, I found that they bore ill will toward no one. Their operating principle had forever been "Never drill with your own money," and it

had at last paid off. After originally leasing three hundred and thirty-seven acres in Section 14, Township 10 North, Range 13 West, of Caddo County, they were down to a twenty-eight-acre carried interest in the completed well. Along the way, they had deposited a million dollars and then some in the bank. They were both solvent. Clark Ellison had stakes in forty-seven producing wells. Buddy Appleby had interests in forty-five. They still wanted to drill thousands of feet deeper than the Tomcat had ever gone—to the Hunton formation in the Fort Cobb anticline and to the Bromide and the Arbuckle in its neighbor the North Corn. They wanted a good look at every stratum under the crust. And they understood that they might never get the chance. They had a deep-gas-exploration proposal—a hundred million dollars, nicely depicted with a multihued bar graph—that would be a cinch to finance just as soon as Mars invaded Saudi Arabia.

"I don't think you'll ever meet two guys who wanted to win the game they were playing more than Clark and I wanted to," Appleby said.

"And we were doing something that had never been done," Ellison added softly.

"And the banks wouldn't let us in the door."

"My dad took care of that."

"All along, we've been in this for the money," Appleby continued. "Kenneth Ellison was, and we are. There might be people who think we got to the office every morning at six o'clock for altruistic reasons, but they're wrong. We did it for the money. But we tried not to be greedy. We always felt it was good to have other people in on our deals. You don't want all your acreage in one section. We kept our maps clean and we spread our information around. We'll still show our maps to anybody who wants a look. We believe in clean maps, and we believe that they should look nice. We never fold them. We roll them up. The money we spend on the tubes we store those maps in is worth it. We want people to be able to read our maps. I want our maps all over town. I want people to know what we know. I'd like to pin them up on the bulletin board at Safeway.

"We're not angry with anyone, but we're not having much fun right now. Neither one of us likes to work this hard. Our families don't want to run this business. They just want our



money. I've got a boy fifteen years old. I've spent thirty-eight years in a hotel room. I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy, much less my son."

Clark Ellison mentioned a rumor that Cliff Culpepper wanted to drill some Red Fork wells—ten-thousand-to-twelve-thousand-foot tests—in the Anadarko Basin. "We'd still do business with him," Appleby said. "If we could get a contract drawn up that pleased Clark and me, we'd both sign it. And Cliff'll sign anything. I could get him to sign today's newspaper."

That meant, in other words, that Ellison and Appleby had not made a mistake when they asked Cliff Culpepper to operate the Tomcat?

"Hell, no," Buddy Appleby said. "That blowout made people pay attention to the Fort Cobb. Nine offsets got drilled, we got carried free in every one, and they're all producers, all except one. The Tomcat gave us credibility. As far as we're concerned, Cliff Culpepper made us."

**E**VENTUALLY, the Justice Department became committed to the proposition that, mainly, the Penn Square Bank failure and its attendant misery were Bill Patterson's fault. The government even went as far as to suggest that Bill Patterson had a wormy, corrupt soul. For more than two years, lawyers on the staff of the United States Attorney for the Western District of Oklahoma talked to Penn Square's former employees and customers and victims, to the F.D.I.C. and the F.B.I. and the I.R.S., and to grand jurors. On the first anniversary of the bank failure, the F.D.I.C. announced that its investigation had uncovered three hundred and forty possible criminal violations. Six months later, this number had risen to four hundred and fifty-one. Another six months passed, and a federal grand jury in Oklahoma City indicted Patterson on thirty-four counts.

Friends and associates of Patterson, heedless of what the feds insisted, believed almost unanimously that even if he had violated a few hundred banking laws he would never have done so for personal gain. One line of defense had it that Patterson was perhaps crazy and, if so, probably dumb-crazy. "Smart-crazy is I steal three million dollars and I hide it real well," a friend of mine explained. "While I might go to jail for a couple of years, when I get out the money'll still be

there. Dumb-crazy is if you have to go to jail and you've got nothing to show for it. Dumb-crazy is when you do it for the thrill—to be a big shot." Even if loans were kited, notes altered, bad credits sprinkled with monkey dust to make them shine like triple-A-rated debentures, what did that imply about motives and intentions? That Patterson was a criminal mastermind? Might it not imply that Bill Patterson was average? He had an instinct for salesmanship, of course, and evidently there were odd creases in his gray matter. But didn't his case above all illustrate the colorful consequences of a man with no remarkable talent getting in over his head to a remarkable extent? Averageness was a trait that Patterson's lawyers intended to emphasize to the jury.

Crazy, dumb or smart, is a matter of context. By the time Patterson was indicted, in the summer of 1984, the Penn Square Bank failure had become the costliest in United States history. The upstream banks had charged off more than half of their Penn Square loans—more than a billion dollars' worth. Of the loans that had not yet been declared losses, the majority were nonperforming. Penn Square's shareholders, of course, had lost their entire thirty-seven-million-dollar stake the day the bank closed. The F.D.I.C., in assuming liabilities that dwarfed the bank's assets, stood to lose a hundred and twenty-five million dollars in the course of the liquidation. The claims from uninsured depositors and from general creditors would approach a quarter of a billion dollars.



Not to be overlooked but most difficult to quantify were the costs of the failure to a numberless constituency of innocents who never saw the bank or set foot inside it, who never lent or borrowed a dime. When Penn Square

evaporated as a credit source, the customers who were unable to arrange financing elsewhere not only went broke but also took with them these innocents—small, unsteady dominoes way down the line—who ended up losing their solvency or their jobs or, at the very least, their hopeful assumptions. When the F.D.I.C. (and then the Department of Justice and then Congress and then the Department of the Treasury) descended on Penn Square to inspect the wreckage and appraise the damage, the impulse to lay blame at a distant doorstep was universal. Time passed, and the conse-

quences of Penn Square resonated—louder, broader. In a just and proud society, someone should have to answer and pay for the mess. The context expanded; the mess gained amplitude. Did the contributions of a Bill Patterson or a Bill Jennings grow or diminish? What would a jury of Oklahomans think?

The federal investigation was a curious tease. Every few months, word would leak that indictments would be returned "next month." Then—nothing. For almost two years, nothing. A brief stir occurred in January of 1984, when Thomas Orr, a Penn Square vice-president, pleaded guilty to one count of tax evasion and one count of conspiracy to commit bank fraud. Orr was the commercial-loan officer who lent money to horse breeders and brokered horses at the same time. His weakness was the bread-and-butter kickback. Some of Orr's customers made Bill Patterson's new oilies look like the editorial board of the *Harvard Business Review*. William Price, the United States Attorney, told the press that the Orr pleas constituted a major development, and that the government would crack the whole case open any minute. But the Orr matter was in fact an irrelevant holding action. In the spring of 1981, more than a year before the failure, Orr had left Penn Square. Whatever his sins, they had had almost nothing to do with the closing of the bank. Later, Price offered a bold explanation of what was taking so long. Penn Square, he said, was "the most complicated banking case in history." He went on, "If you polled every prosecutor in America, I think you'd find that this is the toughest case in the country right now to prosecute."

Patterson, meanwhile, remained hard to reach during business hours. I remember hearing that one day when Patterson had been working at the Penn Square Bank just a few months an officer in the installment-lending department invited him to lunch. Afterward, as they walked through the shopping mall back to the bank, Patterson asked his colleague whether he knew anything about the lawn-service business. Were any of his customers in that line of work? Yes, the installment lender said, he had a couple of customers who did that, and they seemed to make out pretty well. Patterson said, "You know, I'm kind of thinking of doing that myself on the weekends." The remark puzzled the other fellow: Why would a bank officer want to do



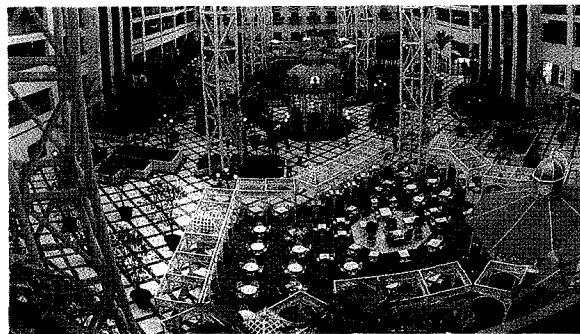
that? But then he forgot the conversation, and did not think about it again, until he heard, a few weeks after Penn Square closed, that Bill Patterson, the former senior executive vice-president in charge of energy lending, had begun a new career mowing lawns. The longer it took the United States Attorney and his grand jury, the more I was tempted to call Patterson and invite him over to do some yard-work.

THE Bill Patterson trial began the second Monday in September of 1984. About a week later, by which time the government's case was half presented, I happened upon Beep Jennings during my early-morning constitutional. He was out for a walk with his Yorkshire terrier, Chaucer. Jennings wore chinos and a windbreaker and a slouch hat, and he could not have seemed more jaunty. I spotted them from a block away, dog and man, bopping along. In the crisp and silvery light at 7 A.M., Jennings radiated bonhomie. I was reminded that to know him and not like him meant that you were demanding unreasonable terms. You were missing the point.

Jennings had reason to feel jovial. Down at the courthouse, the United States Attorney was doing him an inadvertent but sizable favor. To make a case against Patterson, the government lawyers had fallen into the habit of asking witnesses whether Jennings was present on specific occasions when Patterson allegedly forged notes, distorted collateral, and misrepresented and prevaricated in the smiling faces of correspondent bankers. Invariably, the answer was that the bank chairman had been nowhere near the scene of the purported offense. "If Mr. Patterson is not guilty, then nobody is," the United States Attorney let slip at one point. It had become apparent that a prosecutor would have a difficult time indicting and convicting Jennings.

Up close, the Jennings good cheer intensified. Seeing Beep and the loyal Chaucer out for a stroll reminded me of an afternoon a few months earlier, when I had met Jennings at the Beacon Club for drinks. The Beacon Club occupied the penthouse of the First National Bank & Trust Company Building. A wise investor could clip coupons on the banking floor, at the mezzanine level, and then ride an elevator to the twenty-ninth and change there to a private elevator that ascended two more floors. The Beacon

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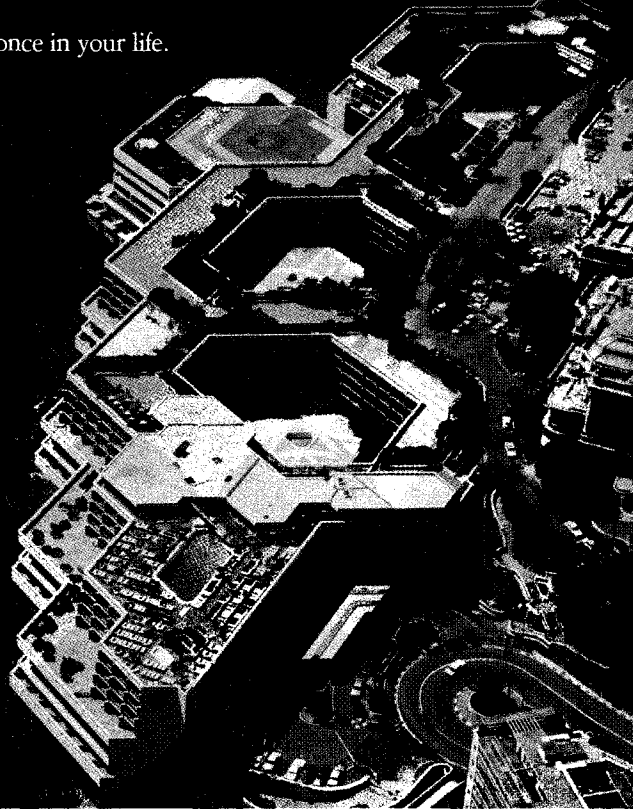
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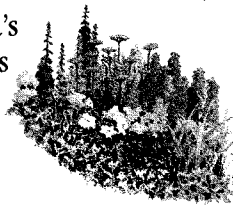


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Club bar was done up with brown vinyl on the armchairs, wood-grain Formica on the tabletops, crepuscular lighting, and picture-window views of many of the major downtown parking lots. Near the bar was a Mexican wall hanging with a dead bird stuck in the middle. At the Beacon Club, the Okiesmo Grand Masters—the imperial men's men of the oilpatch—their midriffs hyperextended, gathered to test their Martini tolerance. Between hoists, the aperçus ran from "Know the difference 'tween a genius and an idiot? Twenty feet uh hydrocarbon-saturated sand" to "What Oklahoma needs right now is a fair sheikh."

That afternoon, Jennings wore a gray suit, a pale-green button-down dress shirt, and a red club tie, and he had taken a seat at a table near the entrance, situated so that almost every member who came through the door gave him a warm hello. It was great to see Beep, they said, and Jennings, all white hair and veteran-toastmaster gusto, said that it was great to see them. We had been in the Beacon Club for about an hour—Jennings and I and one of his attorneys, Charles Green—when one of Green's partners, glowing as if he had been sitting in the Beacon Club since breakfast, stopped by the table.

"Is this the way you do business?" the second attorney asked.

"I'm here with our favorite client," Green said.

Jennings tilted his head upward and regarded Green's partner out of the corner of his eye, then turned and faced me squarely. His jaw tightened. He lowered his chin and, in his most sincere and sonorous voice, said, "And I *needed* the money. So I *took* it."

We all thought that was funny.

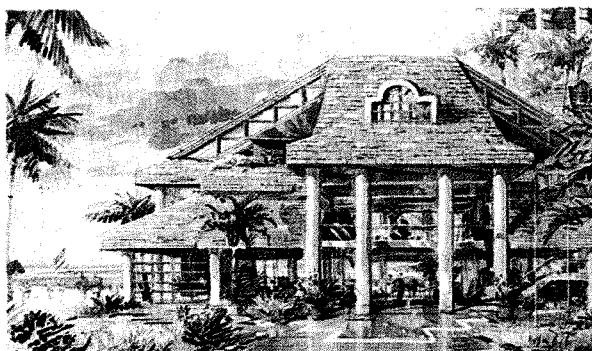
Although Jennings might never run out of friends, he did have woes. His daily routine no longer revolved around a global merchant-banking scheme and an ever-rising drilling-rig count. It revolved around depositions and meetings with his creditors. The usual plaintiffs were suing him—the F.D.I.C., credit unions, drilling-fund investors, money brokers, Frank Mahan. There had been a time when Jennings appraised his share of the Penn Square Bank's stock at eight or nine million dollars. That was before the Comptroller of the Currency wrote the bank's capital down to zero and below.

An examination report filed by the Comptroller in 1979 referred to the chairman as "principal lending officer

on a majority of the bank's large credits." Another report, in 1980, observed that "Mr. Jennings appeared to function as the guiding force behind the bank's oil-and-gas activities." Jennings' best defense was that he had been a lousy manager, and that he had had no idea what Bill Patterson had been up to until it was too late. He had been busy travelling: in the company, on various occasions, of Bob Hefner and Carl Swan and J. D. Allen—to London, Paris, Zurich, Munich, Brussels, trying to expand his network of loan buyers. He had been busy investing his own money: in a new airline, a drilling fund, an oil-field-supply company, a gas pipeline, three hotels, oil-and-gas exploration, precious-metals mining, gypsum mining, commercial real estate (including the doomed PennBank Tower, the new home that the shopping-center bank would never get to occupy). He joined partnerships that borrowed from Penn Square's upstream banks, and he personally borrowed upstream: from Continental Illinois, more than a million; Chase Manhattan, more than six million; Seafirst, seven hundred and sixty thousand; and Michigan National a million and a quarter. In other words, Jennings had apparently been far too preoccupied to run the bank. He had invested heavily in Amarex, a large drilling-fund operator and a major Penn Square customer. The price of a share of Amarex had gone from fifty dollars to fifty cents. Recently, some domestic adjustments had become necessary. To raise cash, Jennings had sold his homestead, a five-thousand-square-foot farmhouse that came with several outbuildings, two hundred acres of prime real estate, and a herd of Angus cattle. It brought more than three million dollars. Jennings' damage appraisal indicated that since the bank failure he had dropped between ten and fifteen million dollars. His bankers would not all be getting back a hundred cents on the dollar.

"My present living expenses are approximately what my utilities used to be," Jennings said, fingering a bowl of Beacon Club popcorn. "I have two cars, each of which is four years old and has more than seventy thousand miles on it." Jennings and his wife had moved into an apartment that rented for four hundred dollars a month. "I want you to understand. The family is not destitute. It might sound like I'm poor-mouthing because I sold a place for more than three million dollars and I'm living in a

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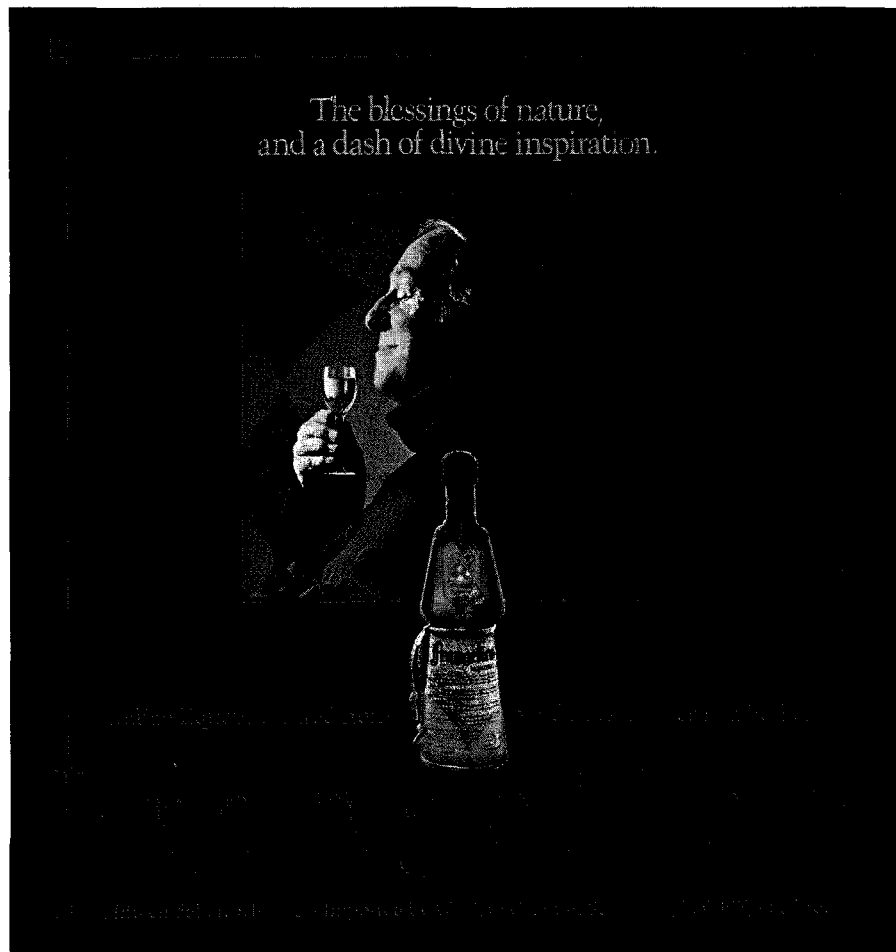
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four-hundred-dollar apartment. Well, I'm proud to do that and I'm comfortable and I still have my friends."

Finger-pointing had some therapeutic value. To make clear how he felt about the F.D.I.C., Jennings would tell the story of what happened when he returned to the Penn Square Bank on behalf of the Bank of Healdton, the original Jennings-family shop, in southern Oklahoma. The smaller bank had bought seven million dollars' worth of Penn Square loan participations. Jennings made his first visit back to Penn Square about three months after the F.D.I.C. invaded the premises. As he passed through the lobby, he was greeted by some of the great guys and gals who had once worked for him. The chairman of the F.D.I.C. now signed their paychecks, but they were touched to see the Beeper, their old commander, and they greeted him warmly. As soon as the F.D.I.C.'s chief liquidator heard about this, he circulated a memorandum to the effect that Jennings and other former officers had been hanging around the bank, and if they did not cut it out the F.D.I.C. would seek a court injunction barring them from the building.

"It is these inhumanities that disturb a sensitive person," Jennings said. "I sure wish the F.D.I.C. would settle with me on a percentage of my net worth. They'd owe me three hundred thousand dollars."

In Jennings' mind, there was no question that, if they'd been given a fair chance by the Comptroller of the Currency, Continental Illinois, Chase Manhattan, and Seafirst would have taken over Penn Square. Because Penn Square was the first major energy bank to be liquidated, it was destined to be the only liquidation of its kind. If the bank had been allowed to survive another year, if the pervasiveness of the oil-and-gas bust had been evident to the regulators, if it had been clear that Penn Square was only one of many banks that had funded the boom, many things would have been different.

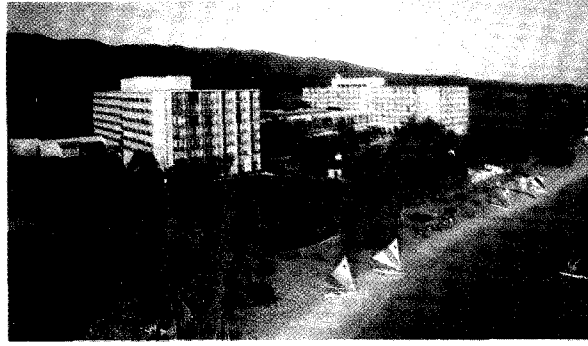
"But they didn't give us enough time to straighten the situation out, to make that transition," Jennings said, slapping the arm of his chair. "I understand how Patton felt. We were out in an area that we couldn't defend. We were under heavy attack. We were taking a shelling, and we needed to get our planes in the air to knock out those enemy positions. We sent a message to the main command post that we needed four more carloads of

fuel. And we had to have it immediately or the sons of bitches were going to blow the place up. We needed to buy time to evacuate. We were saying, 'Three months—give us three months and we'll make an orderly retreat. But first send us the four carloads of fuel.' Instead, what happened? The supplies never came, reinforcements never arrived. We got hit by an attack squadron. They tore up our airplanes before we could ever get them off the ground. I spent forty-five years in the banking business. This is a hell of a climax to a banking career."

The popular dime-store psychoanalysis of the bank failure cast Bill Patterson in the role of "the son Beep never had." Among its defects, this theory failed to identify the cement in the bond, and it neglected to explain why Jennings had been such a permissive father. When I raised the subject, Jennings' tone shifted to High Beeperese—a language that contained equal measures of orotundity and self-consciousness. "I can state very clearly my feelings about Bill Patterson," he said. "I'm very disappointed in his actions. And I'm going to make another statement: I'm disappointed in *myself* for failing to take action earlier to remove him and possibly to save him. I'm not bitter. I'm just disappointed. I'm embarrassed that I didn't do something earlier. But, good God, it happened so *fast*. And he constantly said that he'd respect the policies of the bank. I thought he was learning and maturing. In 1979, I first said to Bill, 'I hope someday you can become the president of this bank.' By the fall of 1981, I had substantial doubts that he would ever become president of the bank. I remember thinking, within a few months of that, I just want my bank back."

A whiff of nostalgia had crept into Jennings' voice—a longing not for the past per se but for the future that he had once envisioned. Actually, aside from having been driven to the verge of personal bankruptcy, Jennings was to find that things would work out better than the worst scenarios might have indicated. Back in 1972, when he had been executive vice-president of the Fidelity Bank and had done business with the principals of the Four Seasons Nursing Centers—opportunity seekers who went on to be charged with having manipulated one of the all-time great stock-market frauds—he had been described by government investigators as an "unindicted co-conspirator." If "Four

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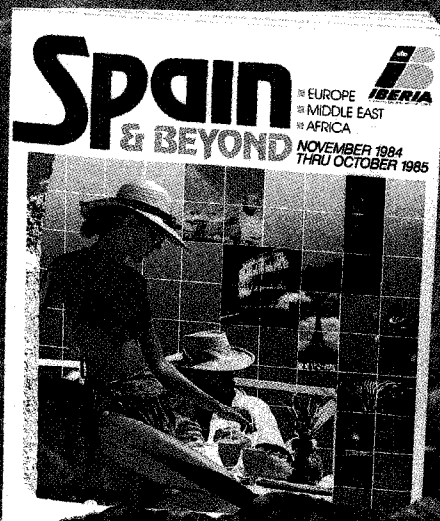


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Seasons" no longer rang a bell in anyone's memory, why, in another ten years, should "Penn Square"? It would just be an air-conditioned place to shop. Even though Jennings' banking career was history, if anyone should ask whether he had ever been indicted he would be able to say no. He had begun to think about a new future. He was thinking of getting involved in merger brokering and real estate, and—more High Beeperese—"I intend to work for the stabilization of the Bank of Healdton, which is owned by my mother and wife and children and the officers of the Bank of Healdton."

The Okiesmo Grand Masters were ready to depart the Beacon Club until another five o'clock rolled around, and so was Beep Jennings. "My chief failing is that I'm a very trusting person," he said, squinting. "One, I tend to believe that people will do what they say they will—probably to an unrealistic extent. Two, as an executive in the banking industry I tended to delegate authority without effective safeguards. I would plead guilty to that. I probably shouldn't have been in the banking business. At least not during the last ten years. I doubt that my philosophy is consistent with the structure of the American banking system. A regulator will argue that anybody can be generous with other people's money. But that's missing the point. I believe that, beyond lending money, a banker has to encourage and create opportunities. Concern for a customer and a desire to see him succeed are not inconsistent with a sound credit policy. I think I'm a damn good credit man and I'm a damn good collector. I know that people have said that I committed the cardinal sin in banking: I put all the eggs in one basket. I think we permitted the bank to grow at a pace that we simply could not accommodate, but, having said that, I might qualify it by saying that we were *seriously* trying to curtail the growth of the bank. I would say also that I'm a better banker than what Penn Square indicates."

THE courtroom for the Patterson trial was a large, air-conditioned, soundproofed chamber on the third floor of the Federal Building in downtown Oklahoma City. Its walls were done in institutional pale-green paint, and fluorescent lighting gave the atmosphere a cool lime tinge. Above the jury box hung four oil portraits of federal judges from the Western District of Oklahoma. The specta-

tor benches and the wall panelling were oak. Behind the judge's roost was floor-to-ceiling panelling decorated with a dozen brass stars.

The judge was Lee West, a stocky, pink-faced Jimmy Carter appointee. During his five years on the federal bench, West had established a reputation for fairness and straightforwardness. He had the demeanor of a veteran city editor and a low tolerance for dillydallying. In presenting the government's case, United States Attorney Bill Price maintained that he would be telling the story of the bank failure, that the jury and the public would at last understand what had happened at the Penn Square Bank, and that they would come to see Bill Patterson as the party primarily responsible. Judge West, upon learning, a week before the trial date, that the government was thinking of calling a hundred and twenty witnesses to make its case, sternly indicated that he preferred justice to proceed more swiftly than that. The government decided to drop nine of the thirty-four indictments. In the remaining counts, Patterson was accused of six instances of wire fraud, seventeen misapplications of bank funds, and two false entries in Penn Square's books.

The prosecution case lasted two weeks; the defense, when its turn came to call witnesses, needed one hour and fifteen minutes. United States Attorney Price presented the government's side with help from two assistants, Susie Pritchett and Teresa Black. When the Penn Square investigation began, Price's office had been deep in a long-running inquiry into the mores of Oklahoma's county commissioners, who had an institutionalized custom of accepting gratuities from contractors who did county business. ("Why do you think they call 'em 'commissioners'? 'Cause they work *on commission*."") Having recently placed under medium security a majority of the county commissioners in the state, Price might have approached the Patterson trial with the feeling that he was on a roll. As the trial progressed, however, that feeling probably faded. Price was a prematurely gray, pleasant, and pleasant-looking man in his mid-thirties who had more trouble conveying moral outrage than conveying earnestness. He rambled and plodded in an earnest, agreeable way. When the judge, more than once, chastised him for redundancy or for leading a witness, Price dropped his head and hung his tail between his

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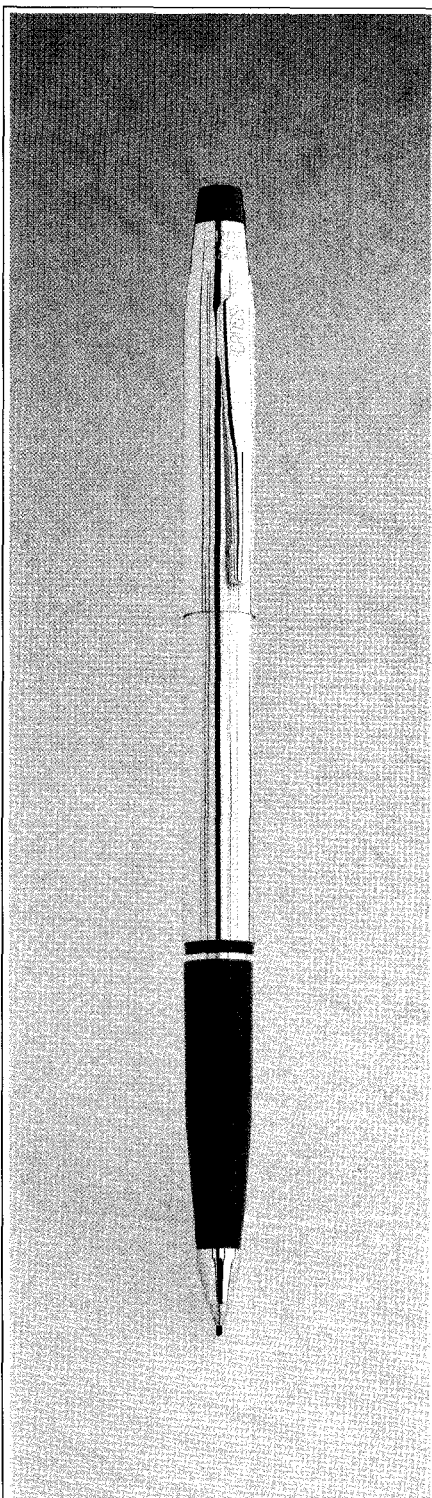
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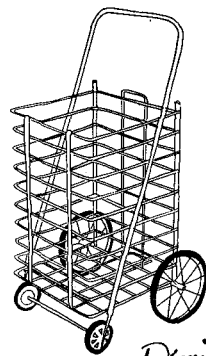
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legs in an earnest, obedient way. Assistant United States Attorney Pritchett, a short, fortyish gray-haired woman, also had mannerisms that annoyed Judge West. She was relentlessly cheerful—often past the brink of smugness. She had a brisk and deliberate style that indicated either efficiency or portentousness. All three of the government lawyers knew how to ask the same question four times in a row.

Intending to deceive, Patterson had manipulated a fraudulent game of Musical Lending—that was the essence of the government's case. The evidence dissected several such loans. To cover up bad credits, it was alleged, Patterson took illegal advantage of good customers. He shifted loans from bank to bank, and he shifted the ownership of collateral from this shaky borrower to that credit-worthy close friend of Penn Square. In these endeavors, he took advantage of the quaint willingness of many customers to sign blank notes. Under oath, a number of customers recounted how they discovered that they had "borrowed" distressing amounts. This close friend testified that Patterson had stuck him for two million dollars; the next one had unwittingly borrowed three million. Bob Hefner got in the way of thirty-one million three hundred thousand dollars' worth of Mahan-Rowsey Drilling's obligations. Joe Dan Trigg, a devoted longtime pal of Jennings, wound up on a four-million-dollar note to buy oil-and-gas properties from Saket Petroleum that were worth less than four million dollars. One witness quoted Patterson as having said, "Saket has a new partner and he [Trigg] doesn't even know it."

Maximo Moorings, the Florida "dockominium" venture that Patterson had agreed to take off Chase Manhattan's hands and had renamed BGP Marina, was the subject of two indictments. The prosecution wished to make Maximo-BGP Marina a useful moral example of the depredations that will result when your banker keeps a file of blank notes around for just-in-case situations. Hal Clifford, a bluegrass musician turned oilie, testified that he had agreed, very temporarily, to assume part of the BGP Marina loan only because Patterson had promised that another buyer would be along any minute to assume the entire loan.

The other buyer never did materialize. The original documentation of the BGP Marina loan described the collateral as "oil-and-gas mortgages," which appears in no dictionary or thesaurus as a synonym for "dockominium." One clutch borrower, J. D. Hodges, testified that he had never promised to invest in BGP Marina. Just the same, he ended up with more than two million of the deal. Many friends of Penn Square became aware of their phantom loans only after the bank closed and they received past-due notices from the F.D.I.C.



Of all the charges against Patterson, the wire-fraud and false-entry indictments arising from the sale of Mahan-Rowsey Drilling to the QOL Corporation appeared to stand the best chance of producing guilty verdicts. Hefner, who owned QOL, testified that he had never intended to buy the rigs, that no formal sale

agreement existed, that he had never authorized the financing of the thirty-one-million-plus Chase Manhattan note. Hefner added that he was convinced that the QOL transaction had become the pivotal factor in the decision by the regulators to liquidate rather than to try to arrange a sale of the Penn Square Bank.

While cross-examining one of the government's most impressive witnesses, a former Mahan-Rowsey accountant named Randel Dunn, Patterson's attorney Burck Bailey did a nice job of clouding the issues. Instead of addressing the accusation that Patterson had deliberately committed fraud, Bailey dwelt on Mahan and Rowsey's chronic reluctance to behave like altar boys. Bailey's attack was swift and effective. He said, "Mr. Dunn, just to put it in a simple way, Mr. Mahan and Mr. Rowsey lied to Penn Square Bank, didn't they?"

The government witness agreed.

"And they lied to Bill Patterson, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Constantly?"

"Yes."

"And they lied to you, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"... And when Bill Patterson found out each time he had been lied to, he was absolutely outraged, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was."

"In fact, when he declined to lend

more money to Mahan and Rowsey, they threatened to kill him, didn't they?"

"There was one instance when Mr. Mahan said that."

Later, the jury heard from a Penn Square employee named Bill Kingston, whom Patterson had assigned to monitor the Mahan-Rowsey accounts. Kingston recalled an afternoon in June of 1982—the Penn Square Bank was by then breathing only with the aid of a respirator—when Frank Mahan, in a lather, showed up in the oil-and-gas-lending department. The bank had failed to honor some of his personal checks, and this had offended him deeply. That Mahan's overdrafts already exceeded two million dollars and seemed headed for Penn Square's legal lending limit did not mitigate the insult he felt. Patterson and Kingston happened not to be on the premises, so Mahan had to content himself with making messes of several people's desks. On his way out, he announced that if he had his way Patterson and Kingston would be dead by morning. Patterson's attorney did not want the jurors thinking that Mahan might only have been indulging in playful hyperbole. He wanted them thinking that even if Patterson had got rid of more than thirty million dollars' worth of Mahan and Rowsey's obligations by selling their drilling company's assets to Bob Hefner he had done so not with an intent to deceive Hefner or the Penn Square Bank but, rather, with an intent to avoid assassination.

Because Mahan and Rowsey were not on hand—the government still hoped to indict them, and therefore preferred not to use them up as prosecution witnesses—there was no way to know whether Mahan would have denied the whole episode or would have acknowledged and defended his actions. I, for one, wished Frank Mahan had been in the courtroom. Friends of mine who knew him had told me that he was not averse to amusing gunplay. There was, for instance, the story about the night that someone put a few bullet holes in one of Billy Rowsey's pleasure boats. That was the same night that the Grove, Oklahoma, police were summoned and Frank Mahan said, "See? I was aiming at that bottle over there and I missed nine times in a row." I think it would have been neat to hear him tell that story under oath, not because it had any bearing upon the charges against Patterson but just to give

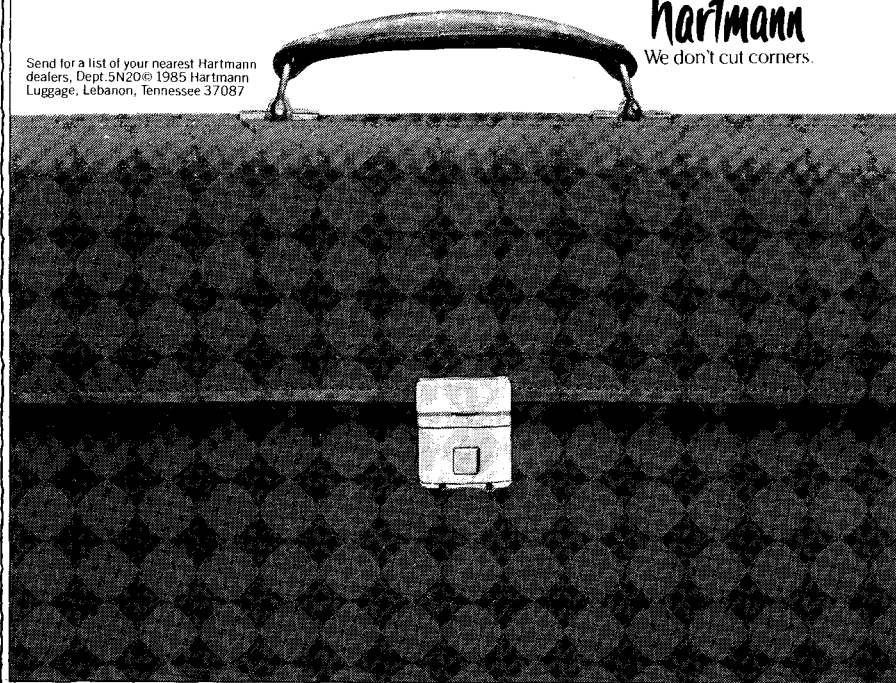
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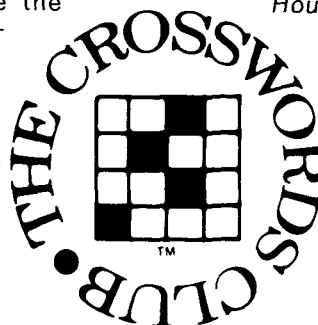
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the jurors a break from the tedium.

The first morning I sat in on the trial, it occurred to me that the jurors—twelve regulars and four alternates—looked like bank tellers. I imputed helpful attitudes to them. Several chewed gum. They were the exact eleven ladies and five gentlemen I would expect to run across if I went out to the Penn Square mall at three o'clock on a Thursday to buy flashlight batteries or a pair of house slippers. The women had home permanents. No one dressed fancy. The numbers that popped up during the testimony—what numbers! The jury would have had a much easier time grasping the evidence if someone had just knocked a few zeros off those numbers. Each juror earned thirty dollars a day for his trouble.

I tried to imagine a defense attorney's dilemma. Would Patterson come off as an egomaniacal young punk? Or could he be portrayed sympathetically, as a tool and a scapegoat? As the proceedings dragged on, the jurors looked more bored than baffled. At the end of one afternoon, which I had spent listening to an F.B.I. agent recite a bunch of mind-glazing numbers and feeling sorry for the jurors, I walked from the courthouse to my car and encountered a lawyer friend, a bankruptcy specialist named Hargis. I regarded Hargis as an expert on the case—not because he is such an accomplished courtroom flamer (although that happens to be so) but because Patterson had recently helped to install a new sprinkler system in Hargis's front yard. ("He did the work. And I know I'll never have a problem. I've got a warranty.") Hargis had not sat in on any of the trial, but I knew that that would not stop him from having a strong opinion on the outcome. Of the jury, he said, "These people can't continue to live in this town if they don't convict Patterson." I pointed out that some of the jurors lived as far away as Stroud, Oklahoma—halfway up the turnpike toward Tulsa. Hargis said that that was even worse for the defense. "Those people in Stroud, all their in-laws and cousins worked for little oil-field service-and-supply companies that went out of business after the bank closed. If they decide that Patterson didn't do it, then they have to figure out what did happen, or none of their relatives are ever going to talk to them again."

That made sense to me. I decided then that Patterson was headed for the slammer. If only he had studied harder

in college, I thought, he could have got into medical school and avoided this heartache. I felt bad for Patterson's wife, Eve. She seemed nice. She was my age, a concerned mother, a loyal mate. "Wonderful gal," Hargis said during our street-corner conversation. Just as he said this, down the block came Patterson and his lawyers. They gave us a smile and a big hello, and Patterson went out of his way to shake Hargis's hand.

**I**F details became a burden for the jurors, there were nevertheless refreshing moments, opportunities to focus upon broader themes. One such moment arose during Eldon Beller's testimony. Listening to Beller, the president of the Penn Square Bank, I was reminded of the corollary to Murphy's Law that goes "If more than one person is responsible for a miscalculation, no one will be at fault." When the House Banking Committee held hearings immediately after the Penn Square closing, Beller had testified that he had no control over Bill Patterson and, therefore, no control over the management of eighty per cent of the institution's assets. Two years later, the United States Attorney gave him a chance to elaborate.

Price asked, "What caused the failure of Penn Square Bank?"

"I've had quite a while to think on that one," Beller said. "To begin with, the unwillingness of Bill Jennings to properly supervise Bill Patterson and the energy department as was his responsibility. And his time he spent during the day doing things other than supervising the bank as C.E.O., chief executive officer. And his unwillingness or apparent disregard for the new president who had been brought in to clean up the bank—this was me—or give him the sufficient backing or backup he needed to get the job done. And Bill Patterson's reckless lending that has been alleged. The decline of the energy business so abruptly, so suddenly, in such a complete collapse that it brought down good companies with good credit. . . . It was without precedent. The Comptroller by their inefficient and ineffective lack of a follow-up ex-

amination of the bank. Brokers who put hot money into the bank as fast as they could. And the greed of upstream banks like Continental Illinois and Chase Manhattan, who were certainly derelict in their duties in qualifying their credits and funding loans and who allowed this thing to pyramid. And, finally, me, because I was hired to save it and to the degree to which I wasn't able to save it I accept responsibility for its failure. No one thing caused the collapse of Penn Square Bank."

"Are you a friend of Mr. Jennings?" Price asked.

"No."

"Do you blame Mr. Jennings?"

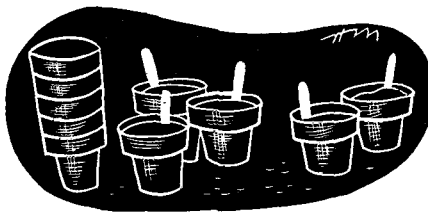
"Yes."

"What do you think the actions of Mr. Jennings and Mr. Patterson have done to your life?"

"Destroyed it."

**B**ELLER was perhaps the only witness against Patterson who appeared to go about his task more in anger than in sorrow. Many of the others, no matter what they said on the stand, maintained fondness for the defendant. Bill Patterson, they testified, was "an ebullient, outgoing, hardworking guy;" he was "very likable, very considerate of his employees;" he was a terrific salesman, "hardworking, didn't work bankers' hours." Patterson appreciated the kind words. Often, as a recess was beginning and the jurors filed out of the courtroom, he would approach a witness, smile, and extend a handshake. Patterson would stand there and engage his accuser in conversation as if it were all cocktail chatter.

To convict Patterson, the government would have to prove not only that he had defrauded the Penn Square Bank but also that he had done so with intent. Therefore, a key element of Patterson's defense was that he would never have intentionally defrauded the bank, because he was its second-largest shareholder. After Penn Square closed, Patterson had told friends, "Well, that's the last time I'll ever buy any bank stock." In court, he was not quite so droll. The day that he took the witness stand, Patterson resembled a successful young white-collar professional more than a professional crabgrass exterminator. He wore a blue blazer, gray slacks, a light-blue shirt, and a maroon necktie. His brown hair was neatly brushed. He was not tall, but he had broad shoulders, the build of a small-college running back. Be-



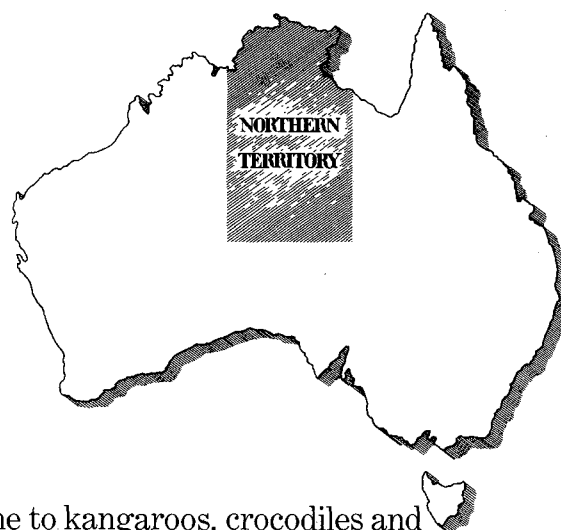
cause his mouth was asymmetrical, only his left front teeth showed when he spoke. A mainstream Okie twang moseyed through his deep, dry voice. He often grimaced and tilted his head, as if straining to understand the question or, even, his own answers.

Over all, his performance was quite splendid—a blend of obfuscatory brilliance and dreadful ignorance. On the one hand, he claimed a spot in the great chain of know-nothingism. He was a victim of the invisible “they,” a pawn in the hands of other bankers and lawyers and sinister number-crunchers. For a naïf, however, he was deft at recognizing a prosecutorial trap, at anticipating how one question could lead him into a blind alley five questions hence—and under cross-examination he frustrated Price. He mustered sufficient selective recall and billowing fog to qualify for an executive position in any circumlocution of office. Four times during his testimony, he shed tears. One crying jag occurred when he said, “I’m broke, I’ve got five million dollars in judgments against me.” He said that during his Penn Square career he was hospitalized three times for exhaustion and dehydration.

There were masterstrokes, such as when he noted that his first trip to Chicago to sell Continental Illinois a Penn Square loan participation was only the second time that he “had been on a big airplane.” Another, on becoming a loan officer: “It was kind of all brand-new to me. I learned how to do past-dues, overdrafts, how to work on loan sheets, how to look at a financial statement.” During cross-examination, when the prosecutor produced a transcript from South Oklahoma City Junior College that listed a number of courses in which Patterson had been enrolled—Principles of Banking, Money and Banking, Accounting I, Analyzing Financial Statements—and asked why the defendant had previously stated that he had “never attended any banking school, had never taken any courses,” Patterson replied, “I didn’t take the courses. I just went to the finals.” Were it not that his in-laws now helped to support him and his wife and their three children, “we wouldn’t be able to eat.”

Eve Edwards Patterson did not miss a minute of the trial. Because the air-conditioning made it chilly inside the courtroom, most days she wore a sweater. With that draped across her shoulders and a handbag hanging from one of her arms, she seemed pre-

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maturely middle-aged. She was a pale, attractive, dark-haired woman in her early thirties. Other than a gold Rolex watch and a wedding band, she wore no jewelry. Eve Patterson's brothers, a pair of well-built, solid-looking citizens named Carl and Eddie Edwards, shared her vigil. Bill Patterson's mother, Patricia, sat through the government's entire case, then happened not to be present when her son testified. She usually had her jaw locked. I never saw her smile. She had a face as plain as dry toast. During recesses, she chain-smoked. Her gray, close-cropped hair and her eyeglasses gave her the look of a parochial-school teacher.

AS the trial proceeded, Patterson's attorney Burck Bailey regarded with more and more disdain the voluminous exhibits that the government offered as evidence. Bailey, the president of the Oklahoma County Bar Association, was slender, gray-haired, and handsomely tailored. He had an elegant way of waving a hand in front of his eyes, in bemused disgust, each time Price or one of his assistants approached the court clerk with another document. His cross-examinations lacked enthusiasm. As the government's case grew redundant, Bailey slipped deeper into minimalism. I could not tell whether his failure to animate meant that he was demoralized or surpassingly confident. It turned out he was saving some juice for the closing argument. Bailey began this peroration by telling the jurors how great they were. He said, "You bring good judgment, experience with life, and common sense." He said that the jury system represented "the most sacred ideals" of the country, and he quoted from Tocqueville, who shared that opinion. He spoke softly to a fault. There were long dramatic pauses, expressions of exasperation and dismay. Splaying his fingers and then bringing his hands together, he said, "The government's case turns the facts on their head. No one gave more to Penn Square Bank than Bill Patterson." He said that he had not routinely objected to the hearsay testimony of the prose-

cution witnesses, because the hearsay rules belittle the intelligence of jurors, because "you know when a lawyer is putting words in the mouths of witnesses."

Hitting his stride, Bailey showed vigor and rhythm: "They asked Bill Patterson to do impossible things to make themselves rich or richer. . . . They charge Bill Patterson with a felony for lending money to Mahan-Rowsey—if that isn't the *most* offensive charge! These people plundered the bank. And the person who got robbed is being charged with the crime. . . . There's no logic to the government's case. It's simply throwing mud at the wall, hoping something will stick. . . . It's just so unfair and so unjust to lay all of this on Bill Patterson. They want to charge Mr. Patterson with every conceivable possible picayune flaw that occurred out there. . . . Where is the evidence of criminal intent? It doesn't exist. It's a spurious charge. . . . There's just nothing here, is there? . . . *That's* fraud? These charges are offensive." Of Bob Hefner, Bailey said, "He is a person of incomprehensible wealth. His net worth is four hundred and

forty-six million dollars. He's wanting more lines of credit, more money to buy up all the lease rights in western Oklahoma. He wants as much as Bill Patterson can get for him. He always has." The government sees that "the case won't fit under one statute, so they say maybe we'll try to place it under three statutes and maybe the jury can be bamboozled into sticking him with one of them."

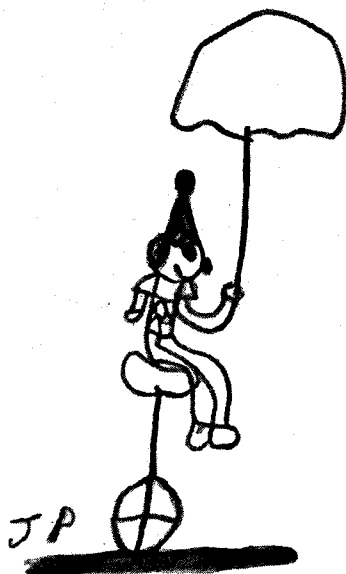
About halfway through, Patterson began to cry. His blazer was green, his slacks were beige, his shirt was white, his necktie was blue with white polka dots, and his face was bright red. He sat with his hands resting on the defense table, his left hand atop his right, then his fingers interlaced, then back the other way. He seemed to be taking all this quite seriously.

When the government's last licks came, Price spent forty-five minutes further testing the jury's endurance. He began by saying that Patterson was "treated like a king in all the mon-

ey centers of this country," and continued, "A man on a giant ego trip . . . He can't let loose of the dream that he's going to be the biggest banker in the world. . . . It's a gigantic shell game, a gigantic bubble that keeps getting larger and larger, and it's based upon deceit." Those were the most memorable metaphors. From there, he hiked off into the factual thickets, trampling syntax every step of the way.

The jurors received legal instructions from Judge West on a Tuesday afternoon and, along with their good judgment, experience with life, and common sense, retired to deliberate. Twenty-four hours later, they returned and said that they had found the defendant not guilty on twenty-three of twenty-five counts. Patterson did his finest crying yet when he heard that news, and he cried even more the next morning, when the jury acquitted him of the last two counts. It was true that a few matters of concern still hung over his head. The F.D.I.C. had sued him, as had a number of credit unions, unhappy drilling-fund investors, money brokers, and former Penn Square customers. And there were those civil judgments against him which totalled five million dollars. A new grand jury had been impanelled in Oklahoma City, and although Patterson had nothing to fear there, another grand jury was conducting business in Chicago, trying to figure out what had gone wrong at Continental Illinois. For the moment, at least, crying hard in relief felt right. His wife and brothers-in-law cried along with him, and Burck Bailey cried, too. It lasted more than half an hour, and would have gone on longer if the judge had not kicked everyone out of the courtroom. The catharsis so exhausted Bill Patterson that he could barely walk as he left the courthouse. It was all he could do to climb into a car and be driven home. When he got there, he went right to bed. Not until four hours later, when he woke up, feeling refreshed, did his wife tell him that the grand jury in Chicago had just indicted him sixteen more times.

IN 1967, when John Lytle was thirty-two years old and had worked eight years for the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, he and his wife, Sharon, bought a house in the town of Northfield. The trip to downtown Chicago, from the Lytles' four-bedroom, two-bath painted-white brick Colonial, on a



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thousand dollars—he invested in eleven shallow oil-and-gas wells that were drilled and operated by Sturgis. In January of 1982, at Continental's insistence, he paid off his Penn Square loan. Beep Jennings and Bill Patterson made this as painless as they could. Most of Lytle's debt was refinanced at an Oklahoma City suburban bank. Additional credit was extended by the Bank of Healdton, which Jennings' family owned. In March of 1982, Lytle decided to reduce his debt, and sold the oil-and-gas properties back to Sturgis, in the process almost tripling his money. To pay Lytle, Sturgis borrowed from the Penn Square Bank. When, a year later, Sturgis entered personal bankruptcy, he and his related entities had debts that exceeded a hundred million dollars. Scrutinizing the Patterson-Lytle-Sturgis connections, the federal prosecutors alleged a kickback.

There were several charges in the indictments that did not relate directly to Sturgis. At issue were loans that, it was alleged, Continental Illinois should never have made. By the time of the indictments, Continental's write-offs of Penn Square loan participations totalled five hundred and fifty million dollars. Three hundred and twenty-five million more had been classified as nonperforming. In other words, eighty-five per cent of Continental's billion-dollar Penn Square portfolio had gone bad. The government wanted to prove that at the root of Penn Square's relationship with Continental Illinois there existed a sinister link between John Lytle and Bill Patterson. Arraignment took place eight days after the indictments were announced. Lytle did not enjoy being fingerprinted or posing for a mug shot. Patterson seemed to take it in stride.

Standing before the judge, he turned to Lytle and whispered, "Hey. This is *nothing*!" Lytle disagreed. Each charge carried a potential penalty of five years in prison. Furthermore, it gave him much discomfort to contemplate his former employer's interest in seeing him convicted. No longer was he a hardworking middle manager who tended to be rather spotty when it came to operational details. He had become a bounty hunter's dream. Continental Illinois owned an insurance policy, a fidelity bond, that protected it against losses arising from

criminal behavior by its employees. The claim value of the policy was a hundred million dollars. Lytle, convicted, could be worth that badly needed amount to what was left of the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company.

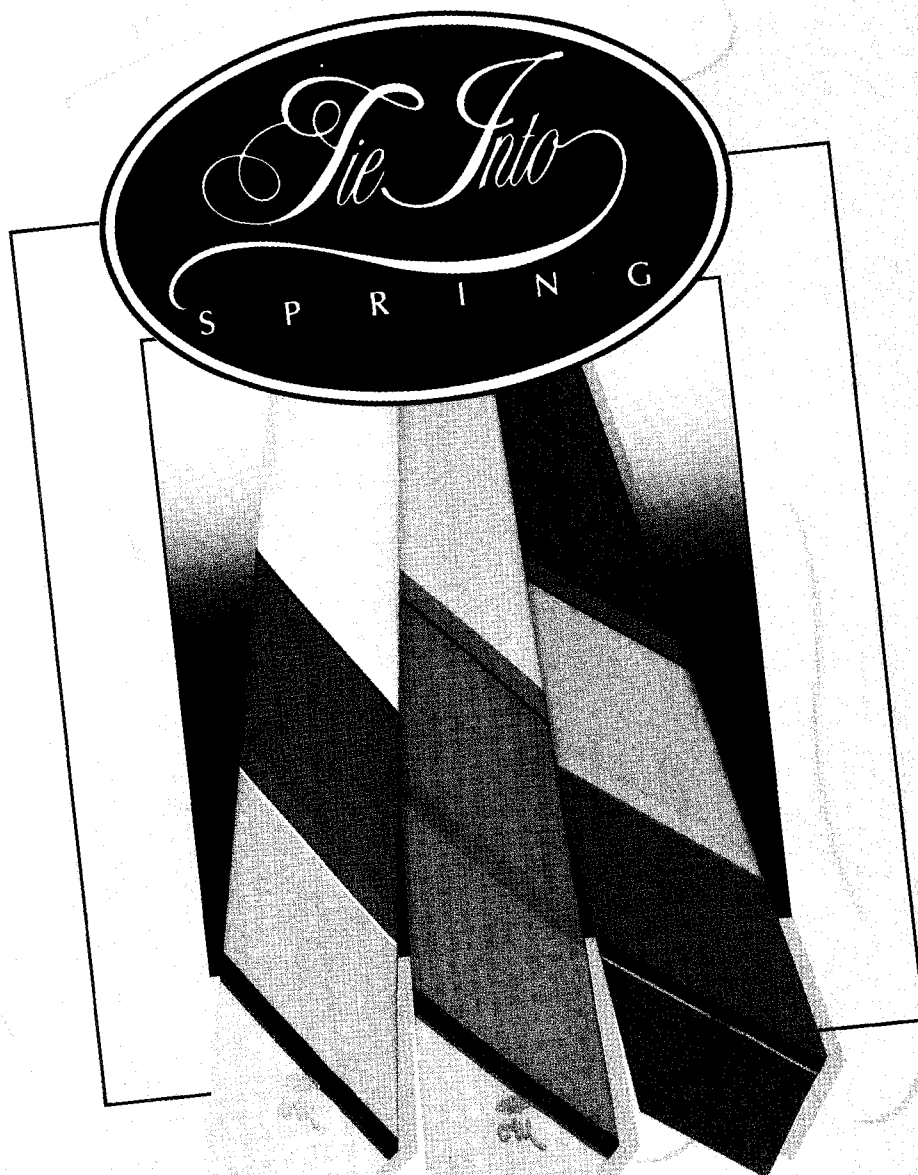
IN early May of 1984—four and a half months before Lytle's indictment—a run began on the deposits of Continental Illinois: an outflow so severe that within ten days the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and a consortium of twenty-eight healthy banks were forced to intervene with a combination of credit and capital totalling seven and a half billion dollars. When the Penn Square Bank closed, deposit balances in excess of a hundred thousand dollars became worth about sixty cents on the dollar. By contrast, the F.D.I.C. was willing to guarantee all of Continental's deposits, regardless of the size of an account, in order to keep that bank open. There was also revolving credit at the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. The F.D.I.C. and the consortium of banks increased their assistance, until they had extended fourteen billion dollars' worth of emergency credit to Continental. Yet the run continued. To raise cash, Continental's holding company sold its London merchant-banking subsidiary, its credit-card business,

its leasing and residential-mortgage-servicing divisions. Foreign operations in Bahrain, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland were closed or sold. The bank staff was reduced by two thousand. In 1981, the year that Continental bought five hundred and fifty million dollars in loans from Penn Square, the bank's assets were valued at forty-seven billion dollars.

Three years later, the bank was seventeen billion dollars smaller.

By early June, it was evident that Continental Illinois could not survive without a permanent guarantee of federal support. During the first six months of 1984, deposits fell by twelve billion dollars. A quarterly dividend payment was omitted for the first time in forty-eight years. The price of Continental's stock aimed due south. Big banks—First Chicago, Citibank, Chemical Bank—looked at the books and decided not to buy Continental. The Bass brothers, of Texas, and the Pritzker family, of Chicago, looked





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and decided the same thing. By mid-July, no potential private investors remained. The results for the second quarter of 1984 showed that the bank had lost one billion one hundred and sixty million dollars—the worst three-month performance ever reported by an American corporation. Only the United States government could afford to own Continental's diseased assets. Finally, in late July, two years and three weeks after the Penn Square Bank failed, the government in effect bought Continental Illinois. For three and a half billion dollars, the F.D.I.C. acquired the weakest assets in the Continental portfolio—loans that had once had a face value exceeding five billion dollars. Half of these assets were energy loans. The F.D.I.C. also invested a billion dollars in fresh capital. In the complexity of its details, the F.D.I.C.'s takeover matched the unwieldy magnitude of Continental's problems. In the financial community, there was a semantic discussion: Had the bank, in practical terms, failed? (The stockholders had lost eighty per cent of their investment, and stood to lose the rest if the loans acquired by the F.D.I.C. continued to decline in value and collectibility.) Had the bank been nationalized? (If not in the strictest legal sense, it had nevertheless been de-facto nationalized.) Howard Baker, then the Majority Leader of the Senate, said that the Continental crisis would cause Congress to "review the entire banking system." The chairman of the House Banking Committee saw in Continental irrefutable evidence that deregulation of the banking system had gone too far. Testifying before the Banking Committee, C. T. Conover, the Comptroller of the Currency, contended that if Continental had been liquidated (à la Penn Square) it would have taken with it scores of smaller institutions—perhaps as many as a hundred. The *Wall Street Journal* quoted a bank-industry analyst as calling Continental's decline "the most significant domestic banking event since the Depression." Of the bank that Roger Anderson and his loyalists had built, only a shadow remained.

**I** WENT to see John Lytle on a bright, clear, frigid morning several months after his indictment. From O'Hare to Northfield, I happened to share a limo with a neighbor of the Lytles who had met Beep Jennings and Bill Patterson and J. D. Allen and Carl Swan and other

Okiesmo potentates in the summer of 1981, when Sharon Lytle threw a surprise birthday party for her husband. On that occasion, there was genuine Oklahoma barbecue served on the Lytles' front lawn and a real country-and-Western band parked in the driveway—unusual for the North Shore. The neighbor said that the Penn Square guests had seemed like a fun bunch of people.

I arrived at Lytle's house just as he was about to run some errands. We hopped into a gray Peugeot station wagon and headed for a nearby bank where he had opened an account after being fired by Continental. In 1981, Lytle's twenty-second and last full year at Continental, he received a salary of sixty-nine thousand dollars and a bonus of fifty-six thousand. Three days after becoming unemployed, he started his own oil-and-gas financial-consulting business. His clients were former Penn Square customers. "Consulting" meant trying to avoid formal bankruptcy. He did this for a year and a half—stalled creditors, hustled receivables, tried to help overextended oilies find refinancing—and collected more per hour than he ever had as a banker. Eventually, some of the clients shuffled off to bankruptcy court anyway. Next, he hooked up with a high-school friend, an independent oilman who operated in Oklahoma, putting together small drilling deals. This was less rewarding than consulting had been. Lytle had an ample net worth, but most of it was tied up in his homestead. The house that he had bought in 1967 had grown by sixteen hundred square feet. He owned the tall oaks and the empty lot next door. Now the time had come to consider liquidating family assets. Lytle had been forced to sell a vintage Corvette. And the empty lot was back on the market.

When we pulled up in front of the bank, Lytle left the motor running and ran inside. He wore a green down ski jacket and brown Glen-plaid wool slacks. He was forty-nine years old. Even with his gray hair, he could have passed for thirty-nine. When he came out of the bank, he was smiling. "This bank has been really nice to me," he said. Then he laughed. "Of course, whenever I walk in there they act like maybe they should do this"—he threw up his arms, palms out, stickup style—"but then the vice-president comes over and shakes my hand, asks how I'm getting along." Not that the friendly vice-president would lend him money. Lytle could not even swing a



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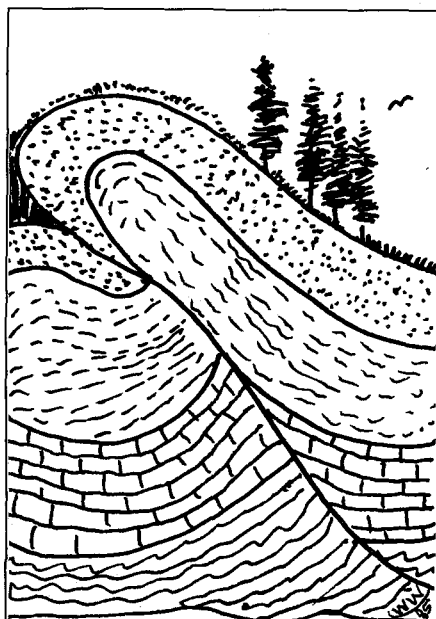
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loan using the Peugeot as collateral. No banker in Chicago wanted to have to explain why John Lytle had appeared to be a good credit risk.

We drove to a parochial school where the youngest of Lytle's four children, Patrick, attended kindergarten. Normally, Lytle's wife would have gone on this mission, but she had a lunch date. Back at Lytle's house, we sat in a study where there were bookshelves, a desk, a telephone-answering machine, green leather armchairs, a green leather hassock, and a mullioned picture window. Snow had fallen the previous night. From the study, a short hallway led past the kitchen and into the family room. Logs glowed in the fireplace there. The room was cozy, full of natural light. Patrick sat at a long table, ate peanut butter, and watched cartoons on television. When Lytle showed me the room, he said, "This is the Penn Square addition." It was a quiet early afternoon. Conversations with Lytle, while not exactly solemn, never struck me as zippy. We talked desultorily about this and that. The trial of Lytle, Patterson, and Sturgis was scheduled to take place months down the road—perhaps in the fall of 1985. Until then, there was, in a way, not much to say. Either John Lytle was going to wind up a convicted felon or he was going to be looking for a job.

Lytle could ponder Bill Patterson's federal trial in Oklahoma City. Had the jurors simply rejected the facts as recited by the government's sixty-one witnesses? Were the facts adequate but was the criminal statute itself missing? Was it that, regardless of whether Patterson had harmed the Penn Square Bank, the government could not prove he had done so intentionally? Did the jurors regard Patterson as culpable but resent the fact that the Comptroller of the Currency was not indicted along with him? Under whose nose had the Penn Square Bank grown rancid? Why the grand piety and the punitive impulse? Certainly someone had jerked levers inside the bank in the Penn Square shopping mall. And the bank had collapsed, and mind-boggling havoc had ensued. But what were the crimes and what constituted fitting punishment? Patterson's banking career inspired profound thoughts about what one ambitious young man can accomplish in this land of opportunity. Being acquitted in Oklahoma was, in a sense, testimony to the stunning amplitude of his achievement. Remarkable stuff—the Penn Square Bank,

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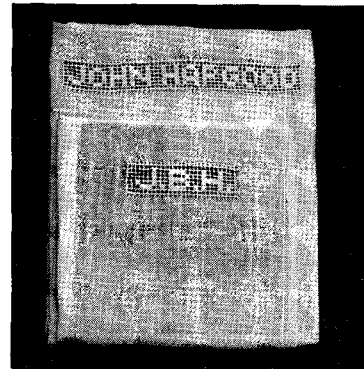
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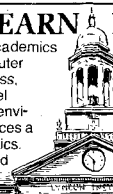
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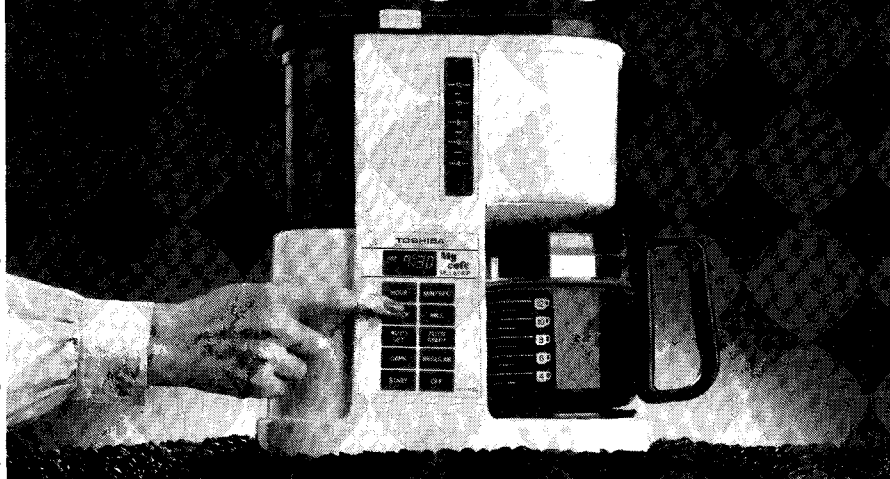


Seafirst, Continental Illinois. All along, the Penn Square Bank and the oil-and-gas boom had been driven by a vast myth-spawning mechanism, and the Oklahoma jurors understood that. Patterson-as-Iago was just another myth. Would a Chicago jury, however, seeing Patterson and Lytle seated together at the defense table, see a different reality?

By the time Sharon Lytle returned from her lunch date, her husband was overdue for an appointment with his attorney. As we drove toward the city, he remarked that her lunch companion had been the wife of Dwight Chapin, who was Richard Nixon's appointments secretary. For committing perjury in connection with the Watergate investigation, Chapin had spent eight months in prison. He now lived in Winnetka and was making out all right in the public-relations business. The Chapins had told the Lytles to expect the worst during the trial. Nevertheless, Lytle was not pessimistic. He expected to be acquitted. If he overlooked the fact that the Continental Illinois Bank had journeyed to the margin of oblivion, he could think of circumstances for which he was grateful. It occurred to him that back when the good times were rolling he might have borrowed twenty million dollars. He had avoided that, hadn't he? Things might indeed have been worse. As we left the freeway and entered the Loop, Lytle spoke appreciatively of the parishioners of his church. Ever since the indictment, people had come forth with offers of assistance: "Money, help, whatever you need, we'll do what we can." One friend volunteered to buy Lytle's furniture. Lytle said thanks, but the family still wanted to sit on it. The friend suggested that if Lytle wanted to sell it now and buy it back later, that would be fine. "I appreciated the gesture," Lytle said, waiting for a stoplight to turn green. "I guess what the guy was really offering was to make me a fully collateralized loan."

**B**OB HEFNER, in his capacity as chairman of the GHK Companies, received a letter during the summer of 1983 from Robert L. Parker, the chairman of the Parker Drilling Company, one of the largest contract drilling firms in the world. It was Parker Drilling's unenviable distinction to have become one of the largest trade creditors of GHK. For almost a year, GHK's bankers and trade creditors had been trying to reorganize

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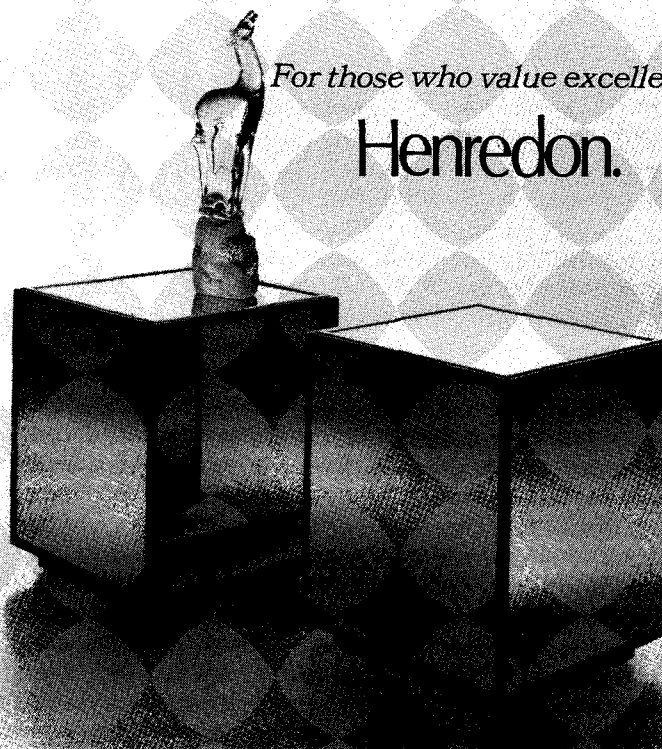
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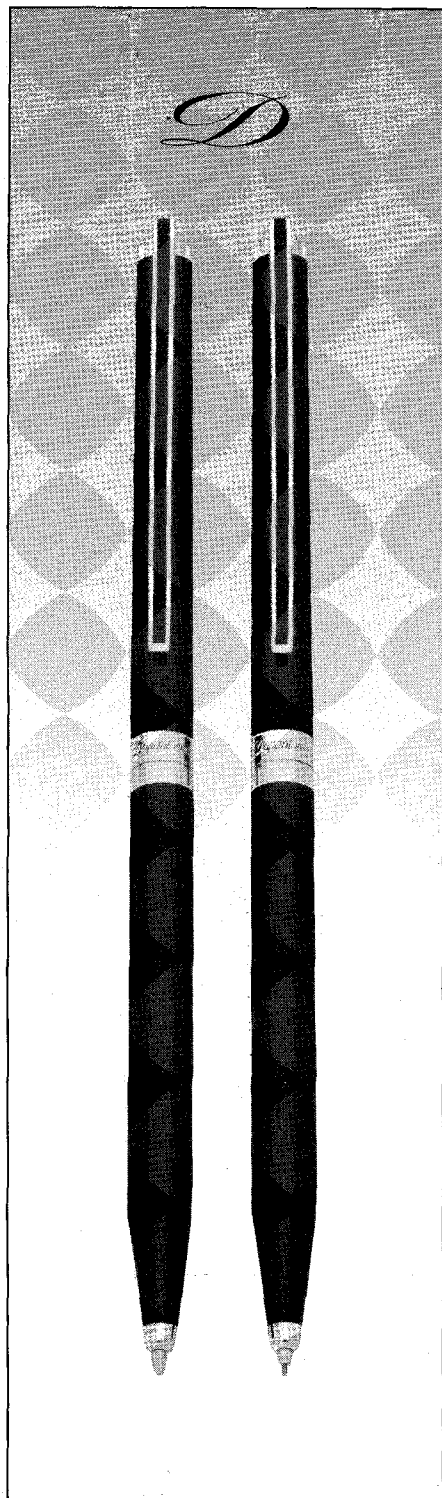
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GHK's debt, and during that time the outlook had progressively deteriorated. The so-called April Fools' Eve agreement—the debt-repayment plan negotiated in the spring of 1983—had proved to be a product of desperately wishful thinking. One purpose of Parker's letter was to recapitulate just how bad things were. He recited the specifics of the dilemma that confronted Hefner and the people to whom he owed money: GHK's long-term debt totalled three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, which meant that interest costs, at a rate of twelve per cent, were running close to forty million a year; GHK's oil-and-gas revenues, estimated on the basis of conditions then current in the depressed natural-gas market, were only eight million a year; the most recent unaudited financial statement showed that the company had assets of two hundred and twenty million, of which only seventeen million was cash; accounts payable approximated ninety-three million; GHK had a negative net worth of minus two hundred and ten million. Parker's analysis of GHK's situation was summed up in this statement: "We conclude exactly what you said to us in our office—you can't go on like this financially."

More than a year later, the natural-gas marketplace was still greatly depressed, and the old debts, plus a fortune's worth of new interest, lingered. Meanwhile, exciting developments had taken place, the most significant being the Continental Illinois crisis. The upheaval within Continental Illinois came as no surprise to Hefner. The accommodations that Continental bankers had seemed willing to make to avoid writing off loans to him and his companies had led him to

assume, correctly, that there was a critical mass of sick loans on the bank's books, beyond the oil-and-gas portfolio. A comforting thought this was not. A Continental Illinois Bank in government receivership would place Hefner at the mercy of collectors whose main motive would be to clean up a vast mess as expeditiously as possible. So far, Hefner had had the luxury of working with lenders whose motives were survival and profit. A four-and-a-half-billion-dollar federally insured bailout, however, altered the context in a way that made Hefner's debt look paltry. He owed the

bank only a hundred and sixty-three million. The magnitude of Continental Illinois's problems placed him in danger of losing his debtor's leverage. At last, Hefner could appreciate the pitiable circumstances of those short-hitters who had gone to the Penn Square Bank during the boom and borrowed only a million or so. Come the bust, they had been hauled off to debtors' prison. What if it turned out that Hefner, heaven forbid, had not borrowed enough? Only a super-resilient mortal could withstand the burden of that much irony.

There could be no conceding defeat, however. Robert A. Hefner III continued in every visible respect to subsist in majestic fashion. His eight-passenger Westwind jet had been sold, but there were still wings—a trusty Sabreliner eight-seater—in the hangar. The yacht Anadarko no longer belonged to Hefner, but quotidian creature comforts remained. The good show remained. The financial affairs of the GHK Companies had stagnated in what seemed an intractable workout. Almost as soon as the terms of a workout got papered up, reality would indicate that the numbers did not fit. GHK's leases were expiring, and that meant that the company's assets were diminishing every day. Fewer than seventy-five employees were left on the payroll, down from a hundred and eighty. Several of the senior techni-



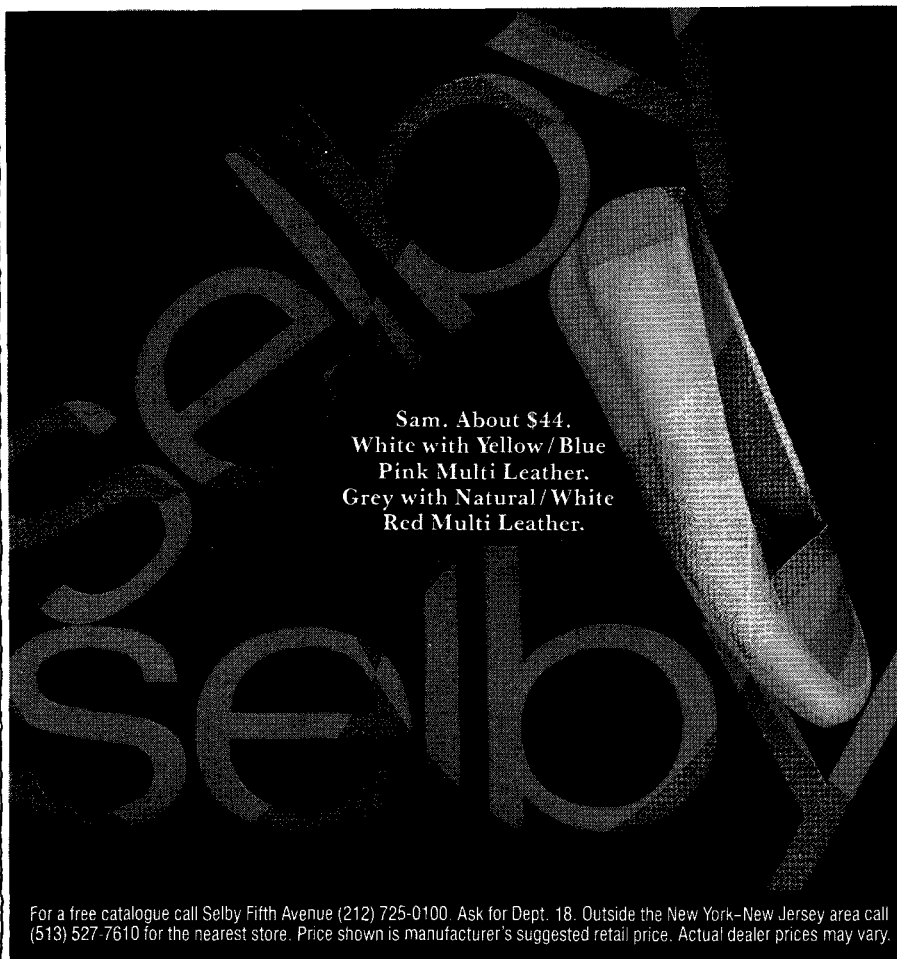
cal and management people had departed; Hefner and his son, Robert IV, had jointly assumed the role of chief explorationist. Every few months, there would be a new deadline, another round of squeezing the big zeros, a new quest for major long-term financing. On and on and on.

Hefner continued to try to make it work, continued to invoke "methane" and "salvation" in the same breath. He was still available to testify before Congress. Addressing a Senate subcommittee on energy regulation, he spoke of an "emerging methane industry"—of a national transition from an oil-based to a methane-based industrial economy. He compared the present to the oil-glutted chaos of the Depression years, which had contributed directly to the birth of the vertically integrated major oil companies. And the truth was that as Hefner and his creditors tried to imagine how he could ever

repay his debts the major oil companies were putting their many dollars to work buying minerals cheap, turning the Anadarko Basin into a bargain.

IT was an evening in the earliest autumn, only days since the beastly summer heat had broken. The jury in the trial of Bill Patterson had begun its deliberations that afternoon. The day had been cloudy and blustery. Now the wind had died, and the dark felt soft and cool and quiet. Bob Hefner had more than a casual interest in the outcome of the Patterson trial. His testimony had been one of the highlights, and the issue addressed by that testimony—the “sale” to Hefner, for thirty-one million three hundred thousand dollars, of seven drilling rigs that Hefner did not care to possess—was still much alive. In suit and counter-suit, Chase Manhattan and Hefner were pursuing claims against each other that totalled two hundred and fifty million dollars. One document described during the trial was a Penn Square Bank memorandum stating that Hefner had a net worth of four hundred and forty-six million dollars. Well, at least Hefner still had his homestead, and it was a fine one. He sat in his living room. An almost life-size portrait of him hung in the entrance hall. A tall and broad doorway led into the living room, which had a high ceiling decorated with a fresco of blue sky and clouds. At eye level, there were fresh flowers, crystal, silver, gilt, and a wall of glass, with a door that led to an atrium. A stereo piped in a Mozart concerto. It was not a modest room. The bounty was eclectic: overstuffed sofas; leather armchairs and side tables; antiques and reproductions; wooden floorboards from the French provinces; high-tech brass floor lamps; a zebra hide in repose next to an ebony grand piano; dense art books (Rodin, Renoir, Picasso, Bonnard, Velázquez) planted here and there; a small Rodin on a table; on the walls a Picasso, a Redon, an Utrillo; a pair of paintings of huge tortoises flanking a doorway; skylights; horses all around, in oil and watercolor, cast in bronze, sculptured in stone, liberated from a French carousel and charging from the wall, galloping out of trompe-l'oeil sconces; more trompe l'oeil above the fireplace mantel; in the fireplace, methane jets to ignite real logs. A room dedicated to comfort, style, and artifice.

As a witness for the prosecution, Hefner had proposed an interesting domino theory—a variation of the



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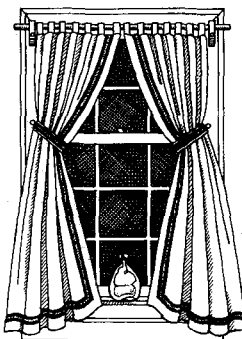


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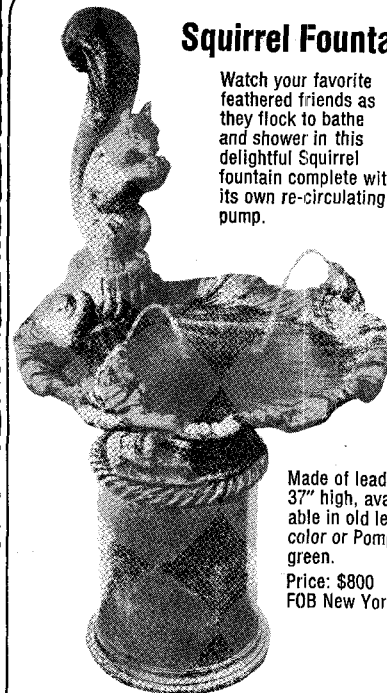
parable of the kingdom that was lost for want of a nail in a horse's shoe. Because Patterson had banked Frank Mahan and Billy Rowsey, the theory went, a thirty-one-million-three-hundred-thousand-dollar loan to Hefner was entered in the Penn Square Bank's books and then sold to Chase Manhattan. If that note had never been funded, Penn Square at its moment of insolvency would not have carried a thirty-one-million-three-hundred-thousand-dollar contingent liability. If no such liability had existed, Hefner and Continental Illinois would have agreed to buy the bank jointly. And thus Penn Square would have avoided a scorched-earth liquidation, and Continental Illinois would have been able to avoid being dragged into the soup. On the witness stand, Hefner stopped short of projecting this scenario to an implicit, apocalyptic conclusion: What if Continental had been permitted to fail? What if it had taken along, say, a hundred banks, as the F.D.I.C. and the Comptroller had insisted that it would? What if, in the panic that would surely ensue, the American economy had imploded? And then? If all that had happened, how much responsibility would have belonged to Bill Patterson? And if one were to project back over the shoulder—scan the chain of causation that preceded the transaction involving the Mahan-Rowsey drilling rigs—what of Bob Hefner's contribution to all that? Was the rubble of the bust disconnected from the grand designs, the visions of Bob Hefner, that precipitated the boom?

Not every Hefner scenario had unfolded exactly as he had said it would.

I had several conversations with Hefner in this house. As I sat in his living room that September evening, I recalled one from a late afternoon in the previous autumn. We were sitting in the atrium, where there was a long narrow swimming pool; a terrace of red brick; dappling fountains; spouting statuary; a fireplace; lavender petunias and scarlet rhododendrons; potted magnolias. An electronic zapper delivered flying insects to their resting place. Slender vertical columns—square metal beams painted white—supported the open roof surrounding the atrium. There was no froufrou on the columns; deliberate classicism mingled with the contemporary. It was a relaxing place to visit. The nearer-my-Greek-god-to-thee ambience encouraged the illusion that Hefner could go on like this forever. That

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day, I mentioned the Robinson No. 1, the last of the ultra-deep wells that Mobil had bankrolled in Hefner's Elk City Project. Of the wells drilled by Mobil and GHK, seventy-five per cent were economical producers—if only someone would buy the gas, and at the right price. I had just returned from Elk City, where I had spent a chilly, misting afternoon watching an engineer and a crew of roughnecks try to fish a piece of severed drill string out of a twenty-nine-thousand-foot hole. That was the Robinson. For the time being, the Robinson was Hefner's last shot in Elk City. Parker Drilling's biggest land-based rig, the No. 201—a hook-load capacity of two million pounds; sufficient to drill to forty thousand feet; custom-fashioned for GHK—was on the job. The Robinson would turn out to be a dry hole. Not quite realizing that, I announced that I intended to go back to Elk City when the Robinson was perforated—when an attempt was made to complete the well and bring the methane to the surface. Hefner had a better idea. He held out his left hand, palm down, and talked about the Arco Lucille.

"Bobby dreams structures. He bends his data," Hefner's detractors said, meaning that wherever Hefner owned acreage he was inclined to envision geological features that a more objective technician might not see. The Lucille, in Cement, Oklahoma, was due to be perforated and tested the next day. At eye level, Hefner used his right index finger to point at the middle knuckle of his other hand. In Hefner's mind, the left hand represented a huge geological structure, and the knuckle was its crown. Atlantic Richfield, the operator of the Lucille, had confidence only in the knuckle, according to Hefner. Indications thus far were that the knuckle would produce a fine well—and GHK and Arco certainly hoped so, considering that this well was expected to cost twenty-five million dollars. Hefner, however, could extrapolate from the knuckle back down the slope of his wrist and out beyond the manicured tips of his broad fingers.

The Arco Lucille would be the first significant test of the Arbuckle sediments in the Cyril Basin. What lay beneath the hand? Seismic pictures from below the Hunton formation, which began at nineteen thousand feet, were very difficult to read; the Arbuckle, into which this well was headed, was virtually opaque. That fact had presented a significant obsta-

cle when GHK went looking for partners in the Cyril Basin. My own limitations as a geophysicist, however, made Hefner's theory sound dandy to me. If the Lucille turned out to be a great well, acreage costs in the Cyril Basin would rebound to the two-to-three-thousand-dollar range. The enthusiasm would evoke the Anadarko Basin in its heyday. If salvation was headed Hefner's way, he intended to renew his own leases and to lease as much of the left hand as possible. "If the Lucille is as good as I think it is, it could turn things around for this company," he said. "Isn't that something? How a single well could do that to a company our size overnight?"

LESS than overnight—ten hours later, at high speed, half awake in the 5 A.M. darkness—I was driving to Cement, because Atlantic Richfield intended to perforate the Lucille at dawn. The tests that would follow the perf job would reveal whether GHK owned a quarter of a twenty-five-million-dollar dry hole or whether destiny had taken a more pleasant turn. The well had been drilled to a total depth of twenty-five thousand feet, into the Arbuckle, but the bottom seven hundred feet of the hole were obstructed by a length of ruptured drill string. The explosive charge of the perforating gun would detonate just above that.

I arrived at the well site before six o'clock, which turned out to be extra early. The well did not get perfered and tested that morning. Before the decision was made to postpone, however, I got a chance to stand around for a few hours with my hands in my pockets. At one point, I stood near a frac trailer with bald tires—maypops, those are called ("That tahr may pop any second")—and near a tawny, taciturn drilling foreman, a paragon of Okiesmo, who wore a gold hard hat with an Arco emblem and green khaki work clothes soiled with a substance that transcended grime. We kicked some rocks for a couple of minutes, in silence. Then I said, "You been here all night?"

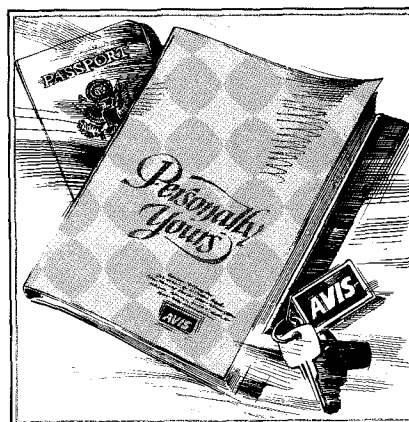
"I've been here five hundred and ninety-five days."

"Oh, well, uh, how many people have been here that long?"

"Me."

A week later, I drove back to Cement, back to the Lucille, and watched another sunrise, again hoping to witness the perforation. At seven-thirty,

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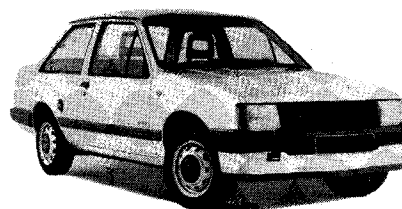
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a technician from Schlumberger, the well-service company, squeezed the trigger on the perforating gun. Several Schlumberger employees had crowded inside a truck that was equipped with an excess of gauges and digital monitors. Nothing happened. Hours passed. The gauges beeped and blipped inconclusively. Perhaps brine in the well bore was creating a problem. Perhaps brine could be swabbed out of the well bore and then, perhaps, gas would bubble to the surface, lifting the brine out of the hole and permitting the perforated zone to flow. Or perhaps none of the above. Eventually, the perforating gun was raised from the well. Something in the well bore, it seemed, had short-circuited the electronic trigger, and the gun had never fired. The well casing, in other words, had never been perforated. The lives of gas wells did not always go according to plan.

That certainly proved true of the Arco Lucille. Some weeks later, the perforating gun did at last go off. Bob Hefner would later refer to the Lucille as having "produced in some shallower zones," but for all practical purposes it was a dry twenty-five-thousand-foot hole, a twenty-five-million-dollar duster. It was not going to turn GHK around. And since that was the case, Arco did not mind suing GHK to collect three million in billed but unreimbursed drilling costs. And GHK did not mind countersuing for more than a hundred million, alleging that Arco had ruined an infinitely promising well.

Now, a year later, I thought of other schemes, grand and less grand, that were not going to unfold. Bob Hefner was not going to pursue his notion of persuading the Ford Motor Company to mass-produce a methane-powered automobile. GHK would therefore not be buying a fleet of methane-powered company cars, and construction of a methane-compression station at the PennBank Tower would not be necessary. Nor, for that matter, would the GHK Companies be occupying eight floors of the PennBank Tower, which now had a different name. The price of natural gas was going back to nine dollars no time soon. Oklahoma City was not going to become the Athens that Hefner had promised Beep Jennings it would. It was going to be more like an exurb of Dallas. The long-term financing that

Hefner had tried to arrange with Japanese bankers in the spring and fall of 1983—the attempt to take advantage of the Bank of Tokyo's desire to invest a billion dollars in American industry—that had not quite come together, either.

Fortunately, Asia was a large place. If the Japanese lacked foresight, perhaps . . . *China*. Hefner had been doing some thinking and talking about China. He had been asking himself where GHK should go next. He had asked, "Where are the developing countries, and what are their natural resources?"

Tang Ke, the Chinese Minister of Petroleum, had been a guest in Hefner's home the previous weekend. Tang Ke had come to the United States and had talked to Amoco, Exxon, Sohio, Manufacturers Hanover, Chase Manhattan, Phillips Petroleum, Pennzoil, Dresser Industries, Halliburton, and the chairman of the GHK Companies, Robert A. Hefner III. China intended to develop its energy. Hefner intended to persuade China to build its industry around methane, "to develop a systematic way of exploiting that natural resource."

"How are they going to measure their natural-gas reserves?" I asked, and then cringed at my simpleminded question.

"GHK's going to do it."

He believed it. He believed in it. GHK's technological expertise was unmistakably state-of-the-art; any day now, that fact would dawn upon the Chinese government.

Hefner said he had been interested in China since way back when—"always in the back of my mind, sort of like the Anadarko Basin." Now when he thought of China he thought about methane and about infrastructure and about how it fitted into a vision he had of something called "a century of peace." In Mandarin, he knew how to say "hello," "welcome," "thank you," "natural gas," "hot sauce," "beer," and "to our future cooperation."

A few months earlier, Hefner had disappeared for a couple of weeks. The word went around that he had gone to Europe, where a secret billionaire waited in the wings. It sounded right. And that was that. Nothing more. Just a rumor. Standard Bobby Hefner. "Bobby Hefner is a survivor," even Hefner's critics would always maintain. Another rumor floated—that



Hefner was about to launch a takeover of ONEOK, Inc., the billion-dollar parent company of Oklahoma's largest natural-gas utility. If Hefner could not get the pipelines to buy his gas and help his cash flow, then he would buy his own distribution network. Rumors would help for the time being, until something a bit more real came along.

Would it offend the People's Republic of China that Hefner's exploration companies had a negative net worth of two hundred and ten million dollars? Bob Hefner was not thinking about that at the moment. He was thinking about the past and about the future but not, apparently, about the vicissitudes of the present. "If I've contributed anything to life on this planet," he said on that evening in September, "it has been to heighten our understanding of the value of methane and of the crucial role that it will play in the survival and evolution of our economic system." A fond remembrance drifted into his consciousness—his biggest of all deals, the Mobil Oil Corporation promote that had ignited the Anadarko Basin. "I always wanted to be a private company but to do deals like the majors do," he said in his shadowy living room, leaning forward in his armchair. "If I had gone public right after the Mobil deal, I could have put two hundred million into Treasury bills. If I had done that, then I'd have done some deals with Boone Pickens and the Bass brothers. And I would have had the time to go on the board of Penn Square. And I would have enjoyed that, because I've always wanted to be a merchant banker." He punched the fast-forward button in his imagination. "Then I would have done more deals with Boone and the Bases. Then I could be out buying the Anadarko Basin again, right now.

"But..." He paused, clasped his hands behind his head, leaned back, and smiled a tight smile. "But I'm not going to do it that way."

—MARK SINGER

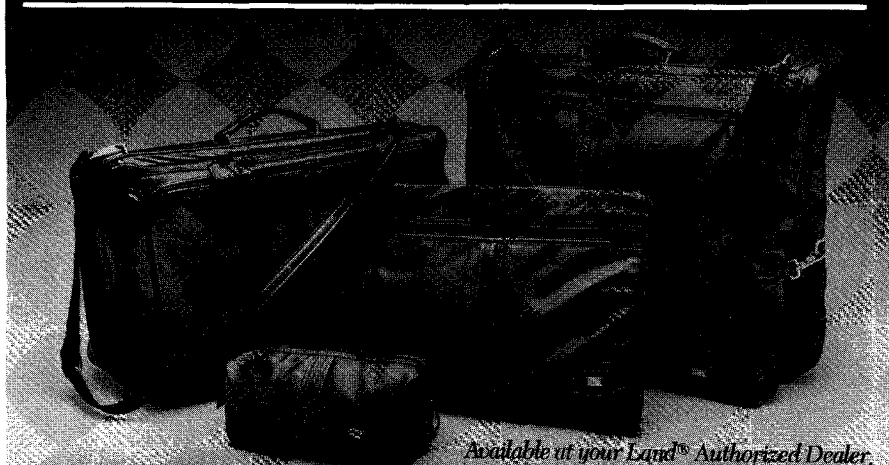
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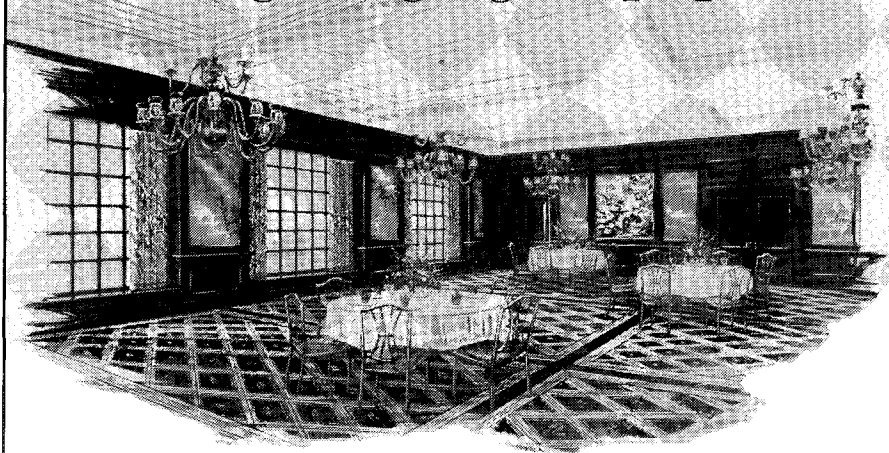
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# AMERICAN CHRONICLES

## RIGHT-OF-WAY

**T**HE ironic thing is that both of these people came here to find peace," the man said. When he said it, he swept his arm out to indicate a scene of palpable peacefulness—a narrow street with almost no traffic on it, a line of buildings that looked as if they might have originated in the early nineteenth century, some lovely mountains in the distance. He was standing not far from the courthouse in the seat of Rappahannock County, Virginia—a town that is named Washington and is sometimes called Little Washington, to distinguish it from the larger, much less peaceful seat of government in the District of Columbia, an hour and a quarter to the east. The residents of Rappahannock County aren't fond of having their county seat called Little Washington, but the town does have the look of a place built on the smaller scale of more settled times. The old brick courthouse is flanked by two diminutive brick buildings that look like toy courthouses themselves. The brochure available to visitors says, "Today the population of Washington, Virginia, barely exceeds that at its 18th Century beginning." In recent years, Washington has acquired a community theatre and a restaurant widely known for elegant turns on American cuisine, but there is still not enough bustle to require a public telephone booth.

The theatre and the restaurant are, of course, the sorts of institutions brought to rural Virginia by newcomers—along with craft shops and careful restorations and elaborate zoning ordinances. Twenty years ago, Rappahannock County was not thought of as the sort of place that might offer shiitake mushrooms on vermicelli or a remarkable level of peacefulness. In the thirties, when the Shenandoah National Park and the Skyline Drive were established in the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the western border of Rappahannock County, a lot of people were resettled from the mountain hollows into what was then a farm county known mainly for apples and cattle. Some of those who were resettled did not immediately abandon their customary ways of resolving disputes or celebrating good fortune or displaying their resentment at having been forcibly removed from their land. Even before the resettlement, there

were parts of the county where sheriffs' deputies went with trepidation. Rappahannock County, which had always had some large farmland holdings, didn't carry the reputation for random violence that was associated with a couple of the mountain counties nearby, but on a Saturday night in an area like Jenkins Hollow the peace was breached rather regularly.

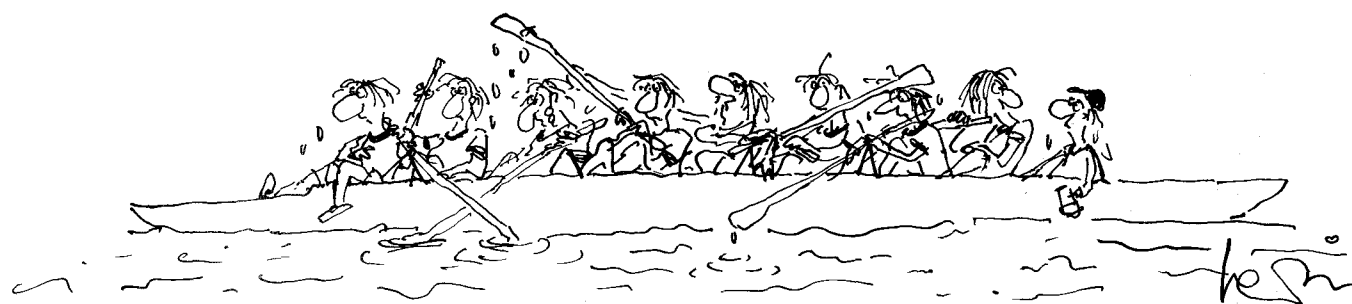
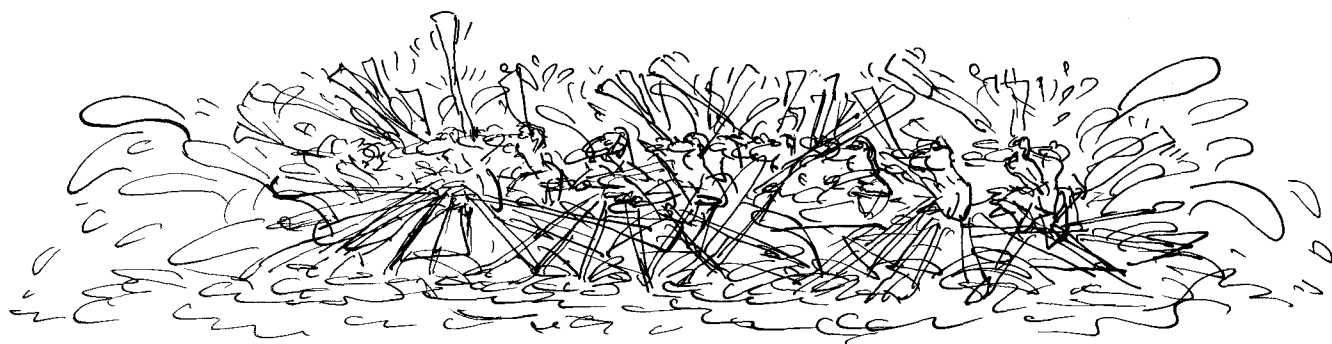
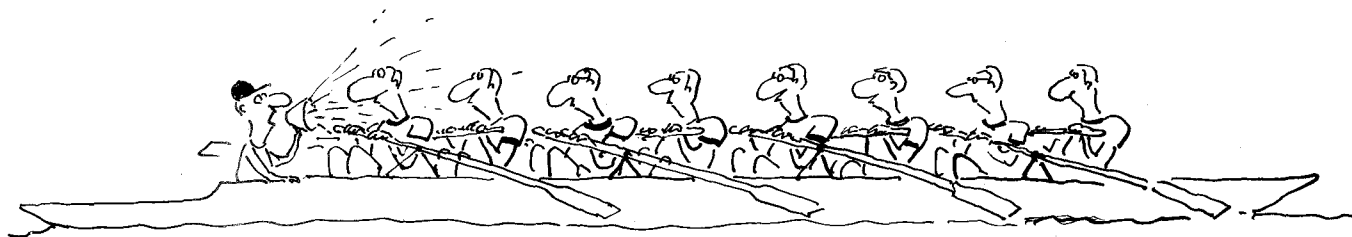
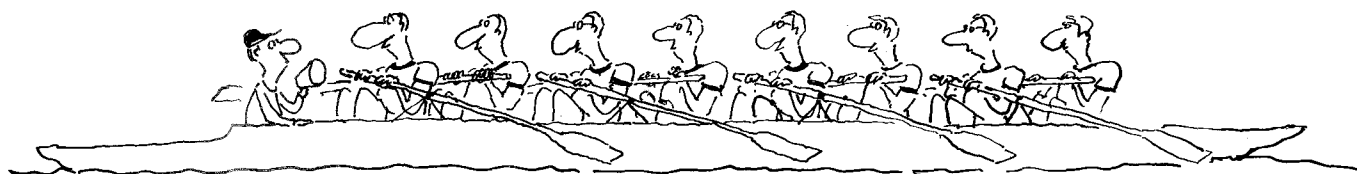
"There probably aren't more than one or two Jenkinsees left in Jenkins Hollow," a Rappahannock lawyer who sounded as if he rather missed the old sort of Saturday night said recently. "I suppose it's mostly retired people from D.C. The houses are very well kept." Of the six thousand or so residents of Rappahannock County, a couple of thousand are people who have moved in within the past fifteen or twenty years. As it happened, Rappahannock County represented a haven to a lot of different sorts of people. For a time, there was an influx of hippies—many of whom drifted on and some of whom evolved into respectable shopkeepers or building contractors or schoolteachers. A lot of people who worked for the government in Washington, D.C.—civil servants or military people at their final posting—bought houses in Rappahannock that began as weekend retreats and became retirement homes. Some people who were trying to escape the steady suburbanization of the northern Virginia counties—people who were more comfortable in small towns, people who wanted a place where it was possible to hunt rabbits or raise a few crops—moved from Fairfax County to Prince William County to Rappahannock County. For some rather promi-

nent people in Washington, D.C., Rappahannock County seemed to have the beauty of the Virginia foxhunting country just to the east of it—in fact, it has always had a hunt—but not the social pressure associated with places where the horsy types have collected in great numbers. A lot of people who settled in Rappahannock County found it to be what they sometimes call "a good mix." It's a place where some families have presided over large holdings long enough to hear themselves discussed as feudal and where some families still live in the government-built bungalows known as resettlement houses. It's a place that has tasteful antique shops as well as, on the road to the Shenandoah National Park, a line of stands selling apples and cider and Hong Kong statuary. It's a place where life seems simple but where the guest columnist in the county weekly is Eugene McCarthy.

Although the man standing near the courthouse in Washington, Virginia, might have found it ironic that two of the people who had come to Rappahannock County to find peace had found turmoil instead, he would have seen no irony in the fact that the cause of the turmoil was—at the beginning, at least—an argument over property. The newcomers to Rappahannock County brought with them an urban precision about property—about precisely where the boundary was and precisely who had the right to cross it. They talked a lot about property values. Partly because of their presence, of course, there was more property value to talk about. People in Rappahannock County had always had the occasional title disagreement or boundary dispute, but the new people seemed to bring a new relentlessness to such disagreements. When the disagreement between Patricia Saltonstall and Diane Kidwell began, they were arguing, relentlessly, about a right-of-way.

**"I** FELL in love with it when I saw the hills open up," Patricia Saltonstall now says of her first impression of Rappahannock County. That was in 1970, and, like a lot of people who had found the sixties almost too eventful, she was in the market for a peaceful place. She had the sort of credentials that presumably could have been useful in keeping a certain amount of turmoil at bay. Her parents' marriage was a union of two prominent New England families, the Saltonstalls and the Laphams. She had





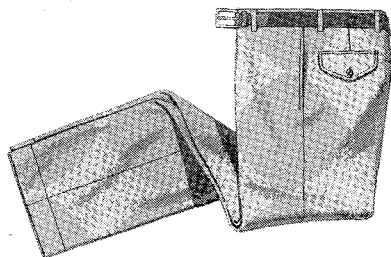
gone to Smith, and then married a Yale man whose family owned a factory in Pittsburgh. But by 1970, when she was in her early forties, she had also seen her share of contention. Her first marriage had ended in divorce, and so had her second. Reclaiming her formidable maiden name, she had moved with her three sons to Washington, D.C., and established herself as a society writer for the *Washington Star*. In the mid-sixties, she became caught up in the civil-rights struggle; she worked for a while for the federal Community Relations Service and then began to devote just about full time to the District of Columbia school-desegregation case. At the 1968 Democratic Convention, in Chicago, she and a number of companions—most of them Convention delegates who had impressive credentials of

their own—were arrested for disorderly conduct, and she responded to the experience by threatening to sue the city to stop the practice of strip-searching female prisoners. In 1970, she was working in Washington for Senator Harold Hughes, of Iowa, mostly on matters concerning the problem of alcoholism, and looking for some land to escape to on weekends and summer holidays. She had the sort of taste and accent that might have been expected from a former society writer with a formidable name, but she also seemed like someone who had been affected by her connection with the civil-rights movement and the struggles entailed in raising a family on her own—a direct, rather intense woman with a no-nonsense manner and a lot of pride in her own independence.

The land she found in Rappahannock County was a two-hundred-and-seventy-acre farm not far from the village of Flint Hill, in an area along State Route 729 which includes some relatively simple houses on ten or fifteen acres of land and some imposing places displaying signs like "CLIFTON, ESTABLISHED 1675." The farm was what she has sometimes called land-locked—it could be connected to the state road only by a private road slicing through neighboring properties—but that brought the price down and added to the privacy. It was lovely, rolling land, leading back to include an overgrown mountain—Hickerson Mountain—that could be seen from miles away. She bought the place, and named it Points of View. There was an abandoned tenant's house, which she began to renovate—rather gradu-



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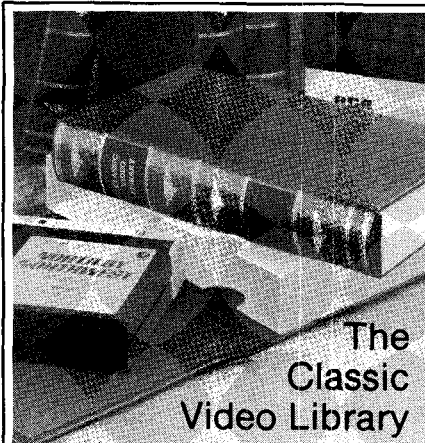
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ally, since she had not yet come into her inheritance. She wanted a barn—a barn that, like the house, was tucked into the curves of the fields in a way that made it blend with the landscape rather than something that seemed to have been dropped naked on the top of a hill. An architect from Georgetown built her an ingenious, multi-use version of a faded wood barn, which eventually won an architectural award and was pictured in the *Washington Post*. In 1973, a two-hundred-acre farm a few miles down 729 was divided into eight lots that became known as the Lindgren-Whaley tract, and she acquired three lots that joined her land on the other side of Hickerson Mountain. Although her holdings on that side of the mountain were also blocked from 729, they could be reached without hacking up and down Hickerson: the Lindgren-Whaley deed provided that the owners of all lots had the use for all purposes of a fifty-foot right-of-way that ran back from 729 through a ten-acre parcel known as Lot A.

For several years, Patricia Saltonstall thought that in Rappahannock County she had found the peace she had sought. Then she started having problems with her neighbors. It may be that the problems started when she changed from a weekender into a permanent resident who was intent on making Points of View an effective agricultural operation—in the late seventies, when, after having come into her inheritance, she decided to make a serious commitment to the farm. In her view, that caused some irritation among the nearby farmers, because it deprived one of them of some grazing land he had been renting cheap and it challenged some of their old Virginia notions about the place of a woman. Whatever notions Pat Saltonstall's neighbors might have had about women, they had different notions from hers about how to approach farming. What they tended to think of as the occasional and inevitable straying of cattle, for instance, she considered "systematic stealing of grazing land"—stealing that was made all the more irritating by the accused neighbor's expressing amiable surprise ("My land! What *am* I going to do with them critters?") and vowing to get at that broken fence just as soon as he could. Some of the neighbors thought that Pat Saltonstall, in her businesslike approach to farming, was inflexible and maybe even self-righteous. "Pat was her own worst



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enemy," a friend of hers said not long ago. "With her money, she should have just fixed the fence instead of worrying so much about what was right or wrong."

In the view of some people in the area, the real trouble started when Patricia Saltonstall hired Rance Spellman. She had met him during the renovation of her farmhouse; he operated heavy equipment. Spellman also came from a family that had been seeking some space in rural Virginia.

His father, who was born and raised and married in Ohio, had gone to Alexandria, Virginia, after the Second World War to work as a heavy-equipment operator, and eventually moved his family out to what the Spellmans had built as a weekend cabin in Culpeper County, only ten or fifteen miles from Points of View. In the meantime, he had managed to create a small heavy-equipment contracting company of his own, despite an inclination to be a lot more comfortable on top of a bulldozer than in front of a ledger book. Rance Spellman worked for that company, and took it over after the sudden death of his father. The first time Pat Saltonstall saw him, he was on top of a bulldozer—a bulldozer whose blade had just hit the root of a treasured old ash tree in her front yard. She remembers his courtesy, and the almost delicate way he handled the huge machine, and his blue eyes.

Spellman was interested in what might be done with the top of Hickerson Mountain. "He said he'd like to do the mountain—clear it, stabilize the soil, fence it," Pat Saltonstall has said. "He was just inspired by it." She hired him to do the mountain. It was soon obvious to her that he was a prodigious worker—a burly young man, six feet two inches tall, who was meticulous about his equipment and precise in his estimates and annoyed whenever darkness finally forced him to quit for the day. It was also obvious, she said not long ago, that with Rance Spellman's help "I could do this farm, and it would be fun." In early 1980, she hired him, on a contract basis, to be her farm manager. Eventually, they also had what Pat Saltonstall usually refers to as "a personal relationship." A small solar house had been built for the Points of View farm manager, but Spellman moved into the restored farmhouse with Pat Saltonstall.

It was a relationship they didn't advertise—aware, as Pat Saltonstall

said recently, that in the view of her neighbors "it was not the sort of thing you did with the help." Rance Spellman was in his early thirties, nearly twenty years younger than Pat Saltonstall, and his education was in earth moving and stone masonry and horse training rather than in the sort of subjects taught at Smith. "There was a gap in age and a gap in cultural background," she said not long ago. "But we had a lot in common. He could stand alone, the way I do." She

saw him as a sort of blond Marlboro man—an independent outdoorsman in jeans and boots who patrolled the property and, like the cowboys of old, always carried a gun. She admired his competence and his almost reli-

gious devotion to hard work. He joked about her being his employer, a relationship he expressed in the diminutive: his private name for her was Bossie. Together, they built up a herd of registered Angus cattle. Spellman cleared more fields and built more fences. On the other side of the mountain, they had some lumber cut and hauled out through the right-of-way road to the mill.

After a time, Pat Saltonstall became aware that where she saw a protector—a handsome and basically rather shy protector—some other people saw a bully. She considered that largely a matter of jealousy caused by Spellman's looks and his "tremendous presence." In her view, "There's a kind of handicap that big men have: sometimes other men feel threatened." In fact, some people in Rappahannock County had found Spellman to be unvaryingly soft-spoken and polite; some knew him for obviously genuine and unselfish acts of kindness toward children or animals. But others saw him as a menacing swaggerer. Nobody had ever seen him actually use his size or his guns to attack anyone, but a number of people seemed afraid that he might. According to his brother, Boyd Spellman, their father, whom Rance had revered, had sometimes seemed too easygoing to be in business, and Rance had been intent on becoming the sort of person nobody took advantage of. Along the way, he had some experiences of the kind that can drain off cheerfulness—two failed marriages, for instance, and the early death of his father, and a stint in Vietnam at a time when most people his age seemed to be going about their business at home. For whatever reasons, Spellman had



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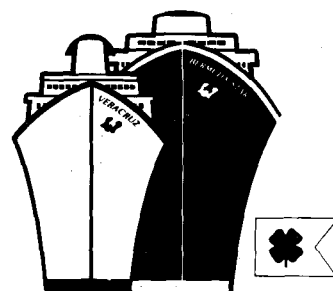
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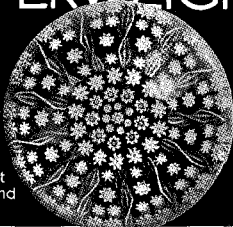
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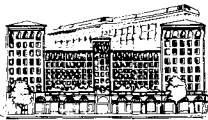
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been in some unpleasant confrontations now and then as a heavy-equipment operator, and as the farm manager of Points of View he seemed to be in more. It got so that the owner of straying cattle had to contend not with a stiff note from Pat Saltonstall but with the possibility that Rance Spellman would impound the cattle and demand board and feed money before giving them back. "They'd done every kind of thing to everybody there," William Buntin, who was the sheriff of Rappahannock County at the time, said recently. "They had problems with every neighbor that joins them."

Of course, Patricia Saltonstall might have been right in assuming that some of the ill feeling was brought on by jealousy or prejudice—envy of her money and his appearance and what they had accomplished at Points of View, hatred of the relationship that was suspected between the boss and the farm manager. "They were building a showplace," a friend of theirs said recently, "and I think that people who had always got along with patches resented it." Some of the neighboring farmers said that people who were seriously interested in farming, as opposed to showing off, would not have given priority to putting a pasture on top of a mountain. It did seem, though, that as farm operators Pat Saltonstall and Rance Spellman complemented each other perfectly—his skills and heavy machinery and stunning capacity for work, her resources and organizational ability and encouragement. But to some people in the county their alliance was also what made them particularly threatening. If Rance Spellman was a bully, he was all the more so with Patricia Saltonstall's money and influence behind him. If Patricia Saltonstall was a willful rich lady, she was all the more so with a huge, intimidating cowboy to back her up.

**R**oger and Diane Kidwell were among those people who kept moving west from the D.C. sprawl to find a little country. They had both been raised in Fairfax County, in the days when it seemed more small-town than suburban; after they were married and began to raise a family, they moved in two or three steps from Alexandria to Amissville, not far from where the Spellman family had gone to find some space. Diane Kidwell was a secretary, and until 1975 she worked at a conference center called the Airlie Foundation, in Warrenton, Vir-

ginia, twenty miles to the east. Roger Kidwell also worked there briefly, at the front desk. For the Kidwells, as it turned out, escaping the suburbs did not mean escaping turmoil. In the late seventies, Murdock Head, the executive director of Airlie, was indicted for payment of an illegal gratuity. He was accused of having smoothed the way for the foundation's contract applications by slipping cash payoffs to Representative Daniel Flood, of Pennsylvania, through Flood's aide, Stephen Elko, who had become a witness for the government. The payoffs were alleged to have taken place during the time Diane Kidwell worked in Head's office, first as a secretary and for a time as his administrative assistant. After two trials, Head was convicted and sent to jail. Among those who were or had been connected with the foundation, Mrs. Kidwell, who had been laid off by Airlie before the investigation began, was the only person who appeared as a friendly witness for the prosecution to corroborate Elko's story—an act that caused great rancor among her former colleagues. The payoff scandal was not the only source of turmoil in the Kidwells' lives. Apparently, their marriage had been stormy. In 1970, they were legally separated for a while; Diane Kidwell and the children moved into one of the Airlie buildings. Having sold their house in Amissville while they were separated, they moved into a rental house after their reconciliation. Roger Kidwell had started selling insurance, and eventually his wife worked with him, in an office in Warrenton. They had their hearts set on building a house of their own—a house on the top of a hill. In the early seventies, they came across Lot A of the Lindgren-Whaley tract. It seemed perfect, Diane Kidwell said not long ago, except for the right-of-way.

The Kidwells built their house on a hill overlooking Route 729. It's a tidy-looking house that wouldn't have seemed out of place in one of the subdivisions they left as they moved west—two stories, with yellow siding and a carport and a basketball goal and an apartment in the basement for Roger Kidwell's parents. The right-of-way, which existed only in the form of a narrow dirt road coming back toward the mountain from 729, was not a source of disturbance. There was only one house on the lots served by the road—a small weekend cottage that generated little traffic. Eventually, the Kidwells bought a second lot,

a twenty-five-acre parcel just across the right-of-way. They had no problems with the Lindgren-Whaley tract's largest landowner, Patricia Saltonstall, even after she hired Rance Spellman as farm manager. Until the dispute about the right-of-way began, in fact, the Kidwells were not even aware of who Rance Spellman was. Roger and Diane Kidwell, both of whom commuted every day to Warrenton, were not among those who spent a lot of time at the lunch counter or filling station in Flint Hill chewing over questions like whether beef prices would ever go up or what the relationship between Patricia Saltonstall and Rance Spellman really was. The Kidwells were not well known in the area except as a family that raised what seemed to be particularly ferocious dogs. (Sheriff Buntin has said that when he canvassed the county for his final election campaign the Kidwell house was the only place where he decided against getting out of the car.) What little contact there had been between the Kidwells and Pat Saltonstall had been cordial. Diane Kidwell's brother had been given permission to fish in a pond at Points of View. Like Pat Saltonstall, the Kidwells believed strongly in the importance of maintaining one's property ("We've always been interested in our property, and in keeping our property values") and in the necessity of keeping hunters and other trespassers off the mountain. Although Diane Kidwell and Patricia Saltonstall may not have had the same taste in architecture or the same circle of friends, they had what Pat Saltonstall calls "a fairly normal neighborly acquaintanceship."

The trouble started in the spring of 1982. The subject of the right-of-way came up when Diane Kidwell wrote to Patricia Saltonstall asking if she would contribute to the cost of putting down some new gravel. After that, a lot of issues were raised. Eventually, lawyers for the two parties were exchanging letters, none of them conciliatory. Paragraphs in the county deed book and statutes in the Virginia code were cited. Questions were raised about a gate that had been placed across the right-of-way back near the mountain. Patricia Saltonstall had, in violation of the deed, put it up without the permission of the other lot owners—she said it was to discourage lumber thieves—and the Kidwells had removed it without the permission of Patricia Saltonstall. There was the

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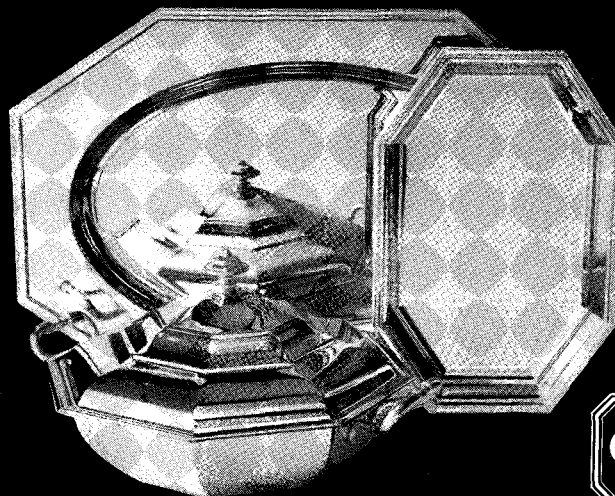
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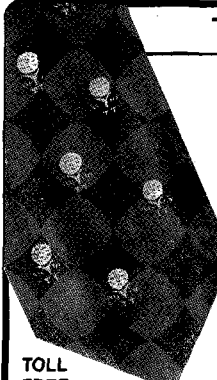


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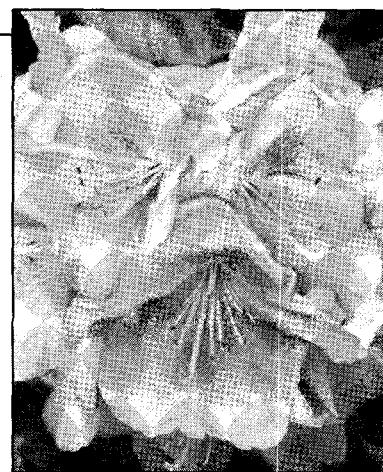
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question of the Kidwells' having installed a cattle guard on the road. There was the question of whether the Points of View lumbering crews had left the Kidwells' gates open. There was the question of whether the Kidwells had been trespassing on the mountain. There was the question of whether Rance Spellman's excavation work on the mountain had interfered with the Kidwells' water supply. At the center of the dispute, though, was Pat Saltonstall's announced intention to exercise her right to make use of a full fifty feet of right-of-way, so that there could be "more frequent and regular use of the road." Since road improvements would begin shortly, she informed the Kidwells, they should remove any shrubbery or trees or posts that they had within the fifty-foot strip stipulated in the deed. The Kidwells didn't want to remove their shrubbery and trees and posts; they didn't want more frequent and regular use of the road. Pat Saltonstall had said that the widening was necessary for keeping a close watch on valuable herds of Angus grazing on the mountain and for putting into effect "other plans I have for one of the lots." The Kidwells thought it was unnecessary except as a matter of spite. Their lawyer said that anyone who attempted to clear the right-of-way without a court order would be held liable for any property damage. Presumably, the lawyer, a young man named David Konick, intended to file for an injunction; but no injunction had been filed by November 8th, when Patricia Saltonstall's lawyer, unable to reach Konick, left a message on his answering machine saying that work might begin as early as the next afternoon. It was actually early the next morning when Rance Spellman climbed onto a bulldozer, drove over the mountain he had cleared, and came out on the right-of-way to begin his work.

SHERIFF BUNTIN and a state policeman arrived at the Kidwells' together that morning. Diane Kidwell had phoned Buntin's office to demand that Spellman be stopped, but the sheriff, who had neither the authority nor the inclination to referee a right-of-way dispute, had not hurried out. Diane Kidwell's brother had phoned the state police and warned them that an armed confrontation might take place. When the two lawmen arrived, Rance Spellman was sitting in the driver's seat of the bulldozer, which was



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parked only twenty yards or so from where the Kidwells' driveway meets the right-of-way. From the appearance of the lane around him, he had already done considerable work. He was dressed in his usual outfit of bluejeans and boots and a couple of work shirts and a down vest. He was slumped over. The state trooper climbed up on the bulldozer to have a closer look. Rance Spellman had a small amount of blood coming from his mouth and nose. A volley of shotgun pellets had torn through his down vest. He was dead.

The story that the authorities eventually put together was this: Rance Spellman had begun his work near the Kidwells' driveway—tearing up trees, pushing over gateposts. When Diane Kidwell's brother tried to reason with him, he just smiled—sneered, really—and kept working. After a while, Mrs. Kidwell took a shotgun from the house and, holding it in a way that concealed it from Spellman's view, walked to the family's pickup. She pulled the pickup into the right-of-way, close to the beginning of her driveway, and sat in the front seat with the shotgun next to her. Her brother pleaded with her to come back to the house and wait for the state police, but she said she had decided to take her stand. Her husband watched from the back door; one of her sons watched from a field above the house. For twenty minutes or so, Diane Kidwell watched the bulldozer, which took several swipes perilously close to the pickup. After one of them, she pointed the shotgun out the window and fired one blast at Spellman—shouting "Get off! Get off!" She said that she thought he was reaching for a gun and she had therefore been in fear for her life. Spellman was armed, as usual. He had a carbine on the bulldozer and a pistol in his shoulder holster. But the carbine was still in its scabbard and the pistol was buttoned up under one of his shirts and the vest.

The only witnesses alive to testify to what had happened were Diane Kidwell and people related to her, and they had been sequestered in the house by their lawyer, David Konick, long enough to have compared stories. The authorities, though, tended to think that the shooting had taken place pretty much the way the Kidwells said it had. The witnesses had reported, after all, that Diane Kidwell had put herself in the path of the bulldozer, which never left the fifty-foot right-of-way. They had reported that Spell-

man had been shot with a concealed weapon when his own gun was nowhere in sight. They had reported Diane Kidwell's shouting not "Help!" or "Don't shoot!" but "Get off!" If the Kidwells had been trying to concoct a story that would justify the killing of Rance Spellman, it was thought, they presumably would have managed to come up with a better one. The grand jury heard testimony, and four weeks after the shooting Diane Kidwell was indicted for murder.

Rance Spellman's funeral was at Points of View farm. There was an unconventional service, full of symbolism. Spellman's horse stood nearby, with a pair of boots reversed in its stirrups, in the traditional symbol of a fallen cavalryman. Then a cortège of four-wheel-drive vehicles moved slowly up the mountain, where Spellman was buried on the mountaintop he had cleared. Spellman's friends and family were there to mourn him, but it was already apparent that his death had not erased the difference between the view of Rance Spellman held by Patricia Saltonstall and the view of him held by a lot of other people in Rappahannock County. A lot of people were saying, "He had it coming." A lot of other people were saying of Diane Kidwell, "If she hadn't done it, somebody else would have."

IN a claim of self-defense, the reputation of the deceased is admissible evidence. Lawyers for the accused can try to demonstrate that their client had been particularly fearful because of having been threatened by someone known for "turbulence, violence, and pugnacity." The trial lawyers Diane Kidwell had hired to defend her—her chief counsel was John Dowd, a former federal prosecutor who had led the investigation of Murdock Head—could be expected to do just that. Protection of home and property is not a ground for a claim of self-defense, but none of the attorneys involved doubted that it was relevant to the way jurors were likely to view the issues. As it happened, an early news story had reported incorrectly that Spellman began his work despite a court hearing's having been scheduled for the very next day, but even jurors who were not under that misapprehension could be expected to have a certain sympathy for a woman who is watching a huge, sneering man on a twenty-ton bulldozer tear up her property in front of her dream house. Also, Diane Kidwell



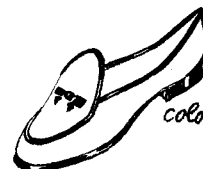
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Still, the prosecution thought it had a case that could overcome sympathy for Diane Kidwell. The commonwealth attorney of Rappahannock County, Douglas Baumgardner, brought in a special prosecutor, because he himself had to testify in a closed hearing concerning a rather bizarre side issue that was not made public until nearly a year later: David Konick, the young lawyer who had been called by the Kidwells on the morning of the shooting and later dismissed, had admitted that, acting on his own, he had wiped the barrel of the Kidwells' shotgun clean of fingerprints, and he was therefore in danger of being indicted himself. (As it turned out, he was not indicted, but his actions were finally made public at a rather awkward moment—the closing days of what turned out to be an unsuccessful race he ran for commonwealth attorney.) The special prosecutor—Steven A. Merrill, a former assistant prosecutor in Fairfax County—argued that by Diane Kidwell's own admission she had chosen to confront Spellman, she had hidden a shotgun beside her, she had rejected her brother's plea to return to the house, she had become angrier and angrier as she watched Spellman work, and she had previously seen Spellman reach into his shirt two or three times and come out each time with nothing more dangerous than a cigarette. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the right-of-way argument and whatever the nature of Rance Spellman, Merrill said, Diane Kidwell had "absolutely no right to eliminate Rance Spellman from the face of the earth."

The defense lawyers said that Pat Saltonstall's decision to widen the right-of-way to fifty feet was a "spiteful, punitive act," and that Spellman had confirmed that by beginning his work right in front of the Kidwell house, four hundred yards from where the road began. They called as witnesses four or five people who related experiences that led them to consider Spellman violent and turbulent and pugnacious. The owner of some adjoining land, for instance, testified that a front-end loader being used for work on the edge of his property had once

been left a few feet onto Points of View land overnight, and that Rance Spellman waited near the machine the next morning with two guns and demanded fifty dollars before he would release it to its operator. There was testimony that just a week or so before the shooting Roger Kidwell and his son-in-law had run across Spellman while they were out cutting wood, and Spellman had challenged Kidwell to step out in the right-of-way path and settle the dispute with bare hands.



Dowd said that Diane Kidwell had concealed her shotgun because she didn't want to provoke "this madman on the bulldozer." She testified that Spellman had threatened to turn over the pickup and that, just before he reached toward his vest, his expression had changed to one of rage. Dowd built

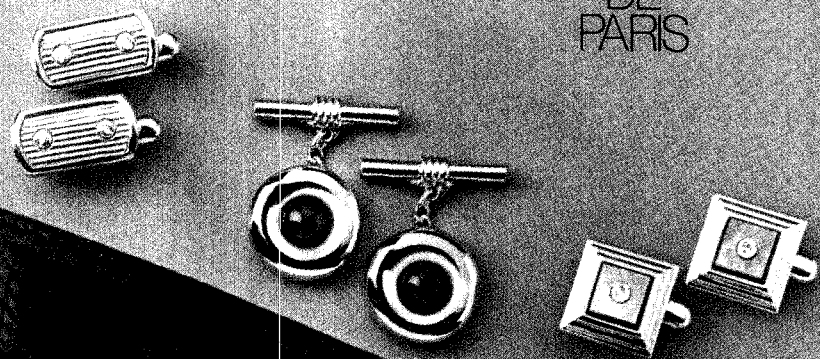
an impassioned summation on the theme of why Diane Kidwell had walked from the house to sit in a pickup truck right in front of where Spellman was moving earth around. ("Why does a fireman go into a burning house and pull out a child? Why does a man jump into a cold river and pull a young boy out? Why do men do what they do on the battlefield and save lives, with holes in them? Why? Because they are strong, that's why.") He said that Diane Kidwell had indeed been intent on protecting her home ("Nowhere in the laws or Constitution of this country does it say that a citizen on her own property has to submit to the tyranny of a professional bully on a forty-one-thousand-pound bulldozer"), but had fired because she honestly believed that Rance Spellman was about to pull out a pistol and kill her.

The jury couldn't reach a verdict, but only because of a single holdout. Everyone else wanted to acquit Diane Kidwell. Shortly after the trial ended, three prominent landowners from around Flint Hill went to the commonwealth attorney and suggested that, considering the size of the majority for acquittal and the continued feeling against Spellman in the county, it would be a waste of money to try Diane Kidwell again. Merrill, who had decided to hold a second trial, thought about trying for a change of venue, but he concluded that Rappahannock County jurors were the appropriate people to hear the case. "I felt people who lived there had a stake in it," he said not long ago. "They



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have to live there, and they have a right to say what they consider criminal activity and what isn't." Merrill thinks that he presented a better case the second time around. He tried to narrow the issues, avoiding as much as possible ensnarment in the right-of-way dispute; he was more aggressive in his cross-examination of the accused. This time, there was no hold-out. Diane Kidwell was found not guilty.

The people who watched the trials with some detachment—reporters, courthouse workers, lawyers who dropped in and out of the courtroom—tend to agree that Merrill put forward a strong case. Half a dozen of them took a survey among themselves to predict a verdict before the jury came back in the first trial, and the predictions ranged from guilty of manslaughter to guilty of murder. In retrospect, they tend to agree with Merrill that a conviction was nearly impossible. "I feel that a typical jury, in addition to analyzing the facts and applying the law, subconsciously takes out a set of scales," a Rappahannock lawyer with considerable trial experience said recently. "It values the liberty of the accused on one side of the scale, and attaches a certain value or weight to the life of the deceased on the other." The decision of twenty-three jurors in the death of Rance Spellman could be taken as an indication that they placed considerable value on the freedom of Diane Kidwell, a demure wife and mother and grandmother who had no previous criminal record and was hardly a threat to the community. The other way to look at it, the lawyer went on, was that Rance Spellman's life was not given great value—that "the community had decided that someone's life is not worth punishing someone for taking."

**T**HAT'S the way Patricia Saltonstall saw it. She also saw the case presented by Diane Kidwell's lawyers in court as an attempt to get someone off the hook by dragging the name of someone else through the mud—someone else who was no longer alive to defend himself. Pat Saltonstall took on that defense herself. She saw her mission as "having his name and his life put in perspective." In August of 1983, nine months after Rance Spellman died and two months before Diane Kidwell's second trial, a number of people in Rappahannock County received an invitation from Pat Saltonstall to "come and celebrate the life of

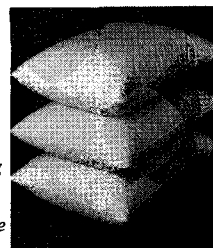
Rance Lee Spellman." The celebration, the invitation said, would include country music, a roast-pig picnic, a dedication of the mountaintop cemetery where he was buried, and the announcement of a living memorial—an agricultural prize to be awarded through a nearby community college. Under Rance Spellman's name, the invitation listed some of the things he had been—including farmer, horseman, mason, welder, artificial-insemination technician, surveyor. The guests—a couple hundred of them—arrived at Points of View to find that a tent had been erected for the celebration. It was decorated with thirty-six nearly life-size photographs of Rance Spellman—one for every year of his life. "We wish to remember Rance not for the cruelty of his senseless death by one act of human violence," the invitation said, "but for the glory of one man who left place upon place more beautiful because of his work."

One piece of Spellman's work that Pat Saltonstall intended to finish was the widening of the right-of-way in the Lindgren-Whaley tract. The legal question of whether she had the right to widen the right-of-way to fifty feet—not what her motives were or whether she really needed to but simply whether she had a right to—was not difficult to settle. In December of 1983, two months after Diane Kidwell's acquittal, a circuit-court judge heard one day of testimony on the Kidwells' motion for a permanent injunction barring the road widening, and in January of 1984 he handed down a ruling denying the motion, on the ground that the deed's grant of the fifty-foot right-of-way showed "unambiguous intent." When the warm weather came, in May, a contractor hired by Points of View farm showed up on the right-of-way to begin the grading at precisely the spot where Spellman had left off. Patricia Saltonstall was also there. In a press release, she said that the work was dedicated to Rance Spellman. "Saltonstall called the new construction 'a clear statement about who was right and who was wrong that tragic morning,'" the press release said. "This project had to be completed, not only because we badly need a good farm road up the north side of the mountain... but because such a violent act could not be allowed to be the last word on this project."

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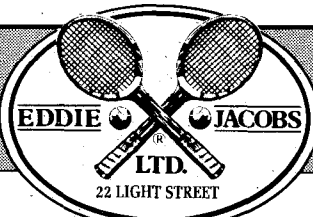
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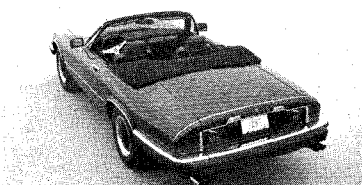
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there was ever going to be a last word. Even before the second trial, Patricia Saltonstall had applied for planning permission to build two-family houses on two of her lots in the Lindgren-Whaley tract—she said she would eventually need them for farm workers—and the Kidwells protested to the zoning authorities that she should not be given a special-use permit to build two-family houses in an area zoned for single-family dwellings only. The zoning argument involved not only the same disputants but some of the same supporting characters. Douglas Baumgardner, who as commonwealth attorney had presided over Diane Kidwell's indictment, eventually represented Patricia Saltonstall. The zoning administrator of Rappahannock County at the time was David Konick, who had been accused by Roger Kidwell in a letter to the *Rappahannock News* of using the position to carry on a vendetta against the Kidwell family. As the argument about the new houses was carried through the various levels of appeal, it seemed to blend into the murder trials as part of the endless litigation set in motion by Diane Kidwell's letter concerning gravel on the right-of-way.

After the second murder trial, in fact, contention had burst out on several fronts at once. Responding in the *Rappahannock News* to a letter from a county resident that criticized the verdict, Diane Kidwell managed in the course of defending her own conduct to mention that Rance Spellman's estate had been inherited not by an elderly black man who had long worked for the Spellman family, as had been reported, but by Patricia Saltonstall herself. That one was answered by a letter from Patricia Saltonstall expressing outrage ("How, in the name of any kind of fairness and decency, does Kidwell see this as her business?") and then taking issue with Mrs. Kidwell in detail not only about the will but about the facts of the right-of-way dispute. That one was followed by a letter to the paper from Diane Kidwell pointing out that the burial of Rance Spellman on Hicker-son Mountain seemed to be contrary to the burial instructions in his will and contrary to the zoning code, which permitted burial on farmland only in the case of family graveyards.

**P**ERHAPS developing her lots in the Lindgren-Whaley tract makes economic sense for Patricia Saltonstall, but the Kidwells see it as a simple act

of harassment. ("There's no other reason to build those monstrosities," Diane Kidwell has said.) Perhaps their protest against the houses has been based on the desire to protect their tranquillity and their property values—according to testimony at the zoning hearings, the two houses could generate seventy more automobile trips per day on the right-of-way road—but Patricia Saltonstall sees it as part of a vendetta against her. By now, the disputants can credit each other with only a single motive—the desire to torment. After a couple of letters to the zoning administrator, the Kidwells did not pursue the gravesite complaint ("It was a sensitive issue for some people," Roger Kidwell has said), but that does not keep them from believing that Rance Spellman was buried on Hicker-son Mountain so that they would be reminded of him every time they glanced up from their carport. "The house was harassment, the gravesite was harassment," Roger Kidwell said recently. "We know there is no end to this thing." Speaking at the same time of the large memorial advertisements that Patricia Saltonstall has placed in the *Rappahannock News* each year on the anniversary of Rance Spellman's death, Diane Kidwell said, "She might be very genuine in her reasoning for doing that, but it's like she wants to remind me. On the ninth, when I pick up my local paper I see his picture. I see that as harassment. I feel like when I'm sixty-five I'll pick up my local paper and there he'll be."

It has been common for some time to hear people in Rappahannock County say that Patricia Saltonstall and Diane Kidwell are, despite the differences in their backgrounds, very much alike. Both of them tend to complain about having been singled out for unfair treatment. Patricia Saltonstall often talks about the difficulty of having been the only girl at her boarding school who was completely cut off from family during the war—her family was in Hawaii—and of having spent her first years in Rappahannock County making neighborly gestures that were never returned or even acknowledged. Diane Kidwell has implied at times that pressure from a variety of enemies was the only reason she was indicted. Each of them sees herself as a woman capable of standing up to the considerable forces allied against her. One way to view what has happened, Diane Kidwell said recently, is as "the story of a wealthy Northern woman who came down

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here to a small Virginia county and wanted to do everything her own way, and the story of the mother and grandmother who stood in front of a forty-thousand-pound bulldozer simply to protect her own property and was forced to shoot somebody to protect her own life." Both women tend to describe their own motives in high moral terms. Asked why she would make an issue over where Spellman was buried, Mrs. Kidwell said that the gravesite was contrary to the burial instructions in his will and "we have a kind of sacred feeling in our family about wills." Patricia Saltonstall has often compared her effort to right what she considers a wrong in Rappahannock County with the efforts of lone black people to right wrongs in the counties of the Deep South. She sometimes says, "I feel like the Rosa Parks of Rappahannock County."

Last December, both the house that Patricia Saltonstall had already built on one of her lots and the house she wanted to build on the adjoining lot were given special-use permits as two-family dwellings by the county Board of Zoning Appeal. The decision did not leave the combatants without a court case. The previous month, just before the statute of limitations for civil litigation was reached, Patricia Saltonstall, in her role as an executor of Rance Spellman's estate, filed a wrongful-death suit against the Kidwells; on her own, she filed a suit claiming three million dollars in damages on the ground that the Kidwells "have engaged in a persistent course of conduct, commencing before the killing of Rance Spellman and continuing up to the present time, to harass plaintiff, to defame her, to invade her privacy, to interfere with the use of the right-of-way . . . and to interfere generally with the use of her property and the operation of her farming business and other farming operations." At around the same time, Diane Kidwell filed a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar malpractice suit against David Konick, claiming that his suppression of material evidence and subsequent contraventions of the rules of confidentiality had caused doubts to be cast on her innocence. In the reply that Konick filed, he said that Diane Kidwell had "intentionally and maliciously confronted Spellman" in disregard of his advice, and that if he had, in fact, revealed all the confidential information at his disposal she "would likely have been convicted of a felony in connection with the



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homicide of Spellman." That statement was, of course, of great interest to Patricia Saltonstall. She saw it as an opening to reinvestigate the circumstances of Rance Spellman's death.

No one knows how far the latest law cases will be carried, but the feeling in Rappahannock County is that the Kidwell and Saltonstall forces will manage to find one battlefield or another. It is assumed that by now Diane Kidwell and Patricia Saltonstall hope to drive each other away. It is also assumed that both of them are people not easily driven off. A lot of Rappahannock residents find that a cause for regret; they were tired of hearing about the dispute a long time ago. Sympathy for both of the participants has pretty much evaporated. There are people who say that Patricia Saltonstall is not trying to rehabilitate Rance Spellman's name but working out her own guilt ("Let's face it: if she had just said 'Rance, wait until tomorrow,' he'd be alive right now"); there are people who think that Diane Kidwell, in her relentless concern with what impinges on her rights or property, somehow seems to have lost track of the fact that she killed someone. (The headline on one letter to a local paper was "SHE COULD HAVE SAID SHE WAS SORRY.") Old-time residents of Rappahannock County are sensitive to the possibility that talk about the murder-trial verdict—particularly in conjunction with another case, in which a man who tracked down his estranged wife's lover and killed him was fined a thousand dollars for manslaughter—will rekindle suspicion among outsiders that Rappahannock might still be one of those counties with backwoods notions about crime and punishment. Some newcomers simply hate the publicity and the turmoil caused by the dispute. Many of them, after all, came to Rappahannock County looking for peace.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

Seven hundred donors, and friends of the Americana Project, were received by Secretary of State George Schultz the night before he left for Geneva for the arts control conference.—*Palm Beach (Fla.) Daily News*.

Let's see what he can do about the graffiti question.

In a first-round doubles match last night, the second-seeded team of Helena Sukova and Claudia Kohde-Kilsch defeated Christiane Jolissaint 6-3, 7-6.

—*The News*.

Small wonder.



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# THE THEATRE

## Off Broadway

**P**ENN JILLETTE, of "Penn & Teller," at the Westside Arts, is a tall, shambling fellow with an open, humorous face; his partner, Teller, is small, deadpan, with wary eyes. Their show is a sublime mixture of magic, comedy, and mystery, in which Penn does all the talking, Teller being bereft of speech, as he is of a first name. At the beginning, the two walk together up the aisle, and Penn asks a member of the audience to buckle Teller into a straitjacket. Back on the stage, as Penn delivers a stylish rendition of "Casey at the Bat," Teller, who has been hanging upside down, disengages himself and jumps to his feet. We're off. "Stylish" is a very important word here, for everything the partners do has a style all its own. One of their most mysterious routines, an adventure in telepathy, involves a Bible, a dart board,

several youngsters in the house, and a man, seemingly chosen from the audience at random, who sits on the stage. They constantly employ members of the audience—and, as far as I could tell, with absolute honesty. The man from the audience on the evening I was there happened to be Alexander Cohen, the producer of the Tony Awards—an unlikely plant indeed, and apparently completely unknown to the magicians. This is Penn and Teller's first appearance in New York, and at an Off Broadway theatre that is well out of Tony territory. There are feats of legerdemain and deception, all of them new to me and some of them dangerous, involving cards and coins, an apple and needles and thread, sharp knives, and fire-eating. In "Shadows," the most beautiful and startling of the acts, a table is at stage center and on it a vase containing a rose; behind the

table is a screen on which is the shadow of the rose. The illusion that ensues is inconceivable. "People refuse to accept mystery," says Penn at one point. Well, some of us cherish mystery—it's explanations that get us down, except for the sly pseudo explanations of the wily Penn.

Time after time, one finds oneself gasping and laughing simultaneously. Teller's silent actions turn out to be as witty as Penn's words and songs, which are as witty as can be imagined. The atmosphere the partners evoke is a curious blend of sophistication and the country-fair circuit, of which they are veterans. (During intermission and after the show, both of them can be found in the lobby hawking T-shirts and other souvenirs.) The set is by John Lee Beatty and the lighting by Dennis Parichy, and their work is perfection. The production was supervised by Art Wolff. If the foregoing seems to you more fan letter than review, you are absolutely right.

—EDITH OLIVER



"This is nothing. You should have been with us last year at Fifty-third and Lex."



# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Immortal?*

THOMAS CARLYLE'S "Life of John Sterling" is the exception: a masterwork of biography written by a great man about a lesser. Most famous biographies shine with reflected glory, and the author becomes altogether invisible in the modern genre of "documentary biographies," such as those Otto Erich Deutsch assembled for Handel, Mozart, and Schubert: compilations of all known facts and contemporary commentary, untouched by what Deutsch called "personal elaborations." Such comprehensiveness becomes impossible when the subjects enter our zealously preservative, over-documented age; then even the most objective of documentary biographers must begin to show something of himself as he decides what to include, what not.

When Edward Elgar was nine, his mother began to keep press-cutting books about her son's public appearances. His wife continued them, and, later, his daughter. His wife kept a daily diary through the thirty years of their marriage; his daughter kept a diary. Over ten thousand letters written to the Elgars survive; so do many of the replies. Jerrold Northrop Moore, Elgar's latest biographer, mentions

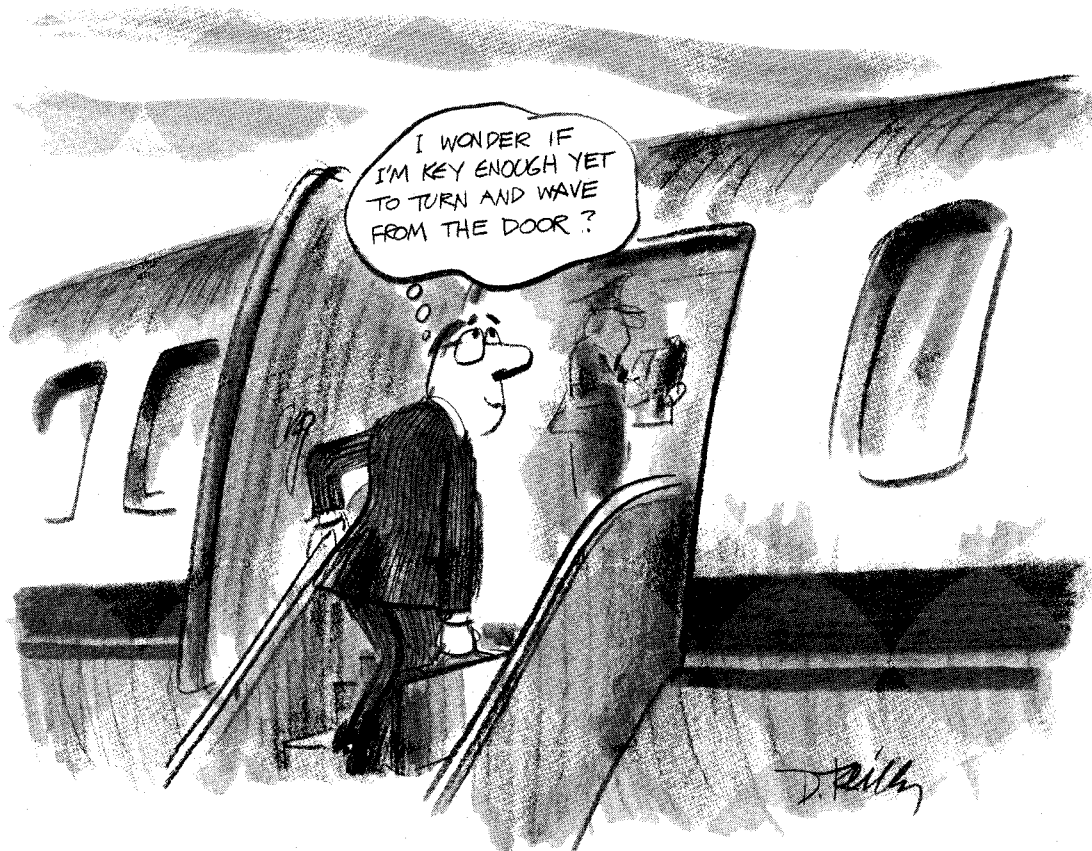
this in a preface to his "Edward Elgar: A Creative Life" (Oxford). It is a long book—eight hundred and fifty pages—and a good one, and I think it represents something new in musical biography. The *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer, Donald Mitchell, called it "a work that assiduously collects the facts and attempts rather little in the way of interpreting them." It is true that Mr. Moore says rather little about Elgar's music, essaying neither formal analysis nor descriptive rhapsody. Nor does he intrude presumptuous speculation of his own about Elgar's psyche, personality, or soul. What he has done, with modesty, industry, precision, and discernment, is to master the immense amount of biographical material, both printed and surviving in the memories of those who knew Elgar, and then—this is his high achievement—to recount the details of Elgar's life while trying "to understand what it is to look at the world through creative eyes, to listen through creative ears." Particular attention, therefore, is paid to the circumstances in which arose a new musical idea or the idea for a new musical work, and those in which an old idea reoccurred. Interpretation is left to the

reader—and to the listener. Mr. Moore does have a thesis, adumbrated in his first sentence—"Music and biography share the expression of time remembered"—and recapitulated in his last sentences:

Those years [1857-1934, Elgar's life span] had seen change accelerate as never before in human history. His response had been to seek the illumination of time remembered. For all of his generation and the future who would feel the insight of retrospection, he had made of that evanescence his music.

The thesis is not pressed, nor need it be. The composer Roger Reynolds, lecturing last month at the City University, distinguished between "makers," who order and explain past experience, and "searchers," who through sounds and structures unknown before strive to enlarge the range of that experience. In those terms, Elgar was a maker. Neville Cardus wrote, "He pointed no new direction. If he had never composed a note, there would today be no link missing from the main evolution of the vocabulary and syntax of music." But the world would be poorer. Mr. Moore does not assess Elgar in relation to his contemporaries: Janáček (born in 1854), Mahler and Wolf (1860), Debussy and Delius (1862), Richard Strauss (1864), Sibelius (1865). When he writes about the music, it is usually to show the persistence, reëmergence, and development of shapes, ideas, and images.

It is easy to go on about Elgar "enigmas" and contradictions. The tradesman's son, without university education, suffered slights that were not imaginary. The Roman Catholic composer, in a dominantly Protestant Britain, died, it seems, an unbeliever. The poet who found inspiration in the English countryside and the patriot who wrote "Land of Hope and Glory" composed music whose worth Germans—Hans Richter, Richard Strauss, A. J. Jaeger (Nimrod)—were often swifter than his compatriots to recognize. (Mr. Moore relates Beecham's nasty quip when at a sparsely attended Elgar concert in



# BRILLIANT

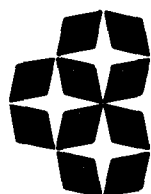


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1916 someone asked where the composer's friends were: "They've all been interned.") In 1913, when Elgar was famous and honored, "Falstaff" had its London première to rows of empty seats. In 1931, the composer C. W. Orr wrote, "He has been given the Order of Merit by the King and the cold shoulder by the public.... He is politely disregarded by the older and patronized by the younger generation of musicians." Confidence, high spirits, even swagger sound in some of his music; Arnold Bax recalled that in 1901 "his appearance was rather that of a retired army officer turned gentleman farmer than an eminent and almost morbidly highly strung artist." But the eyes of a wounded, lonely poet look from his photographs. Mr. Moore does not set out to find neat, easy answers to enigmas. In his pages, which are lit by letters, diaries, reviews, we traverse the events private and public, the triumphs and troubles, of a long, complicated, and interesting life: interesting for its incidents but more so for the way those incidents gave rise to music. Recurrent shadows are cast by the shabby meanness of publishers eager to profit by musicians' work. Recurrent rays are the perceptiveness and support of two critics, Bernard Shaw and Ernest Newman.

THE first issue of *Music and Letters*, in 1920, contained a Shaw essay on Elgar. The estimate is high: "To the north countryman who, on hearing of Wordsworth's death, said, 'I suppose his son will carry on the business' it would be plain that Elgar is carrying on Beethoven's business." Whether it is justified, Shaw says, only time can show: "Contemporary judgments are sound enough on Second Bests; but when it comes to Bests, they acclaim ephemerals as immortals, and simultaneously denounce immortals as pestilent charlatans." Mr. Moore cites the essay. On the next page he has a passing reference to "a younger composer whose genius seemed clear to almost everyone in England then, Rutland Boughton." Boughton has proved an ephemeral. I was surprised to come across his opera "The Immortal Hour" in New York last month, put on by Bel Canto. In London, I'd heard enthusiasts' revivals of "The Immortal Hour," "Bethlehem," "Alkestis" (first done at Covent Garden, in 1924), and "The Queen of Cornwall" (a Tristan opera, its text the Hardy play) with bored, unap-

preciating ears. Last year, a recording of "The Immortal Hour" appeared, on Hyperion. What on earth did people hear in this music? How could Elgar (according to Kobbé) declare "The Immortal Hour" to be a work of genius? Boughton's biographer Michael Hurd says, "Of the many English composers whose careers overlapped those of Elgar and Vaughan Williams... none enjoyed greater success during his lifetime, nor a more total subsequent eclipse, than Rutland Boughton." My parents were among the hundreds of thousands who fell under the spell of "The Immortal Hour" when, in London from 1922 to 1924, it ran and ran and ran. The piano bench at home—like most piano benches of the day, I guess—held a tattered copy of "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones," the Faery Song from the opera.

In 1911, Boughton, aged thirty-three, had published his manifesto "Music Drama of the Future." Inspired by William Morris, Carlyle, Tolstoy, and Wagner, he proposed to build a theatre in which "dramas of the spirit" would be played:

There have been many communes and they have failed—for lack of a religious centre. Our theatre supplies that. It shall grow out of the municipal life of some civically conscious place if we can get such a place to cooperate with us. Failing that, a new city shall grow around the theatre.

Letchworth Garden City was considered. Glastonbury was chosen: hallowed Glastonbury, to which Joseph of Arimathaea brought the Grail; which is the Isle of Avalon, where Arthur lies buried; which was once a famous place of pilgrimage. The first Glastonbury Festival would have been held in 1913—a production of "The Birth of Arthur," the first of Boughton's five Arthurian operas, was planned—had not local supporters been dismayed by the discovery that Boughton and his companion, the artist and designer Christina Walshe, were unwed. The festival was moved to more tolerant Bournemouth. But the following year it was back in Glastonbury, and there for twelve years it continued. The Clarks, a Quaker family, the well-known shoemakers, lent moral and financial support. Glastonbury became a place of pilgrimage again. Seven of Boughton's operas, Purcell's "Dido," Matthew Locke's "Cupid and Death," John Blow's "Venus and Adonis," Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," plays by Sophocles, Laurence Housman, Lady



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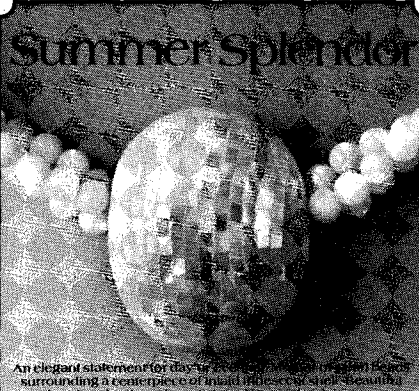
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Gregory were done. By 1924, more than three hundred and fifty operatic performances had been given. The end came when, in 1926, Boughton presented his "Bethlehem" in London in support of the miners' and general strike: Herod a top-hatted capitalist (Shaw's account of Alberich and the Tarnhelm pointed the way), and Christ born in a miner's cottage. Glastonbury collapsed, and Boughton joined the Communist Party. He left it in 1929, rejoined it from 1945 to 1956, and died in 1960.

I wish I'd sought him out in his last years. But so total was the eclipse that I didn't even know he was still alive. In any case—beguiled then by Fritz Busch's and Carl Ebert's Glyndebourne, by a Covent Garden where (whatever the attendant shortcomings) Kirsten Flagstad, Ljuba Welitsch, Hans Hotter, and Ludwig Weber were singing, by Benjamin Britten's Aldeburgh, and by Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth—I hardly believed that Glastonbury could have been more than a worthy British endeavor: homemade opera, piano-accompanied, in a village hall. I realize now that I should have been more attentive to a postscript in Shaw's "The Perfect Wagnerite":

Mr. Rutland Boughton began in ordinary village halls in Somerset, with a piano and his own fingers for orchestra, his wife as scenepainter and costumier, and a fit-up for a stage. The singing and acting was done by the villagers and by anyone else who would come; and a surprising number of quite distinguished talents did come. On these terms performances were achieved which in point of atmosphere and intimacy of interest were actually better than the performances at the enormously more pretentious Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth.... His festival is now a yearly event.... But it still has no theatre, no electric light, no convenience for Wagnerian drama that every village does not possess. Yet it is here that the Wagnerist dream has been best realized in England.

It's plain now that Boughton's Glastonbury prepared ground for the flowering of music—of all the arts—through postwar Socialist Britain. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven! Bright dawns yield often to luring day. In 1899, the year of the Enigma Variations, Elgar stormed from the offices of his publisher, Novello, shocked at the "sheer brutality" of its chairman. To Jaeger he wrote, "I confess the prospect of a rich man seriously considering the fleecing of those poor underpaid, overworked devils in the orchestra quite prevented

me from feeling Xtian. If that is 'business'—well damn your business—I loathe it." At the City University, Roger Reynolds was bitter about the effects of commerce on musical life. And the critic who for a review of a composition may be paid more than its composer earned by weeks, months, years of toil examines his conscience and—until the next deadline calls—indulges in William Morris dreams of a simpler, juster, more beautiful society.

None of which must stop me from saying that I think "The Immortal Hour"—first heard at Glastonbury in 1914—a feeble piece, unworthy of revival while many works of greater merit remain unperformed. The libretto is a play by Fiona Macleod, the alter ego of the Scottish poet and editor William Sharp (who, according to his wife, underwent frequent Tiresian transformations, especially during thunderstorms). Both authors turn up in the pages of Yeats, who knew Sharp and corresponded with Macleod. The plot is tushery from the Celtic Twilight: Eochaidh, High King of Ireland, meets and marries Etain, a fairy princess, "daughter of Kings and Star among the dreams that are lives and souls." A year later, a minstrel comes to the palace, sings the Faery Song, reveals himself as Midir, a prince of the Shee, and draws Etain back to fairyland. Through the action there stalks the mysterious Dalua, the Son of Shadow—rather like the Dark Fiddler in Delius's "Village Romeo and Juliet." The *Bel Canto* program note spoke enthusiastically of a drama that "furnishes substance for endless hours of thought and discussion as one peels away layer after layer of meaning in an attempt to find the mysterious core." But Fiona Macleod was no Yeats, and "The Immortal Hour" is no "Countess Cathleen." The language is fustian. The music has a faint, wispy, not irresistible charm. The second scene—the meeting of Etain and Eochaidh—is threaded with a melody that Ravel's "Bolero" has made familiar. (Ravel was often in London during the vogue of "The Immortal Hour.") The Faery Song is pentatonic and catchy.

*Bel Canto* presented the opera with accomplishment and conviction. Unlike Boughton's Glastonbury, the theatre of the Joan of Arc School, on West Ninety-third Street, where the company plays, does have electric light. There was an orchestra of twenty-one, conducted by Victoria Bond, and a chorus of fifteen. Frank

Corsaro, the director, his set designer, Paul Robinson, his costume designer, Dain Marcus, and his lighting designer, Julia Rubin, used simple means to striking effect. In 1897, Yeats wrote to Fiona Macleod about his plans for an Irish theatre:

My own theory of poetical or legendary drama is that it should have no realistic, or elaborate, but only a symbolical and decorative setting. A forest, for instance, should be represented by a forest pattern and not by a forest painting.... This method would have the further advantage of being fairly cheap and altogether novel.

It's a novel method no longer, but it still works well. When Shaw saw the Glastonbury "Iphigenia" in 1916, piano-accompanied, he rejoiced that there was "no scenery and no opera house: in short, no nonsense"—just "sufficient decoration by Miss Walshe's screens and curtains to create much more illusion in the big schoolroom than I have ever been able to feel in Covent Garden."

In one important respect, however, the Bel Canto troupe let us down. Instead of bel canto the singers produced something close to bawling. Instead of scaling their voices to the small, very resonant hall, they pushed them hard, sacrificing beauty and sweetness of tone and subtlety of inflection to noise. When all else was delicately and sensitively imagined, and enacted with a feeling for mystery and marvel, the vocalizing was indelicate. London's famous Etain, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, was a light, silvery soprano (a light, silvery actress, with beautifully clear words, when I came across her, much later in her career). Shaw admired the Glastonbury Iphigenia, Gladys Fisher, because she "sang very agreeably, with adequate power and presence;" he reflected gloomily that "when she becomes a thoroughly sophisticated *prima donna*, and learns to shriek every note above the treble staff as if it were her last gasp, the audience will wonder at her prowess; but she will no longer be Iphigenia." The Bel Canto principals—Elizabeth Szczygielska (Etain), Stan Blair (Eochaidh), Gordon Vorhees (Dalua), and Rick Christman (Midir)—had voices; perhaps it had simply not occurred to them to sing gently, with refinement. A partial exception must be made for Mr. Christman, who spun some of Midir's music beguilingly. Hollie Stein and Frank Barr, in the smaller roles of Maive and Manus, were less violent.

—ANDREW PORTER

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# AROUND CITY HALL

## SOUNDING BRASS

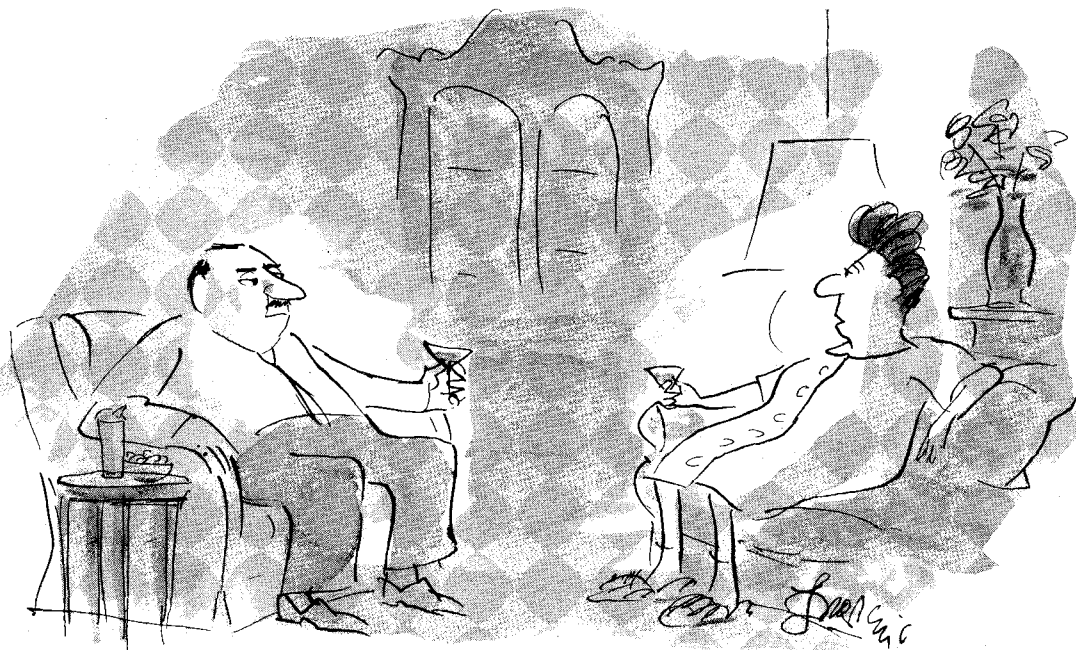
**O**UT-OF-TOWNERS who profess to believe that the only Biblical references appropriate to this city are those having to do with Sodom and Gomorrah might be surprised to learn that passages from both the Old and New Testaments, as well as pronouncements on the relationship between God and man, are by no means unknown in New York public discourse. For example, there was the recent bill-signing ceremony in City Hall's Blue Room. Like many institutions, the city has lately made significant decisions concerning its financial dealings with South Africa. In mid-March, Mayor Edward Koch signed a bill, unanimously passed by the City Council, that prohibits the depositing of New York's funds in banks that provide services for the South African government, and restricts city purchases from certain companies that do business in South Africa. During the ceremony, Koch handed out copies of an exchange of letters he had had with Eddy Magid, the mayor of Johannesburg. In his letter, Magid urged Koch not to sign the bill and referred to Koch's best-selling political memoir. "Having read your book, 'Mayor,'" Magid wrote, "I have difficulty in associating the Mayor Koch that I got to know from the publication with your present initiative on the question of disinvestment." It was assumed in some

quarters that Magid was alluding to the fact that, as some of the book's reviewers had noted, most blacks who are dealt with at any length in "Mayor" are portrayed as not very capable types whom Koch regularly puts down in the political arena. In his responding letter, New York's mayor took issue with Magid's interpretation of his book, which, he told Magid, "shows I am committed to justice and equality." The last paragraph of his letter (a paragraph that, he later announced proudly, he had written himself) was a stern warning that compared contemporary South Africa to Babylon in the days of King Belshazzar, who in a dream saw on the palace wall the message "*Mene, mene tekel upharsin*," and Koch provided the prophet Daniel's translation. ("God has numbered the days of your kingdom. . . . You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; your kingdom has been divided and given [to others].") When Belshazzar did not heed the handwriting on the wall, Koch reminded his South African counterpart, "that night he was killed, his sovereignty ended, and the next day his kingdom was conquered. South Africa still has time."

Some local scriptural citations are not at all benignly intended—for instance, a reference to thirty pieces of silver in connection with this year's mayoral race. Mention of Nehemiah,

however, brings only smiles to the faces of New Yorkers who are involved in the housing program named for that Biblical figure. Efforts to start up what is known as the Nehemiah Plan began several years ago; eventually, forty-six Brooklyn-based Catholic and Protestant churches set up the twelve-million-dollar Nehemiah Trust, a revolving fund that is dedicated to the rebuilding of an eighty-two-block area in the Brownsville and East New York sections of Brooklyn, where hundreds of burned-out and vandalized buildings—most of them, over time, having crumbled to rubble—had been a desolate eyesore on the Brooklyn landscape for almost two decades. One Midwestern mayor, taken on a tour of the neighborhood in the early nineteen-seventies, said afterward, "The silence! What I can't get over is the silence!" Nowadays, there is a heartening degree of noise and bustle in the area. In the last year and a half, two hundred and sixty-five homes have been built and occupied, and a hundred and fifty-four others are in various stages of construction. The two-story brick row houses, each with a finished basement, two or three bedrooms, and a back yard, sell for forty-one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. The state mortgage agency provides a thirty-five-thousand-dollar mortgage at approximately three percentage points below the commercial rate; the city, even more generously, offers buyers a ten-thousand-dollar interest-free grant. The purchasers—most of them black or Hispanic, and

many of them single mothers—are required to have incomes of between twenty and forty thousand dollars a year and to be in a position to come up with nearly eight thousand dollars for a down payment and closing costs. Though this is by no means housing for the poorest New Yorkers, it is a welcome variation on the construction policies of most of the city's private entrepreneurs, who in recent years have concentrated almost entirely on building for the high-income trade, with Manhattan as the favored borough. The Roman Catholic diocese of Brooklyn, headed by



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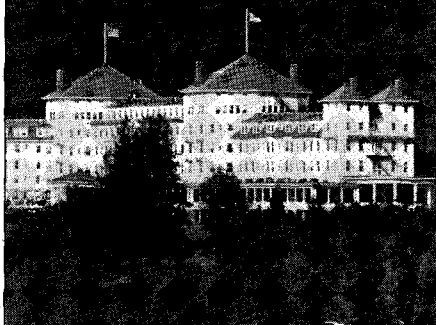
Gloria with her mother



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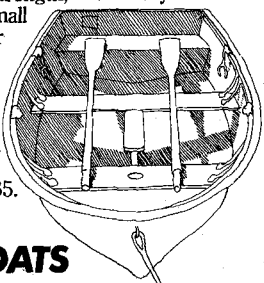
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Bishop Francis Mugavero, contributed the largest sum—two and a half million dollars—to the trust. Last fall, after a service at St. Paul Community Baptist Church in East New York, its pastor, the Reverend Johnny Ray Youngblood, asked members of the congregation in this not at all affluent neighborhood to stand if they were willing to lend a thousand dollars, interest free, to the Nehemiah project. A hundred stood up, and the Bishop, who was present, openly wept. Mugavero is given much credit for having talked the Koch administration into selling the lots to the trust for a dollar apiece, and the Mayor is given much credit for having listened. Nehemiah was the Jewish leader who oversaw the rebuilding of the broken walls of Jerusalem, over the opposition of the Samaritans, who then governed the territory. The trust hopes to start twenty houses a week from here on, toward an eventual goal of five thousand. It is little wonder that the Book of Nehemiah continues to be favorite reading in Brooklyn churches—particularly the verse in which one of the Samaritans jeers at the struggling wall builders, saying, "Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?"

**T**HE mention of thirty pieces of silver in connection with this year's mayoral race came not long after the announcement, in February, that a group of black leaders who called themselves the Coalition for a Just New York had named Herman (Denny) Farrell, a black assemblyman from Manhattan, as their choice for the Democratic nomination. Through the early part of the winter, the coalition had met to try to decide on a candidate to oppose Koch, whom minority leaders accuse—several times a day, it often seems—of having contributed heavily to the racial polarization of the city. It had been widely predicted that the coalition's choice would be Herman Badillo—who was the first Puerto Rican to be elected to the House of Representatives—and that this year, for once, local blacks and Hispanics would not ruin whatever political chances they had by quarrelling among themselves. However, the day before the coalition vote, Farrell, who had been talking up the advantages of supporting City Council President Carol Bellamy, one of the very few Anglo-Saxon Protestants who play any role in this city's politics, suddenly announced that he himself

was in the race, and he became the coalition's choice. "NEGROS TRAI-CIONAN A BADILLO" was the headline in the local Spanish-language paper *El Diario*. Badillo said that he could not support Farrell. At the ceremony at which Farrell formally announced his candidacy, a band of Hispanics tried to disrupt the proceedings by repeatedly calling out "Judas!" One minority leader commented that Farrell's betrayal of the coalition had been so frivolous that along the way he had not even collected the thirty pieces of silver that would at least have given him a start toward building a campaign treasury, an enterprise in which, so far, he has had minimal success.

The favorite Bible story in the Farrell camp is, naturally, the one about David and Goliath—and that is also the case among the supporters of Carol Bellamy, who, getting wind of the Farrell maneuver, hastily announced her candidacy a few hours before the coalition vote. She has now raised about four hundred thousand dollars for the race. Koch, the Goliath in this year's contest, has a campaign chest that is said to contain nearly three million dollars; he also has an incumbent's immense access to helpful press coverage and, as things have worked out, opposition in the Democratic primary which is divided and in considerable disarray. To his opponents, the favorite modern David-and-Goliath parable is, naturally, the 1982 Democratic primary for governor, when the supposedly invincible Koch was brought down by Mario Cuomo, whom political experts and poll-takers had given no chance at all. Cuomo often remarks that in the 1982 campaign the huge minority vote in his favor—which everyone understood to be essentially an anti-Koch vote—made the difference. This year, the Mayor is not making the mistake of writing it off. A January *Times* poll showed, surprisingly, that only fifty-two per cent of the local Democrats supported him for their party's nomination—and this at a time when he had no announced opponents. Neither the Mayor nor his media consultant, David Garth, has lost sight of another development: blacks are now the city's largest ethnic voting bloc, thanks to registration efforts inspired by the Presidential candidacy of Jesse Jackson. On a visit here a few weeks ago, Jackson did his part in the effort to prevent Koch's reelection by declaring that City Hall favors the construction of luxury housing over that of quarters for the city's homeless. Hit-

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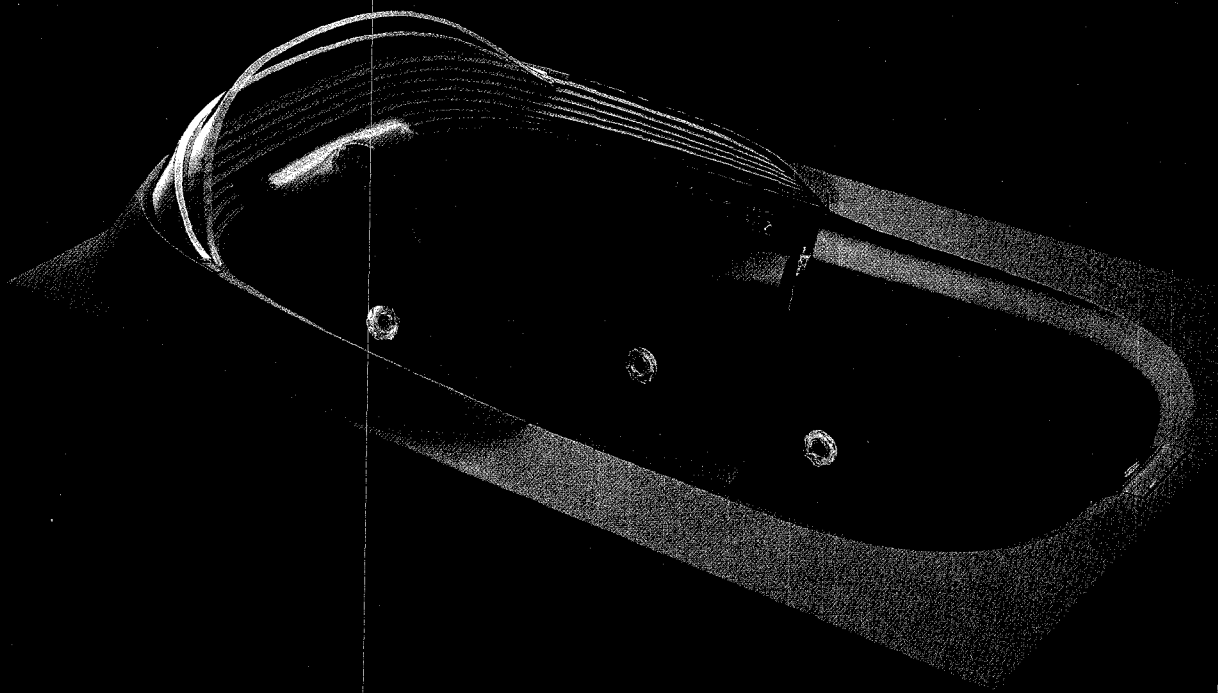
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ting the popular scriptural note, he told a forum on the homeless, "In New York City, the inn is full. In New York City, the stable is overcrowded."

IN recent months, it seems, hardly a day has gone by without at least one City Hall ceremony in which the Mayor honored a black citizen or organization. Pictures taken by his staff which result from these "photo opportunities" are then made available to local black publications. Several times a week, Koch visits black communities—particularly black churches, which, as Jesse Jackson's campaign demonstrated, are the major centers of black political power. One mayoral appearance, at Harlem's Convent Avenue Baptist Church, in January, did not work out well. During Koch's address, which stressed his concern for the city's blacks, he was briefly interrupted by cries of "Get the racist out!" He attempted to shout down his accusers with a Biblical reminder, but "Love . . . thy . . . neighbor!" came out as a series of bellows. Eventually, order was restored. "I believe even the prodigal son is welcome in the house of the Lord," the Mayor then told the congregation, which rewarded him with, if not a fatted calf, some friendly applause. Reporters on hand speculated that he had surely not intended to encourage identification of himself with the Biblical high liver who totally neglected his responsibilities, returning to the scene only when he needed help. The Mayor later described the appearance as having gone well. "He likes shouting matches and confrontations, so he had a good day" was Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel's comment; and, indeed, the Mayor's combative style—he once said that, not being a Christian, he never turned the other cheek (Matthew 5:39)—is considered by many New Yorkers to be among his most attractive qualities.

A more recent Harlem appearance by Koch, on Easter Sunday, at the Mount Nebo Baptist Church, also got a mixed reception, although the minister there, the Reverend William Gardner, is known to be an ally of the Mayor's. (Koch chooses with care the black churches at which he will appear. There would be considerable astonishment, for example, if he were to show up at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, whose executive minister, the Reverend Calvin Butts, was among the city's black ministers who in 1983

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encouraged a congressional subcommittee to hold hearings on local police brutality; the subcommittee concluded that there was a substantial amount of racially inspired brutality in the city department.) After his prepared speech at Mount Nebo, the Mayor delivered himself of an obiter dictum that received some applause and some boos. "I believe that everything that happens on this earth is preordained by God," he told the gathering, "and I believe that, while it was the people who elected me, it was God that selected me." Responding to the news that Koch, who has said he plans to be mayor forever, considered himself to be there by divine Providence, Carol Bellamy suggested that, in her opinion, believing that one held the office of mayor by divine right came under the heading of freedom of religion. "Each of us is entitled to his or her religious views," she said. Although Koch explained the next day that what he had meant to say was that God had selected him only for "the opportunity" to be mayor, questions arose about whether people should bother going to the polls this year and about why the Mayor had needed to raise three million dollars to achieve a predestined result. The *Post's* Bay Rigby offered a cartoon depicting "The Creation of Mayor Koch," which was based on the scene on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The divinely created Mayor was drawn as a distinctly overweight figure, naked except for an artfully placed straw hat, whose hatband read "How'm I Doin'?" As soon as the Mayor saw it, he called to ask for the original. So far, it has not gone up on his wall along with the pictures of him shaking hands with foreign dignitaries, including Pope John Paul II—but no one can say that he hasn't been a good sport about it.

Koch, being Jewish, tends to refer most often to Biblical events in the Old Testament, while the Roman Catholic Cuomo identifies more with the moral issues reflected in the New Testament and with such figures out of the Christian era as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Thomas More. A couple of weeks ago, in an appearance before students at a Jesuit-run college in Jersey City, the Governor spoke of the importance of living by Christian principles. One of the students suggested that there were hazards in trying to live by those principles in a society in which so many people feel free to operate under no such con-

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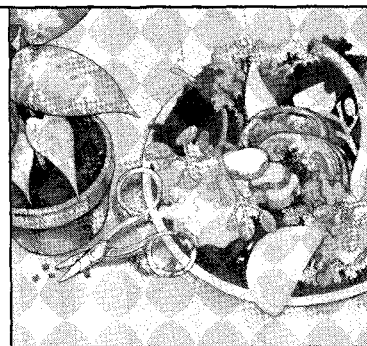
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straints. Cuomo asked the student if he was saying that trying to live in that world as a Catholic "would be like getting in the ring and boxing by Marquis of Queensberry rules when the other guy was trying to kick you in the groin." The student said that he was. "Wear a cup" was the Governor's advice. "All you have to do is look around you to see armies of people who have succeeded without selling their souls." Cuomo was indignant last month when an article about him in the *Washington Post* portrayed him as a rather unprincipled as well as incompetent sort. The sources—the most critical of them were careful to remain anonymous—were fellow-politicians, both in Albany and in Washington. One anonymous congressman, calling him "vindictive," mentioned an alleged Cuomo "enemies list," of people who had supported Koch in 1982. "I sort of view him as a liberal Nixon," the congressman said, adding, "Mario is an Old Testament Christian." Some of the Governor's aides have spread the word that a major source for the story may have been Senator Edward Kennedy, a possible Cuomo rival for the Presidency in 1988. It remains to be seen whether Cuomo will now abide by the rule laid down in Matthew 5:39.

MANY of the comments, here and elsewhere, on the Bernhard Goetz case praised Goetz for having "struck back," and for having refused to respond to aggressive behavior (even a request for five dollars) in a submissive way. After the first Manhattan grand jury that considered the case failed to indict Goetz for attempted murder or any other violent act against four black youths whom he shot on the I.R.T. subway, Mayor Koch called the decision of the jury "Solomonic"—although to many members of minority groups the decision was a sign that a white man could legally get away with shooting down blacks in this city. The Reverend Herbert Daughtry, of Brooklyn's House of the Lord Church—another church that the Mayor has no known plans to visit—tried without success to turn the matter into a federal case, on the ground that the four blacks' civil rights had been violated. By early March, the Mayor was backing away from his position that the grand jury had been correct in deciding that Goetz had acted only in self-defense. For one thing, there had been various damaging revelations of Goetz's state-

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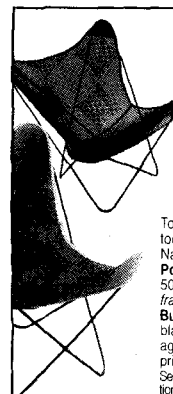
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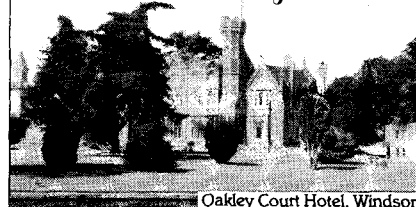
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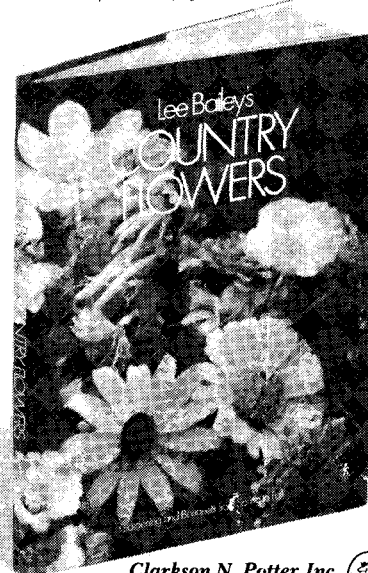
ments to the police concerning the shootings: getting into the local theological spirit, Goetz had said of the four young men he shot, some of them in the back, "They didn't die. Well, that's what God wanted—if there is a God." For another, Goetz had endorsed a program to hand out twenty-five thousand more gun permits in the city—a prospect that the Police Department viewed with great alarm. After a second grand jury indicted Goetz for attempted murder and assault, the Mayor assured reporters in measured tones that he believed in allowing the law to take its proper course, although he couldn't resist adding, "But even a flake has a right to self-defense." It was Daughtry who waxed Biblical now: he declared the indictment to be "Solomonic." The turnabout of the legal system brought a different reaction from the *Newsday* columnist Murray Kempton, this year's winner of the Pulitzer Prize for commentary. The Biblical dispenser of the law who came to his mind was Pontius Pilate. "No analogy is intended between this defendant and the Defendant in Pilate's dock," wrote Kempton, but one should "consider the similarity of their situations." Goetz, the modest and much admired hero, had begun "preaching the gospel of the handgun" and "had taken to recruiting disciples; he was offering himself as tribune of a popular revolt against the established order." The columnist went on to say, "It was then, I shall always believe, that the official mind first began to recognize that Goetz was a public menace." Thereafter, Kempton suggested, the contemporary Pilate—a role that he apparently saw being played by Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau—had no choice but to make sure that Goetz, having now become a bloody inconvenience to the establishment, was "served up" to the mercies of the criminal-justice system.

IT is not surprising that some New Yorkers grasp at metaphors out of Biblical times to apply to a system whose workings they have often been hard put to it to understand in recent months. Even confident sorts who have learned how to bend ears on the significance of double jeopardy and the history of the grand-jury process have been troubled lately by another question: how the justice system, which relies so heavily on the testimony of the police, operates when the police themselves are potential defendants.

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Several weeks after the fatal hit-and-run accident, District Attorney Morgenthau was still complaining that most of the officers involved had clammed up and declined to offer testimony that would be helpful in prosecuting Sherman. This, he noted, was in accordance with the department's "code of silence"—it is also referred to as "the blue wall"—which insures that police officers, those symbols of the rule of law in society, will not testify about the possibly unlawful behavior of one of their own. In recent days, there have been other events that members of the department have preferred to keep their mouths shut about. According to a complaint filed by Brooklyn District Attorney Elizabeth Holtzman, on the night of April 14th an off-duty police officer named Perry Novello entered a diner in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn and dragged out the door a former girlfriend, who was an employee there. The restaurant owner, who moved quickly to help her, was pistol-

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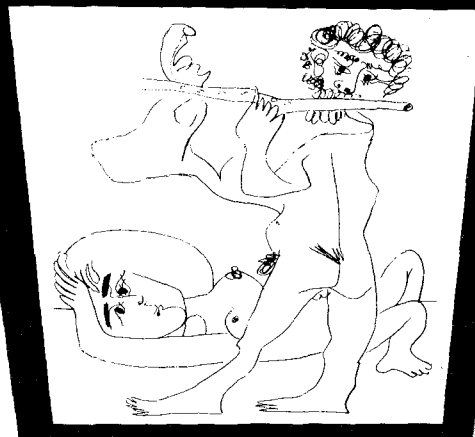
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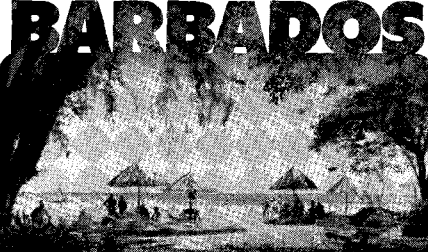
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whipped by Novello, knocked down, handcuffed, and, as he lay on the ground, kicked so severely that, in the hospital two days later, he still had the marks of a shoe on his face. Patrons in the restaurant called 911 for police help. However, the policemen who subsequently arrived arrested and handcuffed not Novello but two chefs who had also come to the young woman's assistance. One of the handcuffed chefs was said to have been punched by Novello while at least five of his fellow-policemen stood by.

Three days after the incident in the diner, a Queens high-school student named Mark Davidson reported that he had been arrested on the street by six policemen and accused of selling ten dollars' worth of marijuana to an undercover officer. When he denied this, he said, he was taken to the 106th Precinct station, where one officer held him down and another tortured him with an electric stun gun that left thirty marks on his back. Queens District Attorney John Santucci later described the marks as looking like "fried flesh." According to Davidson, none of the other officers in the station house came into the room to investigate his screams of pain. Davidson is black, and all the officers mentioned as having been present on that occasion are white. The use of the electrical-shock device was especially horrifying to local citizens old enough to recall accounts of white sheriffs' keeping blacks in line with cattle prods in the civil-rights confrontations in the South in the sixties. These scenes had seemed remote and alien, and most New Yorkers would have found it hard to believe that they would ever be evoked by events in their city. Within a few days, two other young Queens residents reported that they had recently had experiences similar to Davidson's in the same station house—experiences that had persuaded them of the prudence of pleading guilty to having sold small amounts of marijuana. On the day that these additional cases of alleged torture were reported, the Mayor was in Washington, appearing before the House Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on crime to deplore what he saw as the federal government's abysmal record in controlling the illegal importing of narcotics. During his testimony, he praised the arrest record over the past year or so of his own Police Department's anti-narcotics squads in various parts of the city. It seems possible that if Mark Davidson had not complained

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about his treatment, the arrest record of the 106th Precinct might also have appealed to the Mayor's office as worthy of praise in some future congressional appearance. As it is, every drug arrest by that precinct's narcotics unit over the past year is now being investigated by the Queens district attorney.

The two latest complainants against the 106th Precinct are a black and a Hispanic. "Racism is alive and well and sick in America," Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, who is black, said at City Hall. There was little consolation taken here, however, in the information that one of the police officers arrested in connection with the new torture allegations was black, or in the revelation of the races of the principals involved in an incident that led to an indictment handed up by a Bronx grand jury on April 23rd. In recent months, the two most bitterly controversial cases involving the indictment of policemen for the killing of civilians were the shooting of Eleanor Bumpurs, an elderly black woman, in the course of a bungled eviction, by Officer Stephen Sullivan, who is white; and the fatal injuries suffered by a young black man, Michael Stewart, while in the custody of white transit police. The circumstances that led to the April 23rd indictment began with the report that someone had been throwing light bulbs onto the street from a Bronx elevated station. Two policemen showed up and began to frisk two young men who may or may not have thrown the light bulbs. As one of them, a twenty-year-old named Paul Fava, was spread-eagled against a wall, Officer Mervin Yearwood held a gun to the back of Fava's head; the gun went off, killing him. Fava was white, and Yearwood black. Yearwood's lawyers will undoubtedly argue that the indictment should be dismissed. On April 12th, the indictment of Sullivan was thrown out by a State Supreme Court justice, largely on the ground that in shooting Mrs. Bumpurs Sullivan had been acting within Police Department guidelines. Police Department spokesmen have said that holding a gun to the back of the head of a suspect—however compliant the suspect—is within department guidelines.

Late last month, the Police Department revealed that charges of brutality on the part of the police were up sharply last year over 1983—even though the 1983 congressional hearings on police brutality dwelt on numerous Police Department practices

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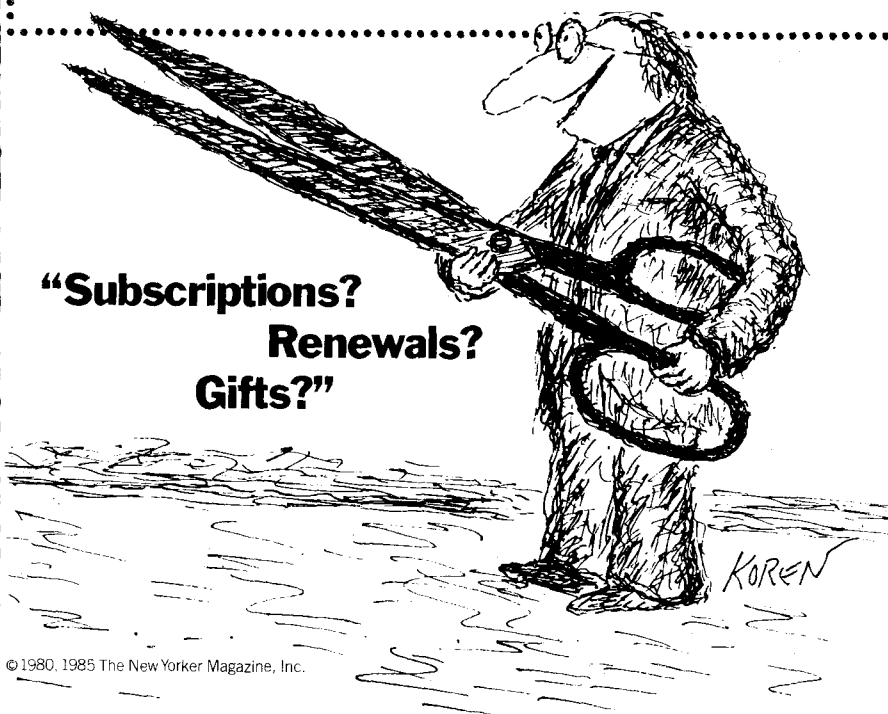
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that seemed designed to discourage bringing such charges. Two months ago, the city admitted that a year and a half earlier the Corporation Counsel's office had instituted a measure that further discouraged such actions: if a citizen files suit against a police officer in a brutality case, the Corporation Counsel's office may then file a countersuit against the complainant. In a letter to the *Times*, Senior Assistant Corporation Counsel Dennis deLeon explained that the city takes such action only in carefully selected cases (presumably those in which the policeman's probity is wholly defensible). In March, the city appeared in federal court to confirm its right to counter-sue. The case, in which the right was established, involved Jonathan Smith, who had sued Frederick Sherman for a half million dollars; the city has now sued Smith for one and a half million dollars on Sherman's behalf. Sherman is currently out on five thousand dollars' bail in the hit-and-run case. Mayor Koch has publicly urged the police officers who were with Sherman or saw him on the night of the fatal accident to come forward with their testimony. But the city itself is in an odd position: the potential negligent-homicide defendant is also a client of the Corporation Counsel's office, which has an interest in seeing that he is not perceived as unreliable. There could be similar problems when suits are filed—as they surely will be—because of the actions of Novello and of the officers of the 106th Precinct, which the city may also be defending in court. In those cases, too, the blue wall has generally continued to hold. It doesn't, of course, follow that members of the local Police Department are, in the Biblical phrase, "a law unto themselves" (Romans 2:14), but achieving justice in this town is more complicated than you think.

—ANDY LOGAN

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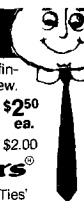
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Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. \$2.50 Min. 4 ties. ea.

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**tiecrafters®**

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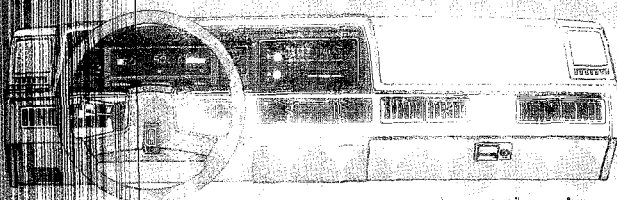




# Olds Cutlass Ciera.

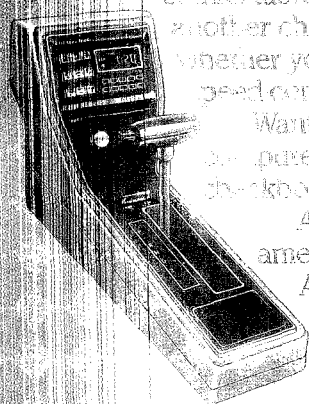
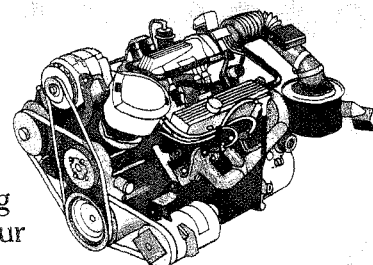
## Computers helped design it.

## Computers help you drive it.



Growing up in the computer age certainly has some attractive advantages. Just consider the 1985 Cutlass Ciera.

A micro-computer about the size of a deck of cards constantly tunes the engine as you drive, monitoring 20 vital engine functions. Another computer monitors temperature to keep you cool and comfortable when you order the available air conditioning. Still another checks the optional cruise control, ingeniously sensing whether you're going uphill or down, to automatically keep your speed constant.

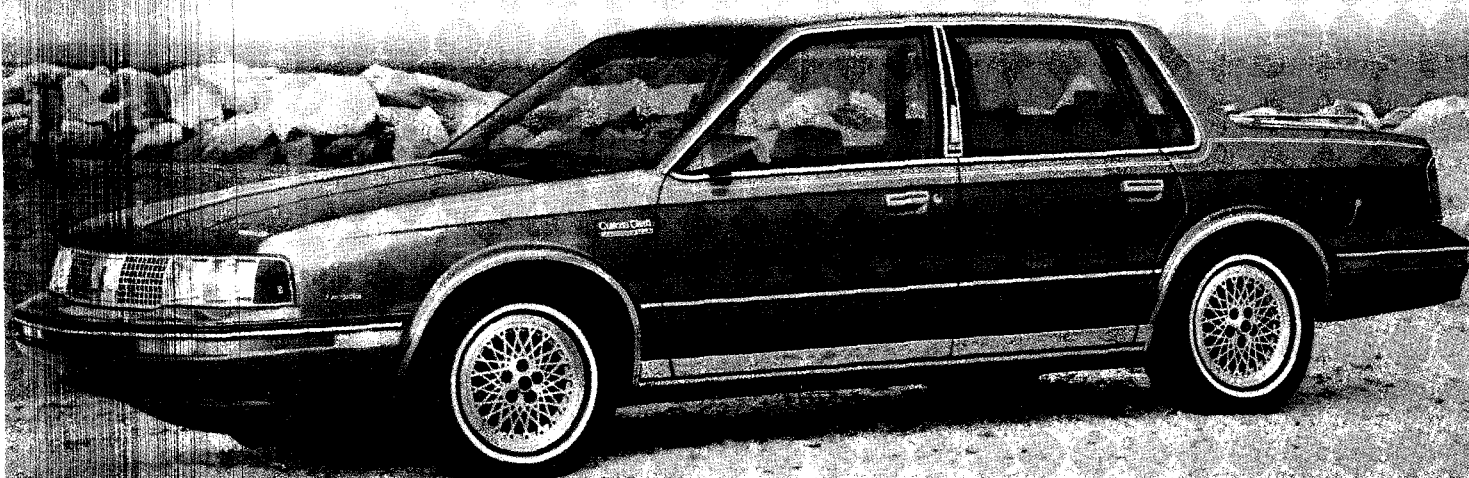


Want to hear more? Then ask about the available auto calculator that can compute your mileage, estimate traveling time, even help balance your checkbook, with the push of a button.

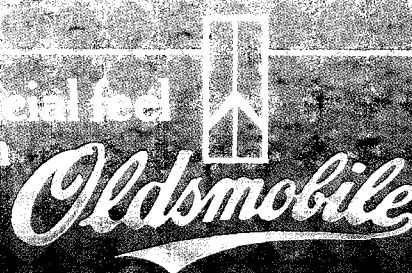
And remember, above all Ciera is a Cutlass. The look is clean. The amenities—like the optional electronic instrument panel—are plentiful. And the power of the available 3.8 liter V6 with multi-port fuel injection? Well, you've got to experience it for yourself.

Olds Cutlass Ciera. Computers helped design it. For one good reason. So you can enjoy it. Test drive one today.

Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.



There is a special feel  
in an



Let's get it together... buckle up.



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